

Nas

"N.y. State Of Mind Part II"

Visit "[N.y. State Of Mind Part II](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh, yo, yo-yo, y'all
Whattup? Whattup
It's time man, word, it's time?
Straight up, it's time man
Aight, set that shit off
Set it off then nigga, set it off

Broken glass in the hallway, bloodstained floors
Neighbors, look at every bag you bring through your
doors
Lock the top lock, momma shoulda cuffed me to the
radiator
Why not? It might've saved me later from my block

N.Y. cops, hookers crawlin' off the stroll, coughin'
Stitches in they head, stinkin' and I dread thinkin' they
be snitchin'
But who else, could it be, shook at these, unmarked
vans
Parked in the dark, NARC's, where's your heart?

Hustlers starve, they bust a U-e I jog
To my building, come out later wearin' camouflage
See the sergeant and the captain strangle men
Niggaz gaspin' for air till they move no more
And just stare with dead eyes

Tired of riots, shit is quiet
Simple-minded fools infiltrate grimy crews
Overcrowded cribs, uncles home from bids, sister's
pregnant
Father's on drugs, moms is smokin', beds is piss-
infested

Had eight partners growin' up, eight turned to seven
Seven turned to six niggaz, got two in heaven
Six of us, holdin' it, now it's five rollin' thick
The sixth one's parole flipped, five niggaz, went to fo'
quick

When he went O.T., college life, converted into
gangbangin'

Four niggaz still hangin', years passed and slang
changin'
Three of us now, fourth nigga ain't around
We all thought he was real, he did the snake shit

Fake shit, beat his ass down, yo his mouth
Could've got us all wasted, what a fuckin' clown
All I got left in the end is two of my best friends
And we all goin' out to the death for these ends

New York, New York
(N.Y. State Of Mind)
(N.Y. State Of Mind)

You heard about it, you see about it
You read about it, it's in your papers
It's in your daily news

New York chronicles, every day
The crime rate, the murder rate
The money rate, the paper chase, you know what I
mean?
New York state of mind, baby, check it out

I'm at the, gamblin' spot, my hands on a knot
New York Yankee cap cover my eyes, stand in one spot
I take a nigga dough, send him home, to a shoe box
You lost that nigga I put your dollar in the jukebox

Hear my favorite song, all these niggaz sing along
All the cigarette smoke's cloggin' my lungs
Hoodrats flashin' they tongue
Young thugs blastin' they gun, we got reputations
Bitches and niggaz both on parole or probation

Shit is sick, niggaz got gats, army fatigues
I got my eyes glued on, whoever walk in the lead
'Cause I ain't playin', niggaz'll run up in here and shoot
up this shit
Stick yo' ass up, niggaz'll find the loot in your kicks

Bunch of triple-cross niggaz, just New York niggaz
Lift you off your feet when they was just talkin' with you
Some of these dudes the Feds be on 'em, you knew
'em for years
Be the type when you walk in a pub, they offer you
beers

That ain't gangsta, niggaz is up North with tatted tears
Your name's on the affidavit, you ratted kid
Faggot-ass niggaz that be scared to do they bids

Fuck you, we run you out of N.Y. you can't live

Got your quiet niggaz, that relocated down South
Comin' back to floss, then you got the jealous
loudmouths

All of a sudden we got Crips and Bloods, D.T.'s
Runnin' 'round quick to split your mug

It's easy to score but it's hard to get the shit off
Niggaz fightin' over hundred sales, jump in the car and
drive off

When the fiend come around the block, happy as hell
Niggaz mad 'cause they ain't get a piece of that sale

Cutthroat connivers, universal, ghetto survivors
Go to any hood that's live and make it liver
A lot of niggaz schemin', some real, some niggaz
frontin'

But I'm a big dreamer, so watch me come up with
somethin'

New York, New York
New York, New York

Visit [Nas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.