

Nas

"N.Y. State Of Mind, Pt. 2"

Visit "[N.Y. State Of Mind, Pt. 2](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Nas]

Uhh

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 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; til 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,
WHAT?

Ne

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.