

Nas

"N.Y. State Of Mind Pt. II"

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[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?

New York, New York ("New York state of mind" ->
[Rakim])

New York, New York ("New York state of mind" ->
[Rakim])

[repeat while Nas is talking]

You heard about it, you see about it
You read about it, it's in your papers
It's in your daily news ("Get money!")

New York chronicles, every day
The crime rate, the murder rate
The money rate, the paper chase, youknowwhatlmean?
New York state of mind baby, check it out

[Nas]

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 shoebox
You lost that nigga I put your dollar in the jukebox
Hear my favorite song, all these niggaz sing along
All the ciggarette 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 affadavit, 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 ea-sy 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 scheamin, 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

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