

N.Y. State of Mind, Pt. II

Nas

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-ey, I jog
To my building, come out later wearin camouflage
See the sergeant and the captain, strangle men
Niggas 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 niggas, got two in heaven
Six of us, holdin it, now it's five rollin thick
The sixth one's parole flipped, five niggas, went to four quick
When he went O.T., college life, converted into gangbangin
Four niggas still hangin, years passin 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) 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, 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 shoebox
You lost that nigga I put your dollar in the jukebox
Hear my favorite song, all these niggas sing along

All the cigarette smoke's cloggin my lungs, hoodrats flashin they tongue
Young thugs blastin they gun, we got reputations
Bitches and niggas both on parole or probation
Shit is sick, niggas got gats, army fatigues
I got my eyes glued on, whoever walk in or leave
Cause I ain't playin, niggas'll run up in here and shoot up this shit
Stick yo' ass up, niggas'll find the loot in your kicks
Bunch of triple-cross niggas, just New York niggas
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, niggas is up North with tatted tears
Your name's on the affadavit, you ratted kid
Faggot-ass niggas that be scared to do they bids
Fuck you, we run you out of N.Y, you can't live
Got your quiet niggas, 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
Niggas fightin over hundred sales, jump in the car and drive off
When the fiend come around the block, happy as hell
Niggas, 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 niggas schemamin, some real, some niggas frontin
But I'm a big dreamer, so watch me come up with somethin

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