

N.Y. State Of Mind (Explicit Album Version)

Nas

Rappers I monkey flip em with the funky rhythm I be kicking
Musician, inflicting composition
Of pain I'm like Scarface sniffing cocaine
Holding a M-16, see with the pen I'm extreme, now
Bullet holes left in my peepholes
I'm suited up in street clothes
Hand me a nine and I'll defeat foes
Y'all know my steelo with or without the airplay
I keep some E&J, sitting bent up in the stairway
Or either on the corner betting Grants with the celo champs
Laughing at base-heads, trying to sell some broken amps
G-Packs get off quick, forever niggas talk shit
Reminiscing about the last time the Task Force flipped
Niggas be running through the block shooting
Time to start the revolution, catch a body head for Houston
Once they caught us off guard, the Mac-10 was in the grass and
I ran like a cheetah with thoughts of an assassin
Pick the Mac up, told brothers, "Back up," the Mac spit
Lead was hitting niggas one ran, I made him back flip
Heard a few chicks scream my arm shook, couldn't look
Gave another squeeze heard it click yo, my shit is stuck
Try to cock it, it wouldn't shoot now I'm in danger
Finally pulled it back and saw three bullets caught up in the chamber
So now I'm jetting to the building lobby
And it was filled with children probably couldn't see as high as I be
(So what you saying?) It's like the game ain't the same
Got younger niggas pulling the triggers bringing fame to they name
And claim some corners, crews without guns are goners
In broad daylight, stickup kids, they run up on us
Fo'-fives and gauges, Macs in fact
Same niggas'll catch a back to back, snatching yo' cracks in black
There was a snitch on the block getting niggas knocked
So hold your stash until the coke price drop
I know this crackhead, who said she gotta smoke nice rock
And if it's good she'll bring ya customers in measuring pots, but yo
You gotta slide on a vacation
Inside information keeps large niggas erasing and they wives basin
It drops deep as it does in my breath
I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death

Beyond the walls of intelligence, life is defined
 I think of crime when I'm in a New York state of mind
 New York state of mind
 New York state of mind
 New York state of mind
 Be having dreams that I'm a gangster, drinking Moets, holding Tec
 Making sure the cash came correct then I stepped
 Investments in stocks, sewing up the blocks
 To sell rocks, winning gunfights with mega cops
 But just a nigga, walking with his finger on the trigger
 Make enough figures until my pockets get bigger
 I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testing
 Give me a Smith and Wesson I'll have niggas undressing
 Thinking of cash flow, Buddha and shelter
 Whenever frustrated I'm a hijack Delta
 In the P.J.'s, my blend tape plays, bullets are strays
 Young bitches is grazed each block is like a maze
 Full of black rats trapped, plus the Island is packed
 From what I hear in all the stories when my peoples come back, black
 I'm living where the nights is jet black
 The fiends fight to get crack I just max, I dream I can sit back
 And lamp like Capone, with drug scripts sewn
 Or the legal luxury life, rings flooded with stones, homes
 I got so many rhymes I don't think I'm too sane
 Life is parallel to Hell but I must maintain
 And be prosperous, though we live dangerous
 Cops could just arrest me, blaming us, we're held like hostages
 It's only right that I was born to use mics
 And the stuff that I write, is even tougher than dice
 I'm taking rappers to a new plateau, through rap slow
 My rhyming is a vitamin, Hell without a capsule
 The smooth criminal on beat breaks
 Never put me in your box if your shit eats tapes
 The city never sleeps, full of villians and creeps
 That's where I learned to do my hustle had to scuffle with freaks
 I'm a addict for sneakers, twenties of Buddha and bitches with beepers
 In the streets I can greet ya, about blunts I teach ya
 Inhale deep like the words of my breath
 I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death
 I lay puzzle as I backtrack to earlier times
 Nothing's equivalent, to the new york state of mind
 New York state of mind
 New York state of mind
 New York state of mind

Songwriters

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