

# N.Y. State Of Mind

## [unknown]

Yeah yeah, aiyyo black it's time word  
Word, it's time nigga?  
Yeah, it's time man alright nigga, begin  
Yeah, straight out the fuckin' dungeons of rap  
Where fake niggaz don't make it back  
I don't know how to start this shit, yo, nowRappers I monkey flip them with the funky rhythm  
I be kickin' musician, inflictin' composition  
Of pain I'm like Scarface sniffin' cocaine  
Holdin' a M-16, see with the pen I'm extreme, now  
Bulletholes 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 airplayI keep some E&J, sittin' bent up in the stairway  
Or either on the cornerbettin' Grants with the CeloChamps  
Laughin' at baseheads, tryin to sell some broken amps  
G-Packs get off quick, forever niggaz talk shit  
Remeniscin' about the last time the Task Force flipped  
Niggaz be runnin' through the block shootin'  
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 assassinPick the Mac up, told brothers, "Back up," the Mac spit  
Lead was hittin' niggaz one ran, I made him backflip  
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 jettin' to the building lobby  
And it was filled with children probably couldn't see as high as I be  
So whatchu sayin'? It's like the game ain't the sameGot younger niggaz pullin' 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 niggaz'll catch a back to back, snatchin' yo' cracks in black  
There was a snitch on the block gettin' niggaz knocked  
So hold your stash until the coke price drop  
I know this crackhead, who said she gotta smoke nice rockAnd if it's good she'll bring ya customers in  
measuring pots  
But yo you gotta slide on a vacation

Inside information keeps large niggaz erasin' 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 mindNew York state of mind

New York state of mind

New York state of mind

New York state of mindBe havin' dreams that I'ma gangster, drinkin Moets, holdin' Tecs

Makin' sure the cash came correct then I stepped

Investments in stocks, sewein' up the blocks

To sell rocks, winnin' gunfights with mega cops

But just a nigga, walkin' 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 testin'

Give me a Smith and Wessun I'll have niggaz undressin'

Thinkin' of cash flow, Buddah and shelterWhenever frustrated I'm a hijack Delta

In the PJ'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 livin' 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, homesI 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, blamin' 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 takin' rappers to a new plateau, through rap slow

My rhymin' is a vitamin, Hell without a capsule

The smooth criminal on beat breaksNever 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 Buddah 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 mindNew York state of mind

New York state of mind

New York state of mind

New York state of mindNasty Nas

Nasty Nas

Nasty Nas

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