

# N.Y. State of Mind (Part 2)

## 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'ma gangster, drinking Moets, holding Tecs  
    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 Wessun I'll have niggas undressing  
        Thinking of cash flow, Buddha and shelter  
        Whenever frustrated I'ma 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'ma 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

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