

# N.Y. State of Mind (Mix Version)

Nas

Yeah yeah, aiyyo black it's time (word?)  
(Word, it's time nigga?)  
Yeah, it's time man (aight nigga, begin)  
Straight out the fucking dungeons of rap  
Where fake niggas don't make it back  
I don't know how to start this shit, yoRappers, I monkey flip 'em with the funky rhythm  
I be kicking, musician, inflictin' composition  
Of pain, I'm like Scarface sniffin cocaine  
Holding an 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 cee-lo champs  
Laughing at baseheads 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 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 assassin  
Pick the Mac up, told brothers, "Back up," the Mac spit  
Lead was hitting niggas, 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 3 bullets caught up in the chamber  
So now I'm jetting to the building lobby  
And it was full of 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 their name  
And claim some corners, crews without guns are goners  
In broad daylight, stickup kids: they run up on us  
4-5's and gauges, Macs, in fact  
Same niggas will catch a back-to-back, snatching your cracks in black  
There was a snitch on the block getting niggas knocked  
So hold your stash 'til the coke price drop  
I know this crackhead who said she's got to smoke nice rock  
And if it's good, she'll bring you customers in measuring pots

But yo, you gotta slide on a vacation, inside information  
Keeps large niggas erasin' and their 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  
New York state of mind

New York state of mind  
Be having dreams that I'm a gangsta; 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 testin'  
Give me a Smith & Wesson, I have niggas undressin'  
Thinking of cash flow, buddah 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 dykes  
I'm taking rappers to a new plateau, through rap slow  
My rhymin' is a vitamin held 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 villains and creeps  
That's where I learned to do my hustle had to scuffle with freaks  
I'm an addict for sneakers, 20s 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 mind

New York state of mind

New York state of mind

New York state of mind

New York state of mind

New York state of mindNasty Nas

Nasty Nas

Nasty Nas...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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