

## 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 scheamin, some real, some niggas frontin  
But I'm a big dreamer, so watch me come up with somethin

New York, New York  
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