

# N.Y. State of Mind

Nas

Yeah yeah, ayyo 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



Nasty Nas...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>