

Verse One: Nas

My state of mind pt 1

Rappers I monkey flip em 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 airplay  
I keep some E&J, sittin bent up in the stairway  
Or either on the corner bettin grands with the celo champs  
Laughin at baseheads, tryin to sell some broken amps  
G-Packs get off quick, forever niggaz talk shit  
Remeniscing 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 hell  
Once they caught us off guard, the Mac-10 was in the grass and  
I ran like a cheetah with thoughts of an assassin  
Picked 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  
Tried 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 full of children probably couldn't see as high as I be  
(So whatchu sayin?) It's like the game ain't the same  
Got youngin' 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  
Yo there's a snitch on the block gettin niggaz knocked  
So hold your stash 'til the coke price drop  
I know this crackhead, who said she gotta smoke nice rock  
And if it's good she'll bring ya custom

## *My state of mind Pt 2.*

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-e I jog  
to my building -- come out later wearin camouflage  
See the sergeant and the captain -- strangle men  
Niggaz 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 niggaz, got two in heaven  
Six of us, holdin it, now it's five rollin thick  
The sixth one's parole flipped; five niggaz, went to fo' quick  
when he went O.T., college life, converted into gangbangin  
Four niggaz still hangin, years passed 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" -> [Rakim])  
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*[repeat while Nas is talking]*

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, youknowwhatImean?  
New York state of mind baby, check it out

*[Nas]*

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 niggaz sing along  
All the cigarette smoke's cloggin my lungs, hoodrats flashin they tongue  
Young thugs blastin they gun, we got reputations  
Bitches and niggaz both on parole or probation  
Shit is sick, niggaz got gats, army fatigues  
I got my eyes glued on, whoever walk in the lead  
Cause I ain't playin, niggaz'll run up in here and shoot up this shit  
Stick yo' ass up, niggaz'll find the loot in your kicks



Bunch of triple-cross niggaz, just New York niggaz  
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, niggaz is up North with tatted tears  
Your name's on the affidavit, you ratted' kid  
Faggot-ass niggaz that be scared to do they bids  
Fuck you, we run you out of N.Y, you can't live  
Got your quiet niggaz, 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  
Niggaz fightin over hundred sales, jump in the car and drive off  
When the fiend come around the block, happy as hell  
Niggaz, 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 niggaz schemin, some real, some niggaz frontin  
But I'm a big dreamer, so watch me come up with somethin