Appendix

Nas, *Illmatic* lyrics (identified tracks)

“ny state of mind”

Yeah yeah, aiyyo black it's time, what?
What? It's time nigga? Yeah, it's time man, aight nigga, begin
Yeah, straight out the fuckin' dungeons of rap
Where fake niggaz don't make it back
I don't know how to start this shit, yo, now

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 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, sittin' bent up in the stairway

Or either on the corner bettin' Grants with the celo champs
Laughin' at base heads, tryin' to sell some broken amps
G-Packs get off quick, forever niggaz talk shit
Reminiscing 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 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 hittin' niggaz 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 whatchu sayin'? It's like the game ain't the same
Got younger niggaz pullin' the triggers, bringin' 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
There was a snitch on the block gettin' niggaz knocked
So hold your stash until the coke price drop

I know this crack head, who said she gotta smoke nice rock
And if it's good she'll bring ya customers in measurin' pots
But yo, you gotta slide on a vacation
Inside information keeps large niggaz erasin' 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 mine"
"New York state of mine"
"New York state of mine"
"New York state of mine"

Be havin' dreams that I'ma gangster, drinkin' Moets, holdin' Tec's
Makin' sure the cash came correct then I stepped
Investments in stocks, sewein' up the blocks to sell rocks
Winnin' gunfights with mega cops

But just a nigga, walkin' 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 and Wessun I'll have niggaz undressin'

Thinkin' of cash flow, buddah 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 livin' 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, blamin' 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 takin' rappers to a new plateau, through rap slow
My rhymin' 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 villains and creeps
That's where I learned to do my hustle had to scuffle with freaks
I'ma addict for sneakers, twenties 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
Northin'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"

"Nasty Nas"
"Nasty Nas"
"Nasty Nas"

“the world is yours”

Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this? It's yours

It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this?
I sip the Dom P, watchin' Gandhi 'til I'm charged
Then writin' in my book of rhymes, all the words pass the margin
To hold the mic I'm throbbin', mechanical movement
Understandable smooth shit that murderers move wit

The thief's theme, play me at night, they won't act right
The fiend of hip-hop has got me stuck like a crack pipe
The mind activation, react like I'm facin' time like
'Pappy' Mason with pens I'm embracin'

Wipe the sweat off my dome, spit the phlegm on the streets
Suede Timbs on my feets, makes my cypher, complete
Whether crusin' in a six-cab, or Montero Jeep
I can't call it, the beats make me fallin' asleep

I keep fallin', but never fallin' six feet deep
I'm out for presidents to represent me
I'm out for presidents to represent me
I'm out for dead presidents to represent me

Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours

It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this? It's yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this?

To my man Ill Will, God bless your life
To my peoples throughout Queens, God bless your life
I trip we box up crazy bitches aimin' guns in all my baby pictures
Beef with housin' police, release scriptures that's maybe Hitler's

Yet I'm the mild, money gettin' style, rollin' foul
The versatile, honey stickin' wild, golden child
Dwellin' in the Rotten Apple, you get tackled
Or caught by the Devil's lasso, shit is a hassle

There's no days, for broke days, we sell it, smoke pays
While all the old folks pray, to Jesus' soakin' they sins in trays
Of holy water, odds against Nas are slaughter
Thinkin' a word best describin' my life, to name my daughter
My strength, my son, the star, will be my resurrection
Born in correction all the wrong shit I did, he'll lead a right direction
How ya livin' large, a broker charge, cards are mediocre
You flippin' coke or playin' spit spades in strip poker

It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this? It's yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine

Whose world is this? Yo, the world is yours, the world is yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this? It's yours
It's yours

I'm the young city bandit, hold myself down singlehanded
For murder raps, I kick my thoughts alone, get remanded
Born alone, die alone, no crew to keep my crown or throne
I'm deep by sound alone, caved inside in a thousand miles from home

I need a new nigga, for this black cloud to follow
'Cause while it's over me it's too dark to see tomorrow
Trying to maintain, I flip, fill the clip to the tip
Picturin' my peeps, now the income make my heartbeat skip

And I'm amped up, they locked the champ up
Even my brain's in handcuffs
Headed for Indiana stabbin' women like the Phantom
The crew is lampin' big Willie style

Check the chip toothed smile, plus I profile wild
Stash through the flock wools, burnin' dollars to light my stove
Walk the blocks wit a bop, checkin' Danes plus the games
People play, bust the problems of the world today

It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this? It's yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine

Whose world is this? Yeah the world is yours, the world is yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this? It's yours
Break it down
Yea aight? To everybody in Queens, the foundation
The world is yours, to everybody uptown, yo, the world is yours
The world is yours to everybody in Brooklyn
Y'all know the world is yours

The world is yours
Everybody in Mount Vernon, the world is yours
Long Island, yo the world is yours
Staten Island, yea the world is yours
South Bronx, yea the world is yours, aight?

“halftime”

Nas
Illmatic
Halftime
(Right..) (Right..)
Check me out y'all, Nasty Nas in your area
About to cause mass hysteria

[Nas]
Before a blunt, I take out my fronts
Then I start to front, matter of fact, I be on a manhunt
You couldn't catch me in the streets without a ton of reefer
That's like Malcolm X, catchin the Jungle Fever
King poetic, too much flavor, I'm major
Atlanta ain't Brave-r, I'll pull a number like a pager
Cause I'm am ace when I face the bass
40-side is the place that is giving me grace
Now wait, another dose and you might be dead
And I'm a Nike head, I wear chains that excite the feds
And ain't a damn thing gonna change
I'ma performer (?) show the mic warmer was born to gain
Nas, why did you do it?
You know you got the mad fat fluid when you rhyme, it's halftime

(Right..) It's halftime
(Right..) Aiyyo it's halftime
(Right..) It's halftime
(Right..) Yeah, it's about halftime
This is how it feel, check it out, how it feel

[Nas]
It's like that, you know it's like that
I got it hemmed, now you never get the mic back
When I attack, there ain't an army that could strike back
So I react never calmly on a hype track
I set it off with my own rhyme
Cause I'm as ill as a convict who kills for phone time
I'm max like cassettes, I flex like sex
in your stereo sets, Nas will catch wreck
I used to hustle, now all I do is relax and strive
When I was young, I was a fan of the Jackson 5
I drop jewels, wear jewels, hope to never run it
With more kicks than a baby in a mother's stomach
Nasty Nas has to rise cause I'm wise
This is exercise 'til the microphone dies
Back in eighty-three I was an MC sparking
But I was too scared to grab the mic's in the park and
kick my little raps cause I thought niggaz wouldn't understand
And now in every jam I'm the fuckin man
I rap in front of more niggaz than in the slave ships
I used to watch C.H.I.P.S., now I load glock clips
I got to have it, I miss Mr. Magic
Versatile, my style switches like a f
But not bisexual, I'm an intellectual
Of rap, I'm a professional and that's no question, yo
These are the lyrics of the man, you can't ne
ar it, understand
Cuz in the streets, I'm well known like the number man
In my place wit the bass and format
Explore rap, and tell me Nas ain't all that
And next time I rhyme, I be foul
Whenever I freestyle I see trial niggaz say I'm wow
I hate a rhymebiter's rhyme
Stay tuned, Nas, soon the real rap comes at halftime

(Right..) It's halftime
(Right..) Exhale, check it it's halftime
(Right..) It's halftime
(Right..) It's real in the field
Word life, check it

[Nas]
I got it goin on, even flip 'em on this song
Every afternoon, I kick half the tune
And in the darkness, I'm heartless like when the NARC's hit
Word to Marcus Garvey I hardly sparked it
Cause when I blast the herb, that's my word
I be slayin them fast, doing this that and the third
But chill, past to Andre, and let's slay
I bag bitches up at John Jay, and hit a matinee
Puttin hits on 5-0
Csudr when it's my time to go, I wait for God wit the fo'-fo'
And biters can't come near
And yo, go to hell to the foul cop who shot Garcia
I won't plant seeds, don't need an extra mouth I can't feed
That's extra Phillie change, more cash for that weed
This goes out to Manhattan, the island of Staten
Brooklyn and Queens is livin fat and
The Boogie Down, enough props, enough clout
Ill Will, rest in peace, yo, I'm out

(Right..) It's still halftime
(Right..) To the Queensbridge crew
To the Queensbridge crew, you know it's halftime
(Right..) Ninety-two, it's halftime
(Right..) Yo police, police man, yo let's get ghost
Halftime..

“one love”

What up kid? I know shit is rough doin' your bid
When the cops came, you shoulda slid to my crib
But fuck it black, no time for looking back it's done
Plus congratulations, you know you got a son
I heard he looks like you, why don't your lady write you?
Told her she should visit, that's when she got hyper
Flippin', talk about he acts too rough

He didn't listen, he be riffin' while I'm tellin' him stuff
I was like yeah, shorty don't care, she a snake too
Fuckin' with the niggaz from that fake crew that hate you
But yo, guess who got shot in the dome-piece
Jerome's niece, on her way home from Jones beach, it's bugged
Plus little Rob is selling drugs all the time
Hangin' out with young thugs that all carry 9's

And night time is more trife than ever
What up with Cormega, did you see 'em, are y'all together?
If so then hold the fort down, represent to the fullest
Say what's up to Herb, Ice and Bullet
I left a half a hundred in your commissary
You was my nigga when push came to shove
One what? One love

One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love

Dear Born, you'll be out soon, stay strong
Out in New York, the same shit is goin' on
The crack-heads stalkin', loud-mouths is talkin'
Hold, check out the story yesterday, when I was walkin'
The nigga you shot last year
Tried to appear like he hurtin' somethin'
Word to mother, I heard him frontin'
And he be pumpin' on your block
Your man gave him your glock

And now they run together, what up son, whatever
Since I'm on the streets, I'm a put it to a cease
But I heard you blew a nigga with he ask for the phone piece
Whylin' on the island, but now in Elmira
Better chill, 'cos them niggaz will put that ass on fire
Last time you wrote you said, they tried you in the showers
But maintain when you come home, the corner's ours
On the reals, all these crab niggaz know the deal

When we start the revolution all they probably do is squeal
But chill, see you on the next V I
I gave your mom dukes loot for kicks, plus sent ya flicks
Your brother's buck whilin' and four Maine, he wrote me
He might beat his case, 'til he come home I play it low key

So stay civilised, time flies
Though incarcerated, your mind dies
I hate it when your moms cries
It kinda wants to make me murder, for real
I've even got a mask and gloves to bust slugs
For one love

One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love

Sometimes I sit back with a buddha sack
Mind's in another world thinkin'

One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love

One what? One love

One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love

Sometimes I sit back with a buddha sack
Mind's in another world thinkin'
How can we exist through the facts?
Written in school text books, Bibles, etc
Fuck a school lecture, the lies get me vexed
So I be ghost for my projects
I take my pen and pad for the week
And hittin' Ls while I'm sleepin'

A two day stay, you may say I need the time alone
To relax my dome, no phone, left the 9 at home
You see the streets have me stressed somethin' terrible
 Fucking with the corners have a nigga up in Belle View
Or H D M, hit with numbers from 8 to 10
A future in a maximum state pen is grim
So I comes back home, nobody's helpin' shorty doowop
I roll two phillies together, in the prison we call them oowops

He said Nas, niggaz cold be bustin' off the roof
So I wear a bullet proof and pack a black tres-deuce
He inhaled so deep, shut his eyes like he was sleep
Started coughin' when I peeked to watch me speak
I sat back like the mack, my army suit was black
We was chillin' on these benches
Where he pumped his loose cracks
I took the L when he passed it, this little bastard
Keeps me blasted, he starts talkin' mad shit

I had to school him, told him don't let niggaz fool him
'Cos when the pistol blows the one that's murdered, be the cool one
Tough luck when niggaz are struck, families fucked up
Could've caught your man, but didn't look when you bucked up
Mistakes happen, so take heed, never bust up
In a crowd catch him solo, make the right man bleed

Shorty's laugh was cold blededed as he spoke so foul
Only twelve trying to tell me that he liked my style
Then I rose, wipin' the blunts ash from my clothes
Then froze only to blow the herb smoke through my nose
And told my little man that I'm a go cyprose
There's some jewels in the skull that he could sell if he chose
Words of wisdom from Nas, try to rise up above
Keep a eye out for Jake shorty, wop
One love

One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love