

Nas, Find Ya Wealth

[Nas]

Crime, life, bitches, money
Time..

For my Braveheart's.. my Braveheart's
Uhh, uhh, uhh.. what, what, what?
One time.. two times..

From "Breaking Atoms" to "Illmatic", to goin platinum
Shit did change course since rippin it with Main Source
Nine-one, nine-two, time flew
Out of the blue, time for a new young king to rule
Younger frame, older state of mind
Find my name on a page in your Qu'ran, I learned that, in '89
When I was slingin cocaine and baby 9's
Put it in rap and I gave y'all a way to rhyme
God guides us, from public assistance to high rises
Condos, houses where y'all can't find us
Move on your cliques in silence, and wet it up
My meal everyday was a slice and 7-Up
Took advice from a street legend
Identities have been changed, to protect the innocent
Witnessin niggaz mistakes, visits at niggaz wakes
Cause jealousy infiltrates and seals your fate

[Chorus]

Look way deep inside yourself
Discover the diamond inside, find ya wealth
Once you get it, you gotta live it the limit
Niggaz never wanna see you with it, F**K THEM THO'
Niggaz can't come close enough to touch the dough
The lifestyle I live is untouchable
So we clutch a few, guns that'll touch your crew
Cause we learned to do what the hustlers do

[Nas]

Different ways to come out the hood - in cuffs or a casket
or crazy, or shootin three pointer baskets
Or maybe - it's the rap shit, all type of tactics
we use to get dough, some choose kickin in doors

I asked a reverand, my mother and a best friend
less than ten years ago for me to get dough
What y'all recommend is either dope weed or blow
Cause high school was slow, and jewelry was hot
Duckin truancy cops, trains I hopped, to make it downtown
Cisco in my veins, pissed between trains
Canal Street, just lookin at rings
Outside through a glass, went in the store and asked
how much it cost, Korean man brushin me off
for some other big time customer, probably a hustler
who looked down at my small chain and chuckled up
I said, "I'll be just like you soon, motherf**ker what?"

[Chorus]

[Nas]

To them niggaz who get life and throw a smile at the judge
Wildest thugs, who blow trial, exiled from the hood
Keepin bitches, comin through on visits
You will survive, them weak freaks think you finished
You first time in you known for poppin your toast
By your third year in you forgotten by most
Niggaz wife cut them out of they life, niggaz don't write

Friends actin like they don't be gettin your kites
It be ill, niggaz comin home and no time to get killed
Not even home a month and they get peeled, backwards
in they own backyard or in the park
One to the head, two to the heart, you should be smart
In the projects, who gon' die next?
Hoodrats know who let the gats blow and who keep cashflow
Like the niggaz know the rats, with some good asshole
Blunts be a good-ass roll while passin your 'dro

[Chorus]

[Nas]

Feel me?

One time, huh, two times, uhh uhh uhh

What what what? Uhh uhh uhh..