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..