

# Nas, Find Your Wealth

1st verse:

From breaking atoms to illmatic to going platinum  
niggas did change course from ripping it wit Main Source  
9 1 9 2 time flew out the blue  
time for a new young king to rule  
younger frame older state of mind  
find my name on a oage in ya Quran  
I learnt that in '89 when I was slingin' cocaine & baby nines  
put it in rappin' I gave y'all a way to rhyme  
GOD guides us from public assistance, to high risers  
condos, houses where y'all can't find us  
move on ya cliques in silence, get wetted up,  
my meal everyday was a slice & 7up  
took advice from a street legend, I didn't even been change  
too protect the innocent, witnessing, mistakes,  
visits at fuckin wakes, cause jealousy infiltrates,  
and seals ya fate.

(CHORUS)

Look way deep inside yourself  
discover the diamond inside  
find ya wealth  
once you get it  
you gotta live it  
then live it  
niggas don't never wanna see you wit it  
you know  
can't come close enough to touch the dough  
the lifestyle I live is untouchable  
so we clutch a few  
guns that a touch a crew  
cause we learnt to what the hustlas do.

2nd verse:

Different ways to come out the hood, in cuffs or a casket  
or crazy or shooting a 3-pointer basket  
or maybe, its the rap shit, all types of tactics  
we used to get dough  
some choose kickin' in doors  
I ask a reverend, my mother, and her best friend  
less thean ten, years ago for me to get dough  
what y'all recommend, it's outta dope, weed or blow  
cause high school was slow, and jewelry was hot  
duckin' crewency cops, trains I hop  
to make it downtown, sisqo in my veins, pissed between trains  
hit Canal St. just lookin' at rings, outside through a glass,  
went in the store and asked, how much it cost?  
Korean man brushing me off, for some other big time customer,  
probably a hustla, who looked down at my small chain  
and chuckled up,  
I said I'll be just like you soon muthafucka what!

CHORUS

3rd verse:

Sit amongst niggas who get life and throw a smile at the judge,  
wildest thugs, who blow trial, exhile from the hood,  
keepin' bitches coming through on visits,  
you will survive, them weak freaks think you finished  
ya first tiime in you known for poppin' ya toast  
by ya third year in you forgotten by most  
wife cut the modenr day life, bitch now right  
friends actin' like they don't be gettin' ya kife  
every year niggas come home, in no time they get killed  
not even home a month and they get peeled backwards  
in they on backyard on the park, one shot to the head  
two the heart, you should be smart  
in the projects who gonna die next, hoodrats know

who let they gats blow, and who keep cash flow  
like the bitch who know the rats wit the good ass blow  
blunts be as good ass fold, as you twisting ya dro!  
CHORUS 2X