Find Ya Wealth

Nas

Crime, life, bitches, money, time
For my Braveheart's, my Braveheart's
Uh, uh, uh, what, what, what?
One time, two timesFrom '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 ruleYounger 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 ya'll a way to rhymeGod 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-UpTook 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 fateLook 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, fuck 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 doDifferent 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 doorsI asked a reverend, my mother and a best friend
Less than ten years ago for me to get dough
What ya'll recommend is either dope weed or blow
'Cause high school was slow, and jewelry was hotDuckin' 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 costKorean 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, motherfucker what?"Look way deep inside yourself
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'Cause we learned to do what the hustlers doTo 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 finishedYou 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 kitesIt 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 projectsWho 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 'droLook way deep inside yourself
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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 doFeel me?
One time, huh, two times, uh, uh, uh
What, what, what? Uh, uh, uh

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