No Idea's Original

Nas

No idea's original, there's nothing new under the sun
It's never what you do, but how it's done
What you base your happiness around? Material, women, and large paper
That means you inferior, not majorNo idea's original, there's nothing new under the sun
It's never what you do, but how it's done
What you base your happiness around? Material, women, and large paper
That means you inferior, not majorIf niggas could look inside my mind, you'll find
Where bodies are buried, first look past the hotties who dimes
Go to the center, enter with caution, past the brain cell graveyard
Where weed's responsible for memory loss
Let's witness, the horrific, the stench'll make you nauseous
See what I seen every day I live with this torture
Lightin' spliffs up to stay high like 24 hours
Sleep with my heat, wash with my gun in the shower
My tongue is power, it thrills women, kills demons
Long as I'm still breathin' I'm still winnin', I'll teach 'em
The hood converted from trey bags to 20's a girl
Everybody had money, every summer was real ill
Four-finger rings, dope dealers, 'caine/Kane
"No Half Steppin'" with flat tops when Rakim reigned
Radios on card tables, Benetton, the Gods buildin'
Ask for today's mathematics, we Allah's children
And this was goin' on in every New York ghetto
Kids listened, Five Percenters said it's pork in Jell-o
We coincide, we in the same life, maybe a time difference
On a different coast, but we share the same sunlight
You're part of the world, might be like colors and gangs
While on my side, brothers'll murder for different things
But it all revolve around drugs, fame and shorties
Stuck for your bling, stripped for your chain, the same story
From, Czechoslovakia to Texas metropolis
Them treacherous rastas in the Mexican mafias
Be scrapping with tats on they back, violent wars
Nothing less than a lethal injection if ever caught
Courtrooms, eagles and flags, American style
While in our world, the ghetto stays incredibly foul
Watching for paint chips, don't want no lead in yo' child
But them gangstas put lead in yo' child, the bezzy be out
The chain be like a hundred K

Shining since Roxanne Shante' made "Runaway"; that's been a minute
Genesis is deep, my features are that of a God
It's not a facade it's a fact, these rappers wanna be Nas
My Exodus doesn't exist, I'll never leave the streets, it's all in my mind
Even with sleep I'm duckin nines in my dreams
Si-rens, wide awake, why'd I think it would change
Can't hide when you famous or even try to do the same things
Like, somebody's always watching
My life before I, walk out the door I size up every option
Eyes cut every direction, it's like God or guns
Which is better protection? Can't decide, that's a hard one
I mean they wanna see me in prison, the chains bamboozled
Headline reading "Rapper Slain From a Man Shootin'"

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/