

# No Idea's Original

Nas

Uhh, uhh

Uhh, uhh, uhh

No idea's original, there's nothin' 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 major

No idea's original, there's nothin' new under the sun

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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 braincell 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' up to stay high like 24 hours

Sleep with my, wash with my 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, dealers

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 and Jell-o

We coincide, we in the same life, maybe a time difference

On a different coast, but we share the same sunlight

Your part of the world, might be like colors and gangs

While on my side, brothers'll for different things

But it all revolve around, fame and shorties

Stuck for your bling, stripped for your chain, the same story

From, Czechoslovakia to Texas metropolis

Them, treacherous rocksters in the Mexican mafias

Be scrappin' with tats on they back, violent wars

Nothin' less than a lethal injection if ever caught

Courtrooms, eagles and flags, American style

While in our world, the ghetto stays incredibly foul  
Watchin' for paint chips, don't want no led in yo' child  
But them gangstas put lead in yo' child, the bezzy be out  
The chain be like a hundred K  
Shinin' 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' in my dreams  
Sirens, 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 watchin', 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 readin' 'Rapper Slain From a Man'

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