

# 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 major  
No idea's original, there's nothing new under the sun  
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What you base your happiness around? Material, women, and large paper  
That means you inferior, not major  
If 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 bezzie 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"

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