

Nothing To Lose

K'naan

Someone called the cops on him
Someone told his pops on him
He was talkin' crooked
And he had some rocks on him
Tucked, tucked in his socks's corner
Chucks, chucks and the Charlotte Hornet
Cap when he 'flow
Then they all surprised on him
Yes he's a fugee
But he go all Nas on 'em
Well can't go pras on 'em
And he got that crossover
But he from the streets
You don't cross over
Hut, hut to the block soldiers
Buck, buck to the cop vultures
Nope, no I don't know pilots
Uh, nigga I know pirates
Violence the islands
Shout out to my idrens
Put your hands up
Like it's a motherfuckin' siren

Well I paid all my dues
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Shone a million shoes
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
'Cause when you got nothing left
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
You got nothing to lose
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah

I used to stand on Vernon and 10
Burnin' a spliff burner on hip
Wishing to flip a bird
Yac burning my chest
Black certainly I'm dressed
Strictly that army shit
Finish my shift
Pack gone before the dawn hit
Anything I could earn on the strip
Turn it and flip
Watching my back
Cooking that pot
Making it stretch
Discussing with my cliq
Should we duct tape the connect
It's rough and K'naan knows
He had the same woes
I'm voicing my opinions
I forgot y'all was there
I ain't know y'all was still listenin'
Be honest I ain't care
Y'all don't get my innuendos my interests
Y'all on some simple shit
Thinking I'm preachy
Yeah, my church is the world

Christians sip a cup of this holy water
Stuck at this phony border
It's custom to enter the main stream
You must front and record
A poorer oratory
Your life story corny
Yo, my Somali niggas know what war be

Well I paid all my dues (paid my dues)
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Shone a million shoes
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
'Cause when you got nothing left
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
You got nothing to lose
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah

Remember when niggas said Nas was Somalian
Baseball cap had the tags
Like a yardie and it was written just came out
I was gnarly then
Niggas dreaded seeing me like a Rastafarian
We didn't know the dresscode though
We was bargainners
The knock off filas with the pumps and cheap cardigans
Niggas looked corny I admit
We was foreigners but this corny kid
Quick send you to the coroners
Y'all know my war story
I won't repeat it
It's just injury
My victory's undefeated
Thought you knew me well
Go back and delete it
I'm in every joint this year
Orthopedic and yes the AK's are instruments
We do drum 'em
I'm somewhere between killa and king Solomon
And the shades take half the face
We over stun 'em and treat obstacles like ass
We overcome 'em
Man, they really made me do this
I was peaceful like a Buddhist
But then niggas came
And screwed it up like Judas
Now I'm suited up with Lugers, Rugers suddenly intruders
Turn around like hoola hoopers
Fucking losers

Well I paid all my dues
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Shone a million shoes
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
'Cause when you got nothing left
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
You got nothing to lose
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah

This one's for the world
This one's for your girl
This one's for your Mama
This one's for your Nana