

# No Idea's Original

Nas

Uhh, uhh  
Uhhh, uhhh, uhhh

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  
(2x)

If niggaz 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 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 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 Percenter 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 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 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 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 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 Shootin"