

**XTC****"Find Ya Wealth"**

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[Nas]

Crime, life, bitches, money

Time..

For my Braveheart's.. my Braveheart's

Uhh, uhh, uhh.. what, what, what?

One time.. two times..

From "Breaking Atoms" to "Illmatic", to goin platinum  
Shit did change course since rippin it with Main Source  
Nine-one, nine-two, time flew

Out of the blue, time for a new young king to rule

Younger frame, older state of mind

Find my name on a page in your Qu'ran, I learned that,  
in '89

When I was slingin cocaine and baby 9's

Put it in rap and I gave y'all a way to rhyme

God guides us, from public assistance to high rises

Condos, houses where y'all can't find us

Move on your cliques in silence, and wet it up

My meal everyday was a slice and 7-Up

Took advice from a street legend

Identities have been changed, to protect the innocent

Witnessin niggaz mistakes, visits at niggaz wakes

Cause jealousy infiltrates and seals your fate

[Chorus]

Look way deep inside yourself

Discover the diamond inside, find ya wealth

Once you get it, you gotta live it the limit

Niggaz never wanna see you with it, FUCK THEM THO'

Niggaz can't come close enough to touch the dough

The lifestyle I live is untouchable

So we clutch a few, guns that'll touch your crew

Cause we learned to do what the hustlers do

[Nas]

Different ways to come out the hood - in cuffs or a  
casket

or crazy, or shootin three pointer baskets

Or maybe - it's the rap shit, all type of tactics

we use to get dough, some choose kickin in doors

I asked a reverand, my mother and a best friend  
less than ten years ago for me to get dough  
What y'all recommend is either dope weed or blow  
Cause high school was slow, and jewelry was hot  
Duckin truancy cops, trains I hopped, to make it  
downtown  
Cisco in my veins, pissed between trains  
Canal Street, just lookin at rings  
Outside through a glass, went in the store and asked  
how much it cost, Korean man brushin me off  
for some other big time customer, probably a hustler  
who looked down at my small chain and chuckled up  
I said, "I'll be just like you soon, motherfucker what?"

[Chorus]

[Nas]

To them niggaz who get life and throw a smile at the  
judge  
Wildest thugs, who blow trial, exiled from the hood  
Keepin bitches, comin through on visits  
You will survive, them weak freaks think you finished  
You first time in you known for poppin your toast  
By your third year in you forgotten by most  
Niggaz wife cut them out of they life, niggaz don't write  
Friends actin like they don't be gettin your kites  
It be ill, niggaz comin home and no time to get killed  
Not even home a month and they get peeled,  
backwards  
in they own backyard or in the park  
One to the head, two to the heart, you should be smart  
In the projects, who gon' die next?  
Hoodrats know who let the gats blow and who keep  
cashflow  
Like the niggaz know the rats, with some good asshole  
Blunts be a good-ass roll while passin your 'dro

[Chorus]

[Nas]

Feel me?  
One time, huh, two times, uhh uhh uhh  
What what what? Uhh uhh uhh..

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