

**XTC****"No Idea's Original"**

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All my jail niggas...Big Lake...whattup nigga...this goes  
out to the big  
dreamers...ain't nothin' new man..we been doin'  
this...this shit gon'  
keep goin' on forever baby...

(Chorus)

No ideas original, theres 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  
thats means you're inferior, not major  
(repeat)

[Verse 1]

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  
pass the braincell graveyard where weed's responsible  
for memory losses  
witness the horrific, the stench will make you nauseus  
see what I seen, everyday I live with this torture  
lightin' spliffs up to stay high like Twenty-Four 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 Twenties of girl  
everybody had money, every summer was real ill  
Four-finger rings, dope dealers, Kane  
no half-steppin' with flat tops, but Rakim reigned  
radios on card tables, Beneton, the Gods buildin'  
as for todays mathematics, we Allahs children  
and this was goin' on in every Newyork ghetto  
kids listened, five-percenters said it's pork in jello  
we coincide, we in the same life  
maybe a time difference on a different coast but we  
share the same  
sunlight.

[Chorus] 2x

[Verse 2]

Your part of the World might be light colors and gangs  
while on my side Brothers will murder for different  
things

but it all revolves around drugs, fame, and shorties  
stuck for your bling, stripped of your chain, the same  
story

from Czechoslovakia to Texas metropolis  
the treacherous rastas and the Mexican mafias  
be scrappin' with tats on their back, violent wars  
nothin' less than a lethal injection if ever caught  
court rooms, eagles, and flags, American style  
while in our World the ghetto stays incredibly foul  
watchin' for paint chips, don't want no led in your child  
but them gangstas put led in your child, the bezzys be  
out

the chain be like a Hundred K  
shinin' since Roxanne Shante made runaway  
thats been a minute, genesis is deep, my features are  
that of a God

it's not a fassad, 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 when asleep

I'm duckin' Nines in my dreams  
sirens, wide awake, why'd I think it would change?  
can't hide when you're 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  
options

eyes cut every direction, it's like God or guns  
which is better protection? can't decide, thats a hard  
one

I mean they wanna see me in prison  
their chain's bamboozled  
headline reading "Rapper dead from a Man shooting".

[Chorus] 2x

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