

Nas**"Find Your Wealth (Unreleased & Rare Bootleg)"**

Visit "[Find Your Wealth \(Unreleased & Rare Bootleg\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

1st verse:

From breaking atoms to illmatic to going platinum
niggas did change course from ripping it wit Main
Source
9 1 9 2 time flew out the blue
time for a new young king to rule
younger frame older state of mind
find my name on a oage in ya Quran
I learnt that in '89 when I was slingin' cocaine & baby
nines
put it in rappin' I gave y'all a way to rhyme
GOD guides us from public assistance, to high risers
condos, houses where y'all can't find us
move on ya cliques in silence, get wetted up,
my meal everyday was a slice & 7up
took advice from a street legend, I didn't even been
change
too protect the innocent, witnessing, mistakes,
visits at fuckin wakes, cause jealousy infiltrates,
and seals ya fate.

(CHORUS)

Look way deep inside yourself
discover the diamond inside
find ya wealth
once you get it
you gotta live it
then live it
niggas don't never wanna see you wit it
you know
can't come close enough to touch the dough
the lifestyle I live is untouchable
so we clutch a few
guns that a touch a crew
cause we learnt to what the hustlas do.

2nd verse:

Different ways to come out the hood, in cuffs or a
casket
or crazy or shooting a 3-pointer basket
or maybe, its the rap shit, all types of tactics

we used to get dough
some choose kickin' in doors
I ask a reverend, my mother, and her best friend
less than ten, years ago for me to get dough
what y'all recommend, it's outta dope, weed or blow
cause high school was slow, and jewelry was hot
duckin' crewency cops, trains I hop
to make it downtown, sisqo in my veins, pissed
between trains
hit Canal St. just lookin' at rings, outside through a
glass,
went in the store and asked, how much it cost?
Korean man brushing me off, for some other big time
customer,
probably a hustla, who looked down at my small chain
and chuckled up,
I said I'll be just like you soon muthafucka what!

CHORUS

3rd verse:

Sit amongst niggas who get life and throw a smile at
the judge,
wildest thugs, who blow trial, exile from the hood,
keepin' bitches coming through on visits,
you will survive, them weak freaks think you finished
ya first time in you known for poppin' ya toast
by ya third year in you forgotten by most
wife cut the modern day life, bitch now right
friends actin' like they don't be gettin' ya kife
every year niggas come home, in no time they get
killed
not even home a month and they get peeled
backwards
in they on backyard on the park, one shot to the head
two the heart, you should be smart
in the projects who gonna die next, hoodrats know
who let they gats blow, and who keep cash flow
like the bitch who know the rats wit the good ass blow
blunts be as good ass fold, as you twisting ya dro!

CHORUS 2X

Visit [Nas](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.