

# K'naan, Nothing To Lose (feat. Nas)

[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 the idrens  
Put your hands up  
Like it?s a motherf-ckin? 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

[Nas]

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 duck tape the connect  
It?s rough and K?naan knows  
He had the same woes  
I?m voicing my opinions  
I forgot ya?ll 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

[K'naan]  
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  
Ya?ll 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 ruggers 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