

Common and Q

"Tip The Remedy"

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Yo, we all got different things we got to deal with. We
always are trying

to put the blame on something else rather than
sometimes looking at

ourselves, recognizing a lot of the stuff that
happens...but if we look

within ourselves, we could prevent a lot of this
nonsense. It's about

relating back to the essence, where it all stems from.
I'm-a do my thing

over this drum, like a native tongue.

Verse one

Q-Tip:

Do what you will, if you feel that your steeze is real

complicated with the skills over reel to reel

brown skin is what i feel, my mind and body's appeal

is to the no-frill mills, who hear the beats to chill

constantly, I'm hearing Black Americans just sneering

Looking for a leader who can fill us up with either

Hitting us up with great emotional chat

about the fact

that the black

is constantly held back

Like 50 tracks back in a relay race
and the white team's ahead
so let's keep up the pace
And I be needing something
To feed my logical taste
At the end of the race is there a paradise place?
Yo, we can't get involved in what the next man is doing
Material gain we put too much in pursuing
"Yo duke, I need this dough so we can step to this
party"
But we can all mardi grati
Minus that shit in our body
"What that got to do with that"
'Cause kid that's the essence,
your physical presence
embodies every lesson
You can't run the Rolls Royce if the engine is busted.
Can't even life the knife to cut the mustard.
What we need to do first
Now listen to this verse
Let's concentrate on our spiritual plate.
Recognize your existence in this vast blue space
From a tiny cloud of blood
To the human beings with taste, sight, touch, smell
and sound
Let's deem it profound!

And prioritize this cause it was Allah's wish

"Allah? I'm God"

"No I ddon't believe that. That's a mystery"

"If God is so good why does shit be happening to me?"

There's divinity within

because we come from the divine

A froce that's not seen But you feel it every time

When the wind blows, and the world turns,

and the rain drops, and the baby cries

and the bird flies, and the ground quake,

and the stars gleam

So many things are eident of its existence

What we need to do is link it with persistence

Once we recognize that, we can move ahead

Native Tongue, Common Sense yo he's Hip-Hop bred...

Common:

From the spiritual world my former life has developed

First person I lost close to me was Stella

Some of my mellows

Lost their mothers and their brothers

For them I feel empathy

But I ain't pouring out no liquor for no niggas

I pour my heart out when I see Dot out on the deck

Knowing two weeks ago he slapped-box with death

I hear of niggas dying in the wind-in the news

But when it's somebody you know it hits you

and emotions get bruised
I ain't been in your shoes,
I won't judge you for knocking
Because the spirit of the ghetto says "You Gotta!"
They snatch you again from rock flippin'
Give back into the neighborhood, you better start
kickin'
Stickin' stores
On the strip
I'm tired of Arabs giving me my change back
Devil bomb my yesterday
My tomorrow he never gave back
I lay back, looking at the ceiling
Wonndering what can I do
So my homie won't have to be dealing
Not cause you serving and I'm rapping I'm better
Just different pieces to the puzzle of black life
That we have to put together, better ourselves
cause families we gotta raise
No matter how long the money
Shorter become the days
Men become like women
and no difference in the season
If you got popped five times
You breathing for a reason
Let's put the five tenure plan into progression

Before we count our paper

Count our blessings

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