

## **A Tribe Called Quest "Peace, Prosperity And Paper"**

Visit "[Peace, Prosperity And Paper](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Chorus:

All we want in this life

Is peace, prosperity and a little paper

Objects that seem greater

But I'm sure well over come when we illin on a drum

(repeat 2X)

Verse One: Q-Tip

We in a world that places heavy emphasis on money  
synthesis

Y'all can be my witnesses

That a fella fascination with money has grown

To the point that he will shit on his own

We got to have it y'all, its not a Spike Lee cinematic

A piece of paper makin niggaz get dramatic

But the money doesnt come automatic

Gotta motivate ourselves to go and grab it

We got to get it yall, in an orderly fashion

Some cats go about it with too much passion

We got to mediate our greedy levels

Cuz the lust of currency can have us sleepin with the  
devil

Gotta recognize it, realize the power

that this little ma-huckin piece of paper will devour

Man can be greater than the thing he creates

See, I'ma do my thing and see how much I can scrape

Yo I'd rather have respect than money, no doubt

But listen to me y'all, I want the mass amount

That the Sesame Street Dracula cant Count

So that I can give my people when that thing surmounts

To higher levels.. of being.. so when I'm MC-ing

I hope to see you there steady G-ing (say word)

But the only way we can truly reach that goal

Is finding true inner peace and prospering souls

It's like that

Chorus

Verse Two: Phife

Here comes your royal highness, one of Queens finest

Believe me, honest, you know you can't stop it

Come on son, never leave your mic round me

True MC for real ask my man Shaheed

Strictly focused on what Im in this rap game for

Not for fame and screwing every whore after whore  
With all that AIDS stuff going round  
Tell me how that sound  
Rather hit the studio and hear some beats that pound  
Now, dont get me wrong I love honeys galore  
But see hip-hop's my bread butter  
Cause that's what I get paid for  
See this is what I wanted  
Allah helped me to get it  
And if the beat is wicked  
You know Malik will rip it  
From the bottom of my heart  
Thats where the love starts  
The love for breakdancing  
My love for the art  
And with this love I do hip-hop from the soul  
A real MC, who never sweats how many copies are sold  
Yeah I want to go gold, platinum, uh-huh etceteras  
But why put out some wackness when no one will  
respect ya  
Im staying true nuff respect to those that paved the  
way  
From Bambaata down to Shah; that be my DJ  
With out my peeps I dont know how the hell Id make it,  
word  
Sometimes I feel that my career is headed for the curb  
One love for the lendin hand and giving all your help  
Believing in me when I didnt believe in my own self  
The Abstract with whom Im always making rugged  
tunes  
Kid Hood restin in heaven, I hope to see you soon  
I keep things hot and this year they're even hotter  
Big Mu and Shah, one day I'll take my shahada  
Out

Visit [A Tribe Called Quest](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.