

A Transylvanian Funeral

"Peace, Prosperity And Paper"

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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

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