

A Transylvanian Funeral

"The Remedy"

Visit "[The Remedy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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.
im-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 bodys appeal
Is to the no-frill mills, who hear the beats to chill
Constantly, Im 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 teams ahead
So lets 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 persuing
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.
Cant even life the knife to cut the mustard.

What we need to do first
Now listen to this verse
Lets 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
Lets deem it profound!
And prioritize this cause it was allahs wish
Allah? Im 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 it's 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 aint 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 aint been in your shoes,
I wont 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
Im 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 wont have to be dealing
Not cause you serving and Im rapping Im 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
Lets put the five tenure plan into progression
Before we count our paper
Count our blessings

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.