

## Tribe Called Quest

### "Peace, Prosperity & 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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