

# The Remedy

## A Tribe Called Quest

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.

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 force 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 evident 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...

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  
Wondering 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