

Wyclef Jean, The Industry

(Intro)

Yeah I wanna dedicate this to everybody that love hip hop music
Cause without hip hop music I wouldn't be here today
Preacher's son, yeah

(Verse 1)

Imagine if Biggie and Pac never got shot
And they both still were rulers of hip hop
And Puffy and Suge was roommates from college
And Big L never got found in the alley
Nas and Jay-Z they were still homies
Squash the beef with Ja Rule and 50
Benzino shook hands with Eminem
And on the same record I heard Eve, Fox and Kim
And sometimes when I dream, that's when I wake up
I kinda hoped that The Fugees didn't break up
And when they walked into the studio I prayed they didn't spray
Cause I miss that scratch from Jam Master Jay (Whoa oh oh!!!)

(Chorus)

Shots go off, mother's cry
Death since rise, homicide
Black on black crime needs to stop
Y'all can't blame it on hip hop
Cause what we say is what we see
What we see is reality
The ghetto's the ghetto you got them livin in sorrow
Soon they won't live to see tomorrow

(Verse 2)

Imagine if Big Pun was still alive
I could see Fat Joe screamin Terror Squad
Imagine if there were still four survivors still in Destiny's Child
And TLC never lost they Left Eye
Imagine Refugees never needin a passport
And John Forte never at Newark Airport
Million Man March, man, that was a start
Now I need a million more to meet me at Central Park
When the revolution start y'all 'gon have to play this
Imagine Slick Rick not gettin deported (Whoa oh oh!)

(Chorus)

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(Verse 3)

In the club never though Shyne shot the gun
But in the limosine JLO had to run
Paparazzi snappin shots through the mirror
That's when I saw a smile from Princess Diana
Back and forth and forth and back
Like Miss Aaliyah man do I miss her
The war goes on with The ROC and The Lox
Murder INC, G- Unit it's a fight to the top
Stop! We lost too many soldiers like Freaky Tah
While they get the cover of a magazine who got to die

(Chorus)

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(Outro)
Yeah, peace be with y'all