

# Wyclef Jean, The Industry Remix

(Intro)

Wyclef AKA Preacher's son  
Comeback with The Sword of Damocles, help them Jabba  
Wyclef AKA Preacher's Son  
Words from the belly of the beast  
I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die  
In the words of Scarface, again  
I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die  
Let's go, brrrup!!!

(Verse 1)

Imagine if Biggie and Pac never got shot  
And they both still were rulers of hip hop  
And Puffy and Suge was roomates from college  
And Big L never got found in the alley  
And Nas and Jay-Z they were still homies  
Squash the beef with Ja Rule and 50  
Hey! And Benzino shook hands with Eminem  
And on the same record I heard Eve, Fox and Kim  
And sometimes when I sleep, yeah, that's when I wake up  
Yeah, I kinda hoped that The Fugees didn't break up  
When they walked into the studio I prayed they didn't spray  
Cause I miss that scratch from Jam Master Jay (Whoa oh oh!!!)  
I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die  
In the words of Scarface lord  
I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die  
Balong, balong, balong, whoa whoa whoa!

(Chorus)

Shots go off, mother's cry  
Death since rise, homicide  
Black on black crime needs to stop  
You can't blame it on the game of 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  
And they not promised tomorrow

(Verse 2)

Yeah! Hey!  
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  
John Forte never at Newark Airport  
The 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  
Free Slick Rick he can't get deported  
I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die  
In the words of Scarface lord  
I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die  
Balong, balong, balong, whoa whoa whoa!

(Chorus)

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(Verse 3)

Yeah! Yo!

In the club never though Shyne shot the gun  
But in the limosine JLO had to run  
Paparazzi snap a shot 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 we got to die  
We got to die, we got to die, we got to die  
Lord we got to die, hey, whoa, whoa, whoa

(Chorus)

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