

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 roommates 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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