

# Wyclef Jean, Industry

[Intro]

Yeah I wanna dedicate this to everybody that love hip hop music Cause without hip hop music I would be  
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 Sade  
college And Big L never got found in the alley Nas and Jay-Z they were still homies Squash the beef  
Benzino shook hands with Eminem And on the same record I heard Eve, Fox and Kim And sometimes  
wake up I kinda hoped that The Fugees didn't break up And when they walked into the studio I pray  
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  
Cause what we say is what we see What we see is reality The ghetto's the ghetto you got them livin'  
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  
still in Destiny's Child And TLC never lost they Left Eye Imagine Refugees never needin a passport  
Newark Airport Million Man March, man, that was a start Now I need a million more to meet me at 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  
That's when I saw a smile from Princess Diana Back and forth and forth and back Like Miss Aaliyah  
goes on with The ROC and The Lox Murder INC, G- Unit it's a fight to the top Stop! We lost too many  
While they get the cover of a magazine who got to die

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

Yeah, peace be with y'all