

What If

Fredro Starr

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo what up son?
Yea happy New Years man, you too
Yea man it's crazy cold out here right about now man
Yea I'm just chillin' in the coupe, k'nawm sayin'?
Windows up, drivin' through the city, smokin' an L for dolo
You know how we do, this shit I be thinkin' about is crazy son
What if Notorious was here? What if he was around?
Would all these niggas claim to be king? Who would wear the crown?
Yo, what if Pac was still thuggin'? What if he was alive?
Would all these niggas still be screamin' out "Ride or die"?
What if Milli Vanilli's record never skipped on stage?
They'd be the illest con niggas in the game today
Yo what if Jordan never had Scottie?
What if Sammie never ratted Gotti? What if New York without Giuliani?
What if Mike Tyson fought Ali in his prime?
What if Will Smith got gangsta start cursin' in rhymes?
What if Erik never met Parish?
Think they'd be makin' dollas?
What if they neva made candy paint for Impalas?
My down south niggas'll will out
Word up
My west coast niggas'll will out
Word up
What if computers shut down for the y2k?
What if NWA neva had Dre? What if Eminem was black, would he have sold five mil
Or would he be 1 out of 5 million rappers with no deal?
What if you had to pay for air? A dollar for breath
Half the hood would fuckin' pass out and choke to death
What if hip hop was banned in 52 states?
They'd give you 5 years a piece of records, CD's and tapes
What if the world stopped?
No more time
Fuck a watch
What if there's no laws

No jails and no more cops?Shit is crazy
Shit I be thinkin' aboutYo, it's just questions that I ask myself
When I analyze the world when I'm by myself
I think some bugged out shit when I'm by myself
Drinkin' weed smokin' Hennessy all by myselfQuestions, that I ask myself
When I analyze the world when I'm by myself
I think some bugged out shit when I'm by myself
Drinkin' weed smokin' Hennessy all by myself
It's questions, that I ask myselfShit is crazy
Shit I be thinkin' about, thinkin' aboutYo, what if Snoop was the president?
Shit we'd all be high
Blowin' chronic in the White House smoke in the sky
What if they neva made the coupe 5, what would I drive?
Probably a 430 drop, ruthless, wit buggy eyesWhat if Red and Meth free styled
They battled on stage?
What if Daz had bald heads
And Onyx had braids?
What if history was changed?
Slavery reversed
Would black ladies see white boys and clinch they purse?What if Dialo didn't get shot, 41 times?
What if the kids was popular that went to Columbine?
What if Ewing would have dunked it
Instead of faded away?
Tha Knicks woulda been the champs
He wouldn't a got traded awayYo what if Run neva met D
Would I'a been a MC?
What if it's Cee-Lo? You in my rollin' 1, 2, 3
What if the world stop?
No more time
Fuck a watch
What if there's no laws
No jails and no more cops?Shit is crazy
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Drinkin' weed smokin' Hennessy all by myself
It's questions, that I ask myselfShit is crazy
Thinkin' aboutLookin' out the window, all I see is rain, feelin' the pain
Gunshots out my window, ugh, ugh, ugh, anotha nigga gets slayed
Wit tha mobs too big, drinkin' this weed, smokin' this Hennessy
Ain't anotha like me crazy, fuck y'all y'all, fuck the world, fuck America

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