

The Industry

The Sexican

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
 Imagine if Biggie and Pac never got shot
 And they both still was 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
 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 and what we see is reality
 The ghettos, the ghettos, you got them livin' in sorrow
 Soon they won't live to see tomorrow
 Imagine if Big Pun was still alive
 I could see Fat Joe screamin' terror squad
Imagine if there was 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
 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 and what we see is reality
 The ghettos, the ghettos, you got them livin' in sorrow
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 In the club never though Shyne shot the gun
 But in the limousine 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?
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 and what we see is reality
The ghettos, the ghettos, you got them livin' in sorrow
Soon they won't live to see tomorrow
Yeah, peace be with y'all
Live to see tomorrow
Live to see tomorrow
Live to see tomorrow
Live to see tomorrow

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