

# 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  
Soon they won't live to see tomorrow  
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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