

**Bun B f/ Junior Reid****"If It Was Up II Me"**

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[Intro - Junior Reid ad libs] [Verse 1 - Bun B] I hear we  
livin in the last days (days), it's revelation And you best  
get right with God (God) or else Hell is waitin The world  
is comin to an end, every day is a storm Or a flood or  
tsunamis (damn), this shit ain't the norm We got  
Katrina and Rita, minds keep collapsing With the fires  
and mud slides, I'm like "what's happening?" Got the  
kids in the school gettin raped and molested  
Underfunded, under protected, no wonder they tested  
In the lowest damn percentage rate (rate) And my city  
is damn near the lowest in the state (state) You can  
equate that to the state funds that ain't breakin down  
right Rich districts get more and poor ones get less  
and it just don't sound right (nope) So I'm fittin to  
pound right on the doors of my city hall And kick them  
hoes down (down), they killin my city y'all We need to  
get my people back to where they should be And since  
nobody else gon' do it, it's gon' have to be me, mayne  
[Chorus - Junior Reid] - w/ ad libs If it was up to me ? the  
community And if it was up to me You could have  
ended the war between Tupac and B.I.G And if it was  
up to me ? China, ? Pimp C If it was up to me ? HIV  
[Verse 2 - Bun B] First of all the projects is fucked up  
and it ain't just with the drugs We got more problems  
than the dealers and thugs They usin lead-based paint  
and asbestos is killin us We tell them to fix it up but  
they just ain't feelin us They rather kick us out and tear  
it down to the ground So they can put up a parking lot,  
a mall or some condos Condemn the whole place  
'cause a few sell crack Shit, the rest ain't do nothin  
wrong, what the fuck's up with that? They say that one  
rotten apple can spoil the whole bunch But we talkin  
about some people not apples, this ain't lunch Make me  
wanna punch a politician dead in his face You say you  
represent my district, get yo' ass on the case  
"Development is good for the hood", yeah that's what  
you tellin us But bitch you on the payroll of the builders  
and developers Fuck what you sellin us, pipe dreams  
for suckers You can take that 'round the corner to them  
other motherfuckers, mayne [Break - Junior Reid] So  
much youth they sacrifice Just to live in Paradise Play

they tricks and tell they lies (I know-ow) It's sad to see  
how they treat the poor Have so much and still want  
more I see my people every day on the floor [Chorus] -  
w/ ad libs [Verse 3 - Bun B] It's time to educate the  
people mayne, free school and college (college) So  
everybody across the board can get the same  
knowledge Education leads to jobs (jobs) and jobs kill  
poverty And no more poverty means we makin money,  
obviously Everybody gettin money, everybody smilin  
(smilin) Motherfuckers ain't eatin, then motherfuckers  
wildin (wildin) Matter fact speakin of eatin, let's feed  
the homeless in America Let these other folks handle  
they own shit How I'm a clean your house and mine still  
dirty? (dirty) How I'm a feed yo' kids while mine sit  
thirsty? (thirsty) And speakin of the kids we need to  
spend some more time with 'em Can't turn 'em loose in  
the streets (why?) 'cause they dyin in 'em (damn) And  
all this naked head sex, man you trippin Fuck love, I'm  
lovin life you ain't gon' catch ya boy slippin (slippin) You  
say ya boy trippin, I'm just keepin it G 'Cause you can  
see how good the world would be if it was up to me  
mayne [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Break - Junior Reid] So  
much youth they sacrifice Just to live in Paradise Play  
they tricks and tell they lies (I know-ow)

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