

Lloyd Cole

"What Would I Be"

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No diamonds would be bought by this man
If I took a lucky strike and hit the jackpot
Would I rot in hell or prosper cottontail the offer
Or just plot to tell the officer
Of the demons in the missions that I've been in
Let us keep continuing, say the bank account was
millions
And I lived in a sky scraping building with high ceilings
Would I fall to the bottom where the serpent catches
prey
In the form of spending money frivolous each and
every day?
Would I give it to the homeless or go buy a house in the
bay?
I know, I'd pay my mama's mortgage, helping out the
family
Take it to the next century, build a solid foundation
beneath me
I don't think, I'd be stupid with it
I'd just handle it generously
Curiosity killed the cat, just think about that
When you got the fat stacks
Take it to the next century, and can't find your way
back
Bottom line is music is my number one
And nothing made of paper can cut through my vapor
Vibrations stabilize my able eyes
Who would I be with money?
What would I do?
Would I stay true?
Who wants to be a millionaire? Me
Is that your final answer? I'm pretty sure it might be
Matter a fact, the fatter the stack
The more likely to see us ahead of the pack like fleas
Get a house, pay my debts, and my spouse, and my
mom's
A couple of cars that run the college fund
Fix my teeth, lace my peeps, fulfill the dreams that
Made this beat, it'll be strange at first I think, but I'll
adjust fine
Make my money worth my time and all of us shine

Invest in my friends' success, independent
I'm blessed to still be in my skin so stop trippin'
Would, if I could but we're good so we can't, no matter
How ugly, of a picture its paint
Leave a stain with my small frame
Ain't got a damn thang
Nothin' to lose and everything to gain
Who would I be with money?
What would I do?
Would I stay true?
Who would I be with money?
What would I do?
Would I stay true?
Now if you literally had a million in the bank
Who would you thank? Would you do crank?
How would you paint a picture to fit the dreams
You dreamt your whole life?
Exempt from old strife, would you know pain's name
anymore?
You came in the door with just a shirt on
Now you have a name brand suit to kick dirt on
Word on the street's, you keep the cash on you
East of California, peeps they flash on ya
Bodyguards for yards and autographs for days
A lot of laughs and lays, I wouldn't pass I'd play
Looking glass my way and I can see futures
Powerful business and little Grouch juniors
Figure out sooner, not later how major
Plug yourself in as a player, cry later
I'll take my advance now, spend it on a chance to just
that
Not a chain to enhance style when my homies are
broke
You must be lonely, no folks, or just a joke
Who would I be with money?
What would I do?
Would I stay true?
Who would I be with money?
What would I do?
Would I stay true?
If you're in the search of the treasure, walkin' pathways
of pleasure
And pain is the only way to gain a thang
You can count on me to remain the same
Maintain, see I'm here to only lace your brain with
game
Sustain finances, substantially growin' annually
Residuals for individuals who plan to be rich instead of
diggin' a ditch
No way a felon, so listen closely to everything I'm sellin'
If that's what it's all about, chasin' the fame and clout

Listen, your first mission is just to turn the party out
Be sure to keep writin' flows, providing exciting shows
For all those in attendance bear witness to every
sentence
Keep dodging opposition and remember to stay
focused
Form like locus on hopeless, forever displaying
dopeness
And hope this encourages all to get up off they asses
Passes to the masses before the scene collapses
The fact is we need more support from our sport
Of course I soar because I pour it with force
Who would I be with money?
What would I do?
Would I stay true?

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