

Wyclef Jean "Da Industry"

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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
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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?

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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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