

Wyclef Jean "The Industry Remix"

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[Intro]

Wyclef AKA Preacher's son
Comeback with The Sword of Damocles, help them
Jabba
Wyclef AKA Preacher's Son
Words from the belly of the beast
I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die
In the words of Scarface, again
I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die
Let's go, brrrup!!!

[Verse 1]

Imagine if Biggie and Pac never got shot
And they both still were rulers of hip hop
And Puffy and Suge was roomates from college
And Big L never got found in the alley
And Nas and Jay-Z they were still homies
Squash the beef with Ja Rule and 50
Hey! And Benzino shook hands with Eminem
And on the same record I heard Eve, Fox and Kim
And sometimes when I sleep, yeah, that's when I wake
up
Yeah, I kinda hoped that The Fugees didn't break up
When they walked into the studio I prayed they didn't
spray
Cause I miss that scratch from Jam Master Jay (Whoa oh
oh!!!)
I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die
In the words of Scarface lord
I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die
Balong, balong, balong, whoa whoa whoa!

[Chorus]

Shots go off, mother's cry
Death since rise, homicide
Black on black crime needs to stop
You can't blame it on the game of hip hop
Cause what we say is what we see
What we see is reality
The ghetto's the ghetto you got them livin in sorrow
And they not promised tomorrow

[Verse 2]

Yeah! Hey!

Imagine if Big Pun was still alive

I could see Fat Joe screamin Terror Squad

Imagine if there were still four survivors still in

Destiny's Child

And TLC never lost they Left Eye

Imagine Refugees never needin a passport

John Forte never at Newark Airport

The 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

Free Slick Rick he can't get deported

I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die

In the words of Scarface lord

I never seen a man cry till I seen a man die

Balong, balong, balong, whoa whoa whoa!

[Chorus]

Shots go off, mother's cry

Death since rise, homicide

Black on black crime needs to stop

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[Verse 3]

Yeah! Yo!

In the club never though Shyne shot the gun

But in the limosine JLO had to run

Paparazzi snap a shot 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 we got to die

We got to die, we got to die, we got to die

Lord we got to die, hey, whoa, whoa, whoa

[Chorus]

Shots go off, mother's cry

Death since rise, homicide

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