

What If

G-Eazy

What If I had a hundred million dollars?
I'd fuck up some, fuck up some, fuck up some commas
What if I did fuck Madonna?
What if I had two bitches at once with no drama?
What if the whole world believed in Obama?
What if Bill Clinton had never got head?
Would we pay attention to real fucking issues instead
What if Pac wasn't dead
And the thunder and rain
What if it all was champagne
What if if my momma was healthy
Like what if there wasn't no pain
What if these rappers could actually find their own lane
What if it wasn't the same, what if I did my own thing
Really, said fuck it and went against the grain
What if the world was crazy
And we was the only ones sane
I don't know I'm just saying
Just some ideas I had on my brain

What if I couldn't lose
What if you couldn't win
What if you couldn't stop me
What would you do then
What would you do then
What would you do
What if I sold my soul
What if I lost control
What if I blew these M's
What if I let it go
What if i let it go
What would you do?

What if you never grew up
What if you never got old
What if you never fell off
Rappers who had it just never got cold
What if it wasn't no cops
What if it wasn't no haters
What if the super bowl ever came back to the raiders
If Kobe woulda left the lakers
What if my homies was all livin lavish
Pockets and bellies the fattest
Enjoying All that we can manage
What if we all took advantage
Of everything life had to hand us
All lived in mansions
Money for stashin
All had unlimited credit Transactions
Sometimes I feel
It can happen
If it's been imagined
Up in my head
What if the schools were free we ain't have to pay for college
What if the fake shit ain't get not acknowledged
What if snitches all stayed in silence
What if instead of d

We traded guidance
What if my smile was
Made of diamonds
Iono
Thought I Let you know where my
State of mind is
That's all

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What if the game didn't care I was white
Would I still be selling out shows every night
Would they all believe in the hype
Regardless of image
I'm askin would people still love me Despite
Id still be right here in these shoes cuz I fit em I worked for this life
Fuck that
Three hundred and sixty five nights eleven years straight
Let em debate
We finally broke through
But It's Far worse to happen Never than Late
So Settle it straight
I worked for years and Studied the game
And Respect for art, Will always come first
Before Money & fame
What if I didn't Grow up in the culture
What if Gerald was really a vulture
Wouldn't that be insane?
But, Fuck that shit though it's not in my veins
What if the fake ones died
And only the real survived
Who do you think would make it
Take a look now you might be surprised

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