

# 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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