

What If

Phora

Yeah what if I met God, what would he say?
Would he love me like his child?
Would he look at me and turn away?
Would he be ashamed?
Cause I know I have my share of sins
I know I have my share of rules that I bent
Things that I've done, I'll regret as long as I live
I'm not proud of what I did
Damn, but lately I'm trying to make it right
Lately I'm trying to find myself through the pain
I've been looking for answers
So I've been praying every night
Yeah I'm praying every night, but I feel like I never get a reply
Feel like I'm always left asking myself why
Like why would my people feeling low, we get high
I'm just trying to get by
What if I got rich? What would I be?
Would I be the type that never break bread
And only look out for me?
My nigga don't you see? This shit was never for me
It was for the fam, but if I got rich
Would people start coming around
While plotting to take advantage of who I am
I'm learning to be a man, yeah but that really takes time
And I ain't really got patience dog
Too much shit up on my mind
Damn, but I'm really trying to cope with this shit
Drifting away from family, we ain't spoke in a bit
Guess it's cause I'm too proud to ask for help
So I just sit in my room and I ask myself, "What if?"

Yeah what if I blew up? You think I'd change?
Would I be faithful to the girl?
I wouldn't fuck with the groupies cause of the fame
There's no one else to blame
I know I've done wrong so many times
Responsible for all the tears coming from my eyes
I'm sick of myself, sick of the games and the lies
I just hate to see you cry
What if I went broke? Where would they go?
Would they all stick around to watch me fall
Or just disappear slow, man I don't really know
If I lost everything would they forget
What if I lost all of my money, all of these whips
All of the fame, all the people, all of my chips
Would they all just dip?
What if I didn't have music? Where would I be?
Shit honestly I'd probably be in the streets
Trying to hustle a G, G in the white of the green
Whatever you need, up in the A.M
Running the block with the fiends
Rolling around with a nine tucked in my jeans
And I'd probably end up like a "Boys in The Hood" scene
There's a better way to be
What if I met you? What would you think?
I just hope that I inspire you with ever single word that I speak
If you got to know me

Well we probably ain't too different from each other
Why the world got to be so distant from each other?
What if we just learned to love and listened to each other
What if?