

# What If It Was Me

Tech N9ne

Free your mind, and remember  
Winners are not people who never fail  
But people who never quit  
All I ever wanted was to sell  
Records to the people make a lot of mil', yessir  
Rap to me, it was the holy grail  
I'm gonna go and do it, I'm gonna never gonna fail  
Yeah, but first I gotta make it out of hell

Wake up and I see crime  
All of us we on it's eat time  
My homies love me yelling "Peace N9ne"  
At the same time, throwing B signs  
Throwing em back and repping the street, I'm  
Doing music and writing beast rhymes  
But my V-Slimes, had no weak minds  
Got with the music, started a group and we shine  
Music gave us hella hope  
Made it up out of the bangin' and sellin' dope  
We were stronger than a bottle of Yoke  
Till one of our members found a kid to grope  
Then your honor gave the peddy the rope  
Losing a man, the band began to slope  
Never did think a plan was damned to croak  
So doing it solo-dole stands the G.O.A.T  
Started making hella LP's  
2000, although with five, felt free  
Because of the hand the label dealt me  
But in '06 Fontana helped us melt cheese  
Number one independent gonna be spending our time and funds, in a minute  
That's what the government want the sums, then I send it  
In a couple of months I'm done and replenished

Everywhere I go, I'm selling out the show  
Around the world I kill em and everybody know  
Whenever we hit the studio and Tecca Nina drop, hot  
Even though I will go toe to toe if somebody bang on me  
But I'm rolling in the dough and I'm really respected and protected  
Chances of me getting shot, not

Everyone loving the Tech  
Publishin', I get a check  
Loving the cities that with me, the people that call me the best  
I don't have any regret, but it's a bit of neglect  
Missing my babies I love em and none of leaving me yet  
Feeling good like a villain should  
In a mansion, but I'm still in hoods  
Not like Trayvon, J's on  
Khaki shorts with a red tee like I will and could  
I can conceal it my permits say  
If evil happens to swerve this way  
Hope nobody deserves quick spray  
I feel an angelic surge this day  
They feeling my songs  
Been doing it long  
They want me to sell 'em my CD right outta my home  
Cos I'm in the zone

I'm putting em on in front of the store when a couple of police won't leave  
me alone  
Why they tripping?  
I fit the description  
It's two of them rushing me I'm on a solo mission  
To get people to listen, but they pushing and kicking me  
I'm on the ground when they telling me, "Cause of a gun suspicion"  
It was in my pocket, ain't trying pop it  
When they scared of a brother with a gun no one can stop it  
Then one of em lost it, and then I was shot quick  
Officers took me to heaven, I'm dead and with multiple rockets  
Didn't matter I was good and living inside a mansion next to ball players  
'Cause of the move he made was drastic now I lay in a casket carried by my p  
allbearers  
Fears what I see, making em kill a G  
Rotten apple in the batch; don't be tell the rest to flee  
This happened in Baton, R-O-U-G-E, even I fit the description  
What if it was me?

What if it was me  
What if I never got the one chance to be  
Everything and everywhere I go, I wouldn't see  
If by your hand you took that from me  
But what if it were me?  
Laying right there  
I'll never get up again, it's so unfair  
My babies cry out  
You never cared  
Things that we do make each other so scared  
So what if it was you there?  
(Should I just) Take your life  
(Should I bust) Make your wife widowed, withered, hugging the pillow  
The scent of you still on her  
Spirit she feels on her  
The whole world weeps  
Blood we all spill on her  
And I know, it's ill will, the pill's hard to swallow  
How should I feel when the man follows?  
The words you said saved me, he crazy  
And you saved my life, take my life

I gotta fight, all of the night with cops, crips, bloods with sore fists  
I gotta fight, all of the night with cops, crips, bloods with sore fists  
I gotta fight, all of the night with cops, crips, bloods with sore fists  
I gotta fight, all of the night with cops, crips, bloods with sore fists and  
them Nazis