

Artist: Wu-Tang Clan (RCA, 1993)
Album: *Enter the Wu-Tang (36 Chambers)*
Song: "C.R.E.A.M."

Intro: Raekwon the Chef, Method Man

What that nigga want God?
 Word up, look out for the cops [Wu-Tang five finger shit]
 (Cash Rules) Word up, two for fives over here baby
 Word up, two for fives them niggaz got garbage
 down the way, word up
 KnowwhatI'msayin?
 (Cash Rules Everything Around Me
 C.R.E.A.M. get...)
 Yeah, check this ol fly shit out
 Word up
 (Cash Rules Everything Around Me)
 Take you on a natural joint
 (C.R.E.A.M. get the money) Here we here we go
 (dolla dolla bill y'all) Check this shit, yo!

Verse One: Raekwon the Chef

I grew up on the crime side, the New York Times side
 Staying alive was no jive
 At second hands, moms bounced on old men
 So then we moved to Shaolin land
 A young youth, yo rockin the gold tooth, 'Lo goose
 Only way, I begin to gee off was drug loot
 And let's start it like this son, rollin with this one
 And that one, pullin out gats for fun
 But it was just a dream for the teen, who was a fiend
 Started smokin woolies at sixteen
 And running up in gates, and doing hits for high stakes
 Making my way on fire escapes
 No question I would speed, for cracks and weed
 The combination made my eyes bleed
 No question I would flow off, and try to get the dough all
 Sticking up white boys in ball courts
 My life got no better, same damn 'Lo sweater
 Times is ruff and tuff like leather
 Figured out I went the wrong route
 So I got with a sick ass click and went all out
 Catchin keys from across seas
 Rollin in MPV's, every week we made forty G's
 Yo nigga respect mine, or anger the tech nine
 Ch-chick-POW! Move from the gate now

Chorus: Method Man

Cash, Rules, Everything, Around, Me
 C.R.E.A.M.
 Get the money
 Dollar, dollar bill y'all

Verse Two: Inspector Deck

It's been twenty-two long hard years of still strugglin
 Survival got me buggin, but I'm alive on arrival
 I peep at the shape of the streets
 And stay awake to the ways of the world cause shit is deep
 A man with a dream with plans to make C.R.E.A.M.

Which failed; I went to jail at the age of 15
 A young buck sellin drugs and such who never had much
 Trying to get a clutch at what I could not... could not...
 The court played me short, now I face incarceration
 Pacin -- going up state's my destination
 Handcuffed in back of a bus, forty of us
 Life as a shorty shouldn't be so ruff
 But as the world turns I learned life is hell
 Living in the world no different from a cell
 Everyday I escape from Jakes givin chase, sellin base
 Smokin bones in the staircase
 Though I don't know why I chose to smoke sess
 I guess that's the time when I'm not depressed
 But I'm still depressed, and I ask what's it worth?
 Ready to give up so I seek the Old Earth
 Who explained working hard may help you maintain
 to learn to overcome the heartaches and pain
 We got stickup kids, corrupt cops, and crack rocks
 and stray shots, all on the block that stays hot
 Leave it up to me while I be living proof
 To kick the truth to the young black youth
 But shorty's running wild smokin sess drinkin beer
 And ain't trying to hear what I'm kickin in his ear
 Neglected, but now, but yo, it gots to be accepted
 That what? That life is hectic

Outro:

Chorus -- 4X

Niggas gots to do what they gotta do, to get a bill
 YaknowwhatI'msayin?
 Cuz we can't just get by no more
 Word up, we gotta get over, straight up and down

Chorus -- 3X

Cash Rules Everything Around Me
 C.R.E.A.M.
 get the money
 Dolla dolla bill y'auhhhaaaauhhhhahhhahhhlll, YEAH

Artist: Ice-T

Album: *Power (Sire/London/Rhino, 1988)*

Song: "I'm Your Pusher"

Yo, it's time for me to pump the volume
 No problem, the record's revolvin'
 Evil's the mixer, I'm the rap trixister
 Paparazzi on the bum rush for pictures
 Ice, coolin', yo colder than ever
 Punk executioner E pull the lever
 Rotate the wax tehn cut an'axe the tracks
 Push up the levels till the red lights max
 Don't try to size up, you better wise up
 To the rap criminals, we're succeeded
 Dope beats and lyrics, no beepers needed
 For this drug deal, I'm the big wheel
 The dope I'm sellin', you don't smoke, you feel
 Out on the dance floor, on my world tour
 I'm sellin' dope in each and every record store
 I'm the king pin when the wax spins
 Crack or smack will take you to a sure end

You don't need it, just throw that stuff away
 You wanna get high? Let the record play

Mc Ice T
 I'm your pusher

I know you're lovin' this drugs as it's comin' out your speaker
 Bass thru the bottoms, highs thru the tweeters
 But this base you don't need a pipe
 Just a tempo to keep your hype
 Groovin' like I see you doin'
 Some stupid crack would just ruin
 Your natural high, why?..that ain't fly
 And anyone who says it is, lies
 Move like I knew you would, like I knew could
 And if you ain't cracked out, then I know you should
 Be able to give me a clap, to match exact with the track
 And since I know that you ain't, I expect that
 Oh now this jam is lit, it's like the ultimate
 People high off dope but still physically fit
 I'll make a million bucks, pack my dough in trucks
 >From sellin' dope beats, dope rhymes, dope cuts
 I'll be the biggest dope dealer in history
 Because all the fly will be high off that Ice-T

I'm your pusher

I'm bring it to boil, Evil E rock it up
 You want it?..I don't think you got enough
 Last suckers crossed, Syndicate shot'em up
 Cops found'em in the lake bottom up
 I don't play when it comes to my dope
 I check my lyrics close, like with a microscope
 I don't clean'em up with no ivory soap
 I leave'em hard and pure, hope that you can cope
 Because you might O.D. if you overdrive
 This record, tape or CD, because the sound I've
 Created on this wax is like a chemical
 And the knowledge I give, makes me invincible

I'm your pusher

The cops don't know what to do, because my dope breaks thru
 No matter what they do, my stuff gets to you
 Kickin' on the Boulevard, my tempo's hyped and hard
 I don't ask, the ICE just bogards
 Sire Records puts me out, with Warner Bros. clout
 My dope hits the streets with no doubt
 Evil E adds the cut, then removes it
 IZ checks for purity, then approves it
 And then you get it, try it, and like it
 And if it ain't potent, we remix and spike it
 To bring you the pure dope, not a noose in a rope
 Because if you're doin' crack, you're on death row
 You're just a toy punk, to mess with that junk
 You want some real dope, come look in my trunk
 The dope I'm sellin' is life, 100% legit
 So get real fool, and try some real hit

MC Ice T
 I'm your pusher . . . I'm your pusher

Artist: Wu-Tang Clan f/ Junior Reid

Album: *The W* (Sony, 2000)

Song: "Jah World"

[Junior Reid]
 Him speaketh in tongues into the hearts of all flesh
 Yeah stanyoi
 Whoi

[Ghostface Killah]
 Oh God, I beg for forgiveness
 So help me Lord, yes I beg for forgiveness
 Deep in my heart, please, I'm crying for forgiveness
 Allah U Akbar, I fall to my knees for forgiveness
 Branded by the steel iron, bullets flying
 Ladies being hit through wickedness, I'm losing my grip
 I thought we lived by the books, The Bible, Koran
 We pick cotton, my back is still hot and dark and
 They threw burners in our babies' faces
 Pale hands that looked scary touched our bodies in the strangest places
 Sweat from the white man's head
 Fell on our daughters as she cried, giving white man head, almighty
 Alrighty, niggaz is screwing
 God won't you tell me why these ho niggaz is screwing?
 I'm sorry father, sacrifice me, leave me wife
 Sacrifice me twice, so my kids can see paradise...

[Junior Reid]
 So we heed our god king sellasie I, jah rastafari
 who is seated in zion and reigneth in all
 In the hearts of all flesh
 Whoa wow
 Let my task oh jah with them that strive with me
 Fight against them Whoa wow that fight against me
 Whoa wow
 Take hold thy shield and rock and stand up for my health
 Oh jah, oh jah, only you can comfort me
 La la la, la la la la la, la la la la
 La la la whoi stand out

[RZA]
 Curse to the wicked snakes who try to snatch the truth away
 Cursed be the ones who try to take our youth away
 Peace to the black, the brown, the red, yellow, and white seed
 We don't discriminate man over color/creed
 They tried to snatch up our beats, son, and steal our culture
 and German Catholics, whitewashing Roman sculptures
 How dare you try to deny Allah's intelligence?
 Kidnap the truth, and destroying the black evidence

[Junior Reid]
 Glory be to the father
 Glory be to the son (Glory be to the holy one)
 Glory be to the holy one
 The holder of creation whoi
 As jah was in the beginning is now and forever shall be
 Jah world
 Jah world without end whoi
 So we heed our god king sellasie I, jahova god, jah rastafari
 Who is seated in zion and reigneth in the hearts of
 In the hearts of all flesh whoi

Artist: 50 Cent

Album: *Get Rich or Die Tryin'*

(Shady/Aftermath/Interscope, 2003)

Song: "Many Men (Wish Death)"

[Lloyd Banks]

Man we gotta go get something to eat man

I'm hungry as a motherfucker

[50 Cent]

Ay yo man, damn what's taking homie so long son?

[Lloyd Banks]

50, calm down, here he come

[9 Shots]

[Banks and 50]

Ahh, ohh, what the fuck!?

[50 Cent]

Ahh! son, pull up! pull up!

[Intro: 50 Cent - singing]

Many men, wish death upon me

Blood in my eye dawg and I can't see

I'm trying to be what I'm destined to be

And niggaz trying to take my life away

I put a hole in nigga for fucking with me

My back on the wall, now you gon' see

Better watch how you talk, when you talk about me

Cause I'll come and take your life away

Many men, many, many, many, many men

Wish death 'pon me

Lord I don't cry no more

Don't look to the sky no more

Have mercy on me

[Verse One]

Now these pussy niggaz putting money on my head

Go on and get your refund motherfucker, I ain't dead

I'm the diamond in the dirt, that ain't been found

I'm the underground king and I ain't been crowned

When I rhyme, something special happen every time

I'm the greatest, something like Ali in his prime

I walk the block with the bundles

I've been knocked on the humble

Swing the ox when I rumble

Show your ass what my gun do

Got a temper nigga, go'head, lose your head

Turn your back on me, get clapped and lose your legs

I walk around gun on waist, chip on my shoulder

Till I bust a clip in your face, pussy, this beef ain't over

[Chorus - singing]

Many men, many, many, many, many men

Wish death 'pon me

Lord I don't cry no more

Don't look to the sky no more

Have mercy on me

Have mercy on my soul

Somewhere my heart turned cold

Have mercy on many men

Many, many, many, many men

Wish death upon me

[Verse Two]

Some days wouldn't be special, if it wasn't for rain

Joy wouldn't feel so good, if it wasn't for pain

Death gotta be easy, 'cause life is hard

It'll leave you physically, mentally, and emotionally scarred

This if for my niggaz on the block, twisting trees and cigars

For the niggaz on lock, doing life behind bars

I don't see only god can judge me, 'cause I see things clear

Quick these crackers will give my black ass a hundred years

I'm like Paulie in Goodfellas, you can call me the Don

Like Malcolm by any means, with my gun in my palm

Slim switched sides on me, let niggaz ride on me

I thought we was cool, why you want me to die homie?

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Every night I talk to god, but he don't say nothing back

I know he protecting me, but I still stay with my gat

In my nightmares, niggaz keep pulling techs on me

Psych says some bitch dumb, put a hex on me

The feds didn't know much, when Pac got shot

I got a kite from the pens that told me, Tuck got knocked

I ain't gonna spell it out for you motherfuckers all the time

Are you illiterate nigga? You can't read between the lines

In the bible it says, what goes around, comes around

'Hommo' shot me, three weeks later he got shot down

Now it's clear that I'm here, for a real reason

Cause he got hit like I got hit, but he ain't fucking breathing

[Chorus]

Artist: 50 Cent

Album: *Get Rich or Die Tryin'* (Shady/Aftermath/Interscope, 2003)

Song: "In Da Club"

[50 Cent]

Go, go, go, go, go, go

Go shawty, it's your birthday

We gon' party like it's your birthday

We gon' sip Bacardi like it's your birthday

And you know we don't give a fuck

it's not your birthday!

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub'

Look mami I got the X if you into takin drugs

I'm into havin sex, I ain't into makin love

So come gimme a hug, if you're into gettin rubbed

[Verse One]

When I pull up out front, you see the Benz on dubs

When I roll 20 deep, it's 20 knives in the club

Niggaz heard I fuck with Dre, now they wanna show me love

When you sell like Eminem, and the hoes, they wanna fuck

But homie ain't nuttin changed hoes down, G's up

I see Xzibit in the cut - hey nigga roll that weed up

If you watch how I move

you'll mistake me for a player or pimp

Been hit wit a few shells

but I don't walk wit a limp (I'm aight)

In the hood, in L.A. they sayin "50 you hot"

They like me, I want them to love me like they love 'Pac

But holla in New York them niggaz'll tell ya I'm loco
 And the plan is to put the rap game in a choke hold
 I'm fully focused man, my money on my mind
 Got a mill' out the deal and I'm still on the grind
 Now shawty said she feelin my style, she feelin my flow
 Her girlfriend willin to get bi
 and they ready to go (o-kay!)

[Chorus]

[Bridge: sing-song]

My flow, my show brought me the dough
 That bought me all my fancy things
 My crib, my cars, my pools, my jewels
 Look nigga I done came up, and I ain't changed

[Verse Two]

And you should love it, way more then you hate it
 Nigga you mad? I thought that you'd be happy I made it
 I'm that cat by the bar toastin to the good life
 You that faggot-ass nigga tryin to pull me back right?
 When my joint get to pumpin in the club it's on
 I wink my eye at ya bitch, if she smiles she gone
 If the roof on fire, let the motherfucker burn
 If you talkin about money homie, I ain't concerned
 I'ma tell you what Banks told me
 cause go 'head switch the style up
 If the niggaz hate then let 'em hate then watch the money pile
 up
 Or we go upside your head wit a bottle of bub'
 They know where we fuckin be

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Don't try to act like you don't know where we be neither nigga
 We in the club all the time nigga, it's about to pop off nigga
 G-Unit

Artist: 50 Cent

Album: *Get Rich or Die Tryin' Get Rich or Die Tryin'*
 (Shady/Aftermath/Interscope, 2003)

Song: "P.I.M.P."

(Chorus)

I don't know what you heard about me
 But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me
 No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see
 That I'm a motherfucking P-I-M-P
 (Repeat)

(Verse 1)

Now shorty, she in the club, she dancing for dollars
 She got a thing for that Gucci, that Fendi, that Prada
 That BCBG, Burberry, Dolce and Gabana
 She feed them foolish fantasies, they pay her cause they
 wanna
 I spit a little G man, and my game got her
 A hour later, have that ass up in the Ramada
 Them trick niggas in her ear saying they think about her
 I got the bitch by the bar trying to get a drink up out her
 She like my style, she like my smile, she like the way I talk

She from the country, think she like me cause I'm from New York
 I ain't that nigga trying to holla cause I want some head
 I'm that nigga trying to holla cause I want some bread
 I could care less how she perform when she in the bed
 Bitch hit that track, catch a date, and come and pay the kid
 Look baby this is simple, you can't see
 You fucking with me, you fucking with a P-I-M-P

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

I'm bout my money you see, girl you can holla at me
 If you fucking with me, I'm a P-I-M-P
 Not what you see on TV, no Cadillac, no greasy
 Head full of hair, bitch I'm a P-I-M-P
 Come get money with me, if you curious to see
 how it feels to be with a P-I-M-P
 Roll in the Benz with me, you could watch TV
 From the backseat of my V, I'm a P-I-M-P
 Girl we could pop some champagne and we could have a ball
 We could toast to the good life, girl we could have it all
 We could really splurge girl, and tear up the mall
 If ever you needed someone, I'm the one you should call
 I'll be there to pick you up, if ever you should fall
 If you got problems, I can solve'em, they big or they small
 That other nigga you be with ain't bout shit
 I'm your friend, your father, and confidant, BITCH

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I told you fools before, I stay with the tools
 I keep a Benz, some rims, and some jewels
 I holla at a hoe til I got a bitch confused
 She got on Payless, me I got on gator shoes
 I'm shopping for chinchillas, in the summer they cheaper
 Man this hoe you can have her, when I'm done I ain't gon keep her
 Man, bitches come and go, every nigga pimpin know
 You saying it's secret, but you ain't gotta keep it on the low
 Bitch choose with me, I'll have you stripping in the street
 Put my other hoes down, you get your ass beat
 Now Nik my bottom bitch, she always come up with my bread
 The last nigga she was with put stitches in her head
 Get your hoe out of pocket, I'll put a charge on a bitch
 Cause I need 4 TVs and AMGs for the six
 Hoe make a pimp rich, I ain't paying bitch
 Catch a date, suck a dick, shiiit, TRICK

(Chorus)

Yeah, in Hollywood they say there's no b'ness like show b'ness
 In the hood they say, there's no b'ness like hoe b'ness ya know
 They say I talk a lil fast, but if you listen a lil faster
 I ain't got to slow down for you to catch up, BITCH

Artist: 50 Cent f/ Nate Dogg
Album: *Get Rich or Die Tryin'*
(Shady/Aftermath/Interscope, 2003)
Song: "21 Questions"

[50 Cent - singing]

New York City!

You are now rapping... with 50 Cent

You gotta love it...

I just wanna chill and twist the lye

Catch stunts in my 7-45

You drive me crazy shorty I

Need to see you and feel you next to me

I provide everything you need and I

Like your smile I don't wanna see you cry

Got some questions that I got to ask and I

Hope you can come up with the answers babe

[Nate Dogg]

Girl... it's easy to love me now

Would you love me if I was down and out?

Would you still have love for me?

Girl... it's easy to love me now

Would you love me if I was down and out?

Would you still have love for me?

Girl...

[50 Cent]

If I fell off tomorrow would you still love me?

If I didn't smell so good would you still hug me?

If I got locked up and sentenced to a quarter century

could I count on you to be there to support me mentally?

If I went back to a hooptie from a Benz

would you poof, and disappear, like some of my friends?

If I was hit and I was hurt would you be by my side?

If it was time to put in work would you be down to ride?

I'd get out and peel a nigga cap, you chill and drive

I'm askin questions to find out how you feel inside

If I ain't rap cause I flipped burgers at Burger King

would you be ashamed to tell your friends you feelin me?

In the bed if I used my tongue, would you like that?

If I wrote you a love letter, would you write back?

Now we can have a lil' drink you know a nightcap

And we could go do what you like, I know you like that

[Nate Dogg]

Girl... it's easy to love me now

Would you love me if I was down and out?

Would you still have love for me?

Girl... it's easy to love me now (Woo!)

Would you love me if I was down and out?

Would you still have love for me?

Girl...

[50 Cent]

Now would you leave me if your father, found out I was thuggin?

Do you believe me when I tell you, you the one I'm lovin'?

Are you mad cause I'm askin you 21 questions?

Are you my soulmate? Cause if so, girl you're a blessin

Do you trust me enough, to tell me your dreams?

I'm staring at ya trying to figure how you got in them jeans

If I was down would you say things to make me smile?

I treat you how you want to be treated just teach me how

If I was with some other chick and someone happened to see

and when you asked me about it I said it wasn't me

would you believe me, or up and leave me?

How deep is our bond if that's all it takes for you to be gone?

We only humans girl we make mistakes

To make it up I'll do whatever it take

I love you like a fat kid love cake

You know my style, I'll say anything to make you smile

[Nate Dogg]

Girl... it's easy to love me now

Would you love me if I was down and out?

Would you still have love for me?

Girl... it's easy to love me now

Would you love me if I was down and out?

Would you still have love for me?

Girl...

Could you love me in a Bentley?

Could you love me on a bus?

I'll ask 21 questions, and they all about us

Could you love me in a Bentley?

Could you love me on a bus?

I'll ask 21 questions, and they all about us

Artist: Black Eyed Peas
Album: *Elephunk* (Interscope, 2004)
Song: "Hey Mama"

(la la la la la)
 Hey mama, this that shit that make you move, mama
 Get on the floor and move your booty moma
 We the blast masters blastin' up the jamma
 (REEEEEEEWIIIIIND)
 Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty
 Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and
 Hey shorty, I know you wanna party
 the way your body look realli make me feel nauuughty
 Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty
 Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and
 Hey shorty, I know you wanna party
 the way your body look really make me feel nauuughty

I got a naughty naughty style
 and a naughty naughty crew
 But everything I do, I do just for you
 Im a little bit of Or, and a bigger bit of Nu
 The true niggers know that the peas come through
 We never cease(NOO),
 we never die no we never disease(NOO)
 We multiply like we mathamatice
 Then we drop bombs like we in the middle east
 (The bomb bombas, the base move dramas)
 Naw y'all knaw, who we are
 y'all knaw, we the stars
 Steady rockin' on y'alls boulevards
 And, lookin' hot without bodyguards
 (I do) what I can
 (Y'all come thru)will.i.am
 And still I stand, with still mic in hand
 (So come on mama, dance to the druma)

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
 (hey)get on the floor and move your booty mama
 (yaw)we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
 (hey)so shake your bambama, come on now mama
 Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
 (hey)get on the floor and move your booty mama
 (yaw)we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
 (la la la la la)

We the big town stumpas, and and big sound pumpas
 The beat bump bumpas in your trunk trunkas
 The girlies in the club with the big plump plumpas
 And when I'm makin' love, my hip hump humps
 It never quits(NOOOO) we need to carry 9mm clips(NOOOO)
 Dont wanna squize trigger, just wanna squize tits
 (lupaluba)cause we the show stoppas
 And the chief rockas, number one chief rockas
 Naw y'all knaw, who we are
 y'all knaw, we the stars
 Steady rockin' on y'alls boulevards
 How we rockin' it girl, without body guards
 Now she be, its dirty, from the crew
 BET, come and take heed, as we take the lead
 (so come on bubba, dance to the druma)

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
 (yaw)get on the floor and move your booty mama
 (wuh)we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
 (NAWWWW, NAWWW)
 Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty
 Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and
 Hey shorty, I know you wanna party
 the way your body look realli make me feel nauuughty

But the race is not, for the swiss
 But who really can, take control of it
 And tippa irie and the black eyed peas will be thhhheerre
 til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti
 Tippa is ouuuuuut

Nosa dima shock, nosa dima ting
 everytime you sit there i hear, bling bling
 O wata ting, hear blacka sing
 grinding, and winding
 and the madda be moving in a perfect timing
 and we dance and dance to the end of the thing
 and we're really to nice, it finga akin
 like rice and peas and chicken and bling

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
 (hey)get on the floor and move your booty mama
 (yaw)we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
 (hey)so shake your bambama, come on now mama
 Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
 (hey)get on the floor and move your booty mama
 (yaw)we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
 (la la la la la)

Artist: Black Eyed Peas
Album: *Elephunk* (Interscope, 2004)
Song: "Where is the Love?"

what's wrong with the world, mama?
 people livin like they ain't got no mamas
 I think the whole world's addicted to the drama
 only attracted to the things that'll bring the drama
 overseas ya we tryin to stop terrorism
 but we still got terrorists here livin
 in the U.S.A, the big C.I.A
 the bloods & the crips, and the KKK
 but if you only got love for your own ways
 then you only leave space to discriminate
 and to discriminate only generates hate
 and when you hate, then you're bound to get irate
 madness is what you demonstrate
 and that's exactly how anger works and operates
 man ya gotta have love, this'll set us straight
 take control of your mind and meditate
 let your soul gravitate, to the love ya'll

people killin
 people dyin
 children hurt and
 women cryin
 will you practice what you preach
 and would you turn the other cheek
 father father father, help us
 need some guidance from above
 these people got me got me questionin
 where is the love?
 (love) where is the love?
 (the love) where is the love?
 (the love) where is the love?
 (where is the love the love my love)

it just ain't the same
 old ways have changed
 new days are strange, is world insane?
 if love and peace is so strong
 why are there pieces of love that don't belong
 nations droppin bombs
 chemical gasses fillin lungs of little ones
 with ongoin sufferin, as the youth die young
 so ask yourself, is the lovin really gone
 so I can ask myself, really what is going wrong
 with this world that we livin in, people keep on givin in
 makin wrong decisions, only visions of them dividends
 not respectin eachother, deny thy brother
 a war is goin on but the reason's under cover
 the truth is kept secret, and swept under the rug
 if you never know truth, then you never know love
 where's the love ya'll? (i don't know)
 where's the truth ya'll? (i don't know)
 and where's the love ya'll?

people killin
 people dyin
 children hurt and
 women cryin
 will you practice what you preach

and would you turn the other cheek
 father father father, help us
 need some guidance from above
 these people got me got me questionin
 where is the love?
 (love) where is the love?
 (the love) where is the love?
 (the love) where is the love?
 where is the love?
 (love) where is the love?
 (the love) where is the love?
 (the love) where is the love?
 (where is the love the love my love)

I feel the weight of the world on my shoulder
 as I'm getting older, ya'll people gets colder
 most of us only care about money makin
 selfishness got us followin the wrong direction
 wrong information always shown by the media
 negative images is the main criteria
 infecting the young minds faster than bacteria
 kids wanna act like what they see in the cinema

..
 whatever happened to the values of humanity?
 whatever happened to the fairness and equality
 instead of spreading love we spreadin animosity
 lack of understandin leading us away from unity
 that's the reason why sometimes I'm feelin under
 that's the reason why sometimes I'm feelin down
 It's no wonder why sometimes I'm feelin under
 gotta keep my faith alive till love is found
 now ask yourself

where is the love?
 where is the love?
 where is the love?
 where is the love?
 father father father, help us
 need some guidance from above
 these people got me got me questionin
 where is the love?
 now sing with me ya'll (one love one love)
 we only got (one love one love)
 that's all we got (one love one love)
 and something's wrong with it
 something's wrong with it
 something's wrong with the w-w-world
 we only got (one love one love)
 that's all we got (one love one love)