Videos

Little kids in the hood ain't got no money or no clothes They look at videos and see a Bentley or a Rolls Cats rock so much ice even got the children froze Glued to the tube with the screen touchin' they nose See a throw back jersey, them new shoes and they want those They see how you dance they in the mirror strikin' a pose Little girls see how women dance and start takin' off clothes About 5 years old and this is all that she knows This is all that he knows because that's all that he sees A new rap artist is 'bout all that he wanna be Then you get cats like me that come to him talkin' bout Jesus They so brain washed they look at me and be like please You try to convince them Jesus would want to see them saved But they rather ball, rather hit the mall and get paid About 16 now and homie is ready to drive He is ready for sex but he ain't ready for God Check him out

Videos, T.V. is the city of dreams And everything on the screen ain't always what it seems You might get fooled if you don't know the truth from lies That's why we bringin' you the truth of God

Call it all fun and games and sometimes it is But other times got they mind in a quiz Little homie skippin' classes Checked his ash tray for ashes Plus he threw away his glasses Now he think he need a chain and some Timberland boots If she don't look like the girls on the video she ain't cute Now he think he need a gun and he stay in the suburbs Play any rap song and he know all the words All of the dances, all of the shakes Ain't never seen a scale and he's talkin' bout movin' weight Now he let his pants sag and he's tryin' to get high Ain't never had a fight talkin' about "thug til I die" Ain't never felt held the heat, ain't never felt the heat Now he's tryin' to go to jail so he can say he from the streets Now this is what he sees and they call it entertainment Mentally he's in chains some of the blame goes to the videos

Videos don't show how it is gettin' beat Or feelin' so dumb in school that you feel you gotta cheat Videos don't show mamma jugglin' money Nor do they hear you when you say mamma I'm hungry All they do is tease you with a Benz that's so plush But mom ain't got no ends her and her friends on the bus All they do is show you all cats on a yacht While daddy's in the streets after 3 smokin' rocks They don't show you baby mammas baby daddies bout to bang They sell you this world that exists outside of pain All them cars lookin' good all them cribs lookin' good But unfortunately that ain't how it is in the hood Real things goin' down, real guns bustin' rounds Real tears bein' shed, real cats and the feds Real people that need Jesus to save them from they sins To show them discipline then to die and rise again

Flame

They show you lies on videos