

Children

Styles P

Deez lil' niggaz is crazy
This is our future? It's about the children man
Damn! Aiyyo P (I pray to God for the kids man)
No doubt man, f'real (wherever they at)
Real talk (it's real out here)
C'mon!

(Children) in the hood seem to die at a young age
Wakes and funerals'll make it feel like a Sunday
All they talk about, is money and gunplay
Only light they gettin is the one from the sun rays
(Children) no light bulb bright idea
Shame when "kill that nigga" is the right idea
Like a nigga lose his life, every night out here
Kinda hot, but they talk about ice out here
(Children) - is all some ill shit
12 to 19 all ready to kill shit
All of 'em is numb, don't none of 'em feel shit
It's just like a war zone, that's on some real shit
(Children) Homey, this is O.G. talk
Blow O.G. kush, for O.G. cough In the low-key V, shakin police off
Don't engage wit'cha enemy, you know he soft - whattup?
(Children) is all missing the roof over 'em
Lil' niggaz is hard, they don't know how to school 'em
They know how a sucka or a herb or a fool look
Know how a crack pack dope or the tool look
(Children) Yeah, the shit is real out here
Swear blood is like oil how it spill out here
If you ain't from out here then don't chill out here
The 9 mill', might pop your grill out here, yeah

Some days I might thank, God I don't have no (children)
To struggle this hard and it's a hassle (children)
Gotta teach 'em how to survive and win (children)
The whole future of the world depends on (children)
So I talk wise and speak clearly (children)
But still sometimes they don't hear me (children)
But when I open my heart I catch feelings (children)
Cause the kids need hope, they need healing (children)
THE CHILDREN

(Children) and the birds play video games
Imitate whack rappers and the video dames
PlayStation, X-Box, laptop, desktop (dang)
I be askin myself, when will the mess stop?
(Children) Snotty lil' niggaz is too rude
All I know is cooler than YouTube, it's makin it easy
With nothin realistic you can see on the TV (NOTHIN)
But they call this reality show (yeah?)
(Children) It's time to, make um grasses grow
They'll - make 'em lazy, it's so crazy
Me I stay hazy, always keep a Dutch steamed
Cause they even't makin no buttons, it's just a touch screen
(Children) And they don't talk, they text
L-O-L, W-T-F
And I be like damn what the fuck is next?
Cause Mr. Illuminati seem to cut them checks, yeah