

Flame, Videos

(Verse One)

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

(Hook)

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

(Verse Two)

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

(Hook)

(Verse Three)

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
They show you lies on videos

