

# 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

