

**P Diddy F. Usher****"Children"**

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(Rasheed talking to his kids)

Verse 1

Remember back in the day  
Parents givin us a thrashin  
Diggin in that ass like its some kind of passion  
And now I understand why  
Just watchin my children growin up  
Make a hustler wanna cry  
Cause everything weve been through  
They must experience  
Will they learn the hard way?  
Or come up with common sense  
But what about the baby lyin lonely in the dumpster  
Never given a chance  
Will he be a victim of hunger?  
What have I done?  
Why am I here?  
But little do this baby know  
This happens year  
Little Ray made it pass the pacifier  
Now he a passive liar  
Smoke fire  
A murder for hire  
Little John his gang initiation  
Infiltration  
Findin in the enemy location  
Cut em down  
One round  
Soldier got his stripes  
Comrades hype  
Hopin and dreamin to sterotype  
Undercovers penetrated the G cult  
Caught a youngster  
Trailed him as an adult  
Now he doinlife  
Young flesh turned fool  
This is the world through the eyes of a child

(Rasheed talking to his kids)

## Verse 2

Ever wonder why you keep finding Barbie dolls  
dismantled?  
Cause your husband got his step-daughter watchin the  
porno channel  
Touchin her in a way  
To 10 years she rather live her life gay  
You call your son stupid  
Then he gone think he stupid  
Put that word in his head  
And his brain will loop it  
Over and over till he find love in this wicked world  
Left home in search of diamonds and pearls  
Heart in a twirl  
Met a girl  
Put his mind in a swirl  
But no one gave a referal to her husband Mr. Earl  
Caught him early in the mornin  
Lookin at this young punk  
Heart couldnt take it  
Suffocated em put him in a trunk  
Wife kept quiet  
World I beg your pardon  
But thats why so many of our babies endin up on milk  
cartons  
I hold my babies with the grip of a anaconda  
Stare at em closely  
Put the emotions inside my binder

(Rasheed talking to his kids)

## Verse 3

I wrote this outta love for the kids of the Earth  
Surfin this tough turf  
For what its worth  
To all the new born  
I give my soul for the Lord to bless  
And to all my homies with infants up in this wickedness  
Birth control  
The worst control miscarriage  
No lullabies  
Unborn babies in disparage  
Let the semen enter the center inside the placenta  
When the child is born  
Watch him grow to anos cescenta  
60 years but I will live to see it  
I made this tape for planet  
If it happen so be it

Baby Bambinos to Godfathers  
If I lose my faith  
I lose my space  
Never misuse my pistol on my waist  
My little nephew tears in eyes askin me why  
His best friend makin bullets fly

(Rasheed talking to his kids)

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