

Politic Live f/ Risse

"Video Light"

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[Dirt Gritie]

With hopes to be a video star, yes, this precious black harlot

More meat for the meat market

The matinees that she played

And the bumps on this road that shorty would take

She worked in the morning, taught dance in the evening

Auditioned for the videos on the weekend

Shorty was choice, light skin real cute

Directors often asked if she would pose in the nude

Was it the art or the sex they would try to pursue?

Stood 5' 6, weighed 132

She had a fat ass and she knew how to move

But one wrong step could throw off her groove

There's some jobs you take and some you refuse

The difference between following and setting the rules

But your patients gone pay off soon stay on your lessons

Next morning got a call for a Sean Paul audition

[Spoken Word - Young Mav]

Determined she is

For every cent ever paid to an agency

Or dance instructor

For every director or rap star

Who inappropriately touched her

For the sleepless nights

She would sacrifice

To be more than a whore

In the video light

[Dirt Gritie]

Let's take about sex and how it sells

How shorty sold her self short for a bill

In South Africa shorty got'a fuck for a meal

Cause her landlords horny wants some thing to feel

Who cares if she chills?

That's just another vacancy that'll fill he's still paying the bills

If one could escape from the physical realm

And enter to a place where harmony dwells
Then truly we would see that we're living in hell
Big up your self young sister
Life was on the right path but got caught up in a twister
And now you travel through Oz
With the lights, cameras and move stars
Glamour, gilts, whips, licks,
Men breaking you off with chips for dip
Thing is that you lost in the missed of this
When did you become such a ruthless bitch?

[Spoken Word - Young Mav]
How little attention we pay
To the rose that grew from concrete
As if we too would have come out unscathed
Had her shoes been on our feet
We criticize her means
To get into the industry
But never cared
When we seen her in the streets

[Risse]
What's going on? What's the hold up?
When's it gone be my turn I want a blow up?
The paper said 3:30 I'm here, I showed up
My bag got my gear, headshots, look these sluts
Ain't got nothing on me
I was awarded Miss Edmonton in 93
And graduated to be Miss Grand Prix
Only get manicures from the finest boutiques
See my hair, this is mine, I don't wear no weaves
Why I'm waiting in this line when I got a degree
Still I'm young, got time to chase my dreams
But the more I run the further they seem
To invest my time in vanity things
When they only looking for ass and tit rings
Maybe I think I'll pass on this thing
Go back to class and be queen

[Spoken Word - Young Mav]
Are you driven by self-esteem?
Or selfish themes?
That promote hair weaves
And lightning creams
Scared of enlightenment
So you lighten they're tint
To be the next video hoe
That your friends resent
Vanity is our demise
So late we realize
We'd all look the same

If we had no eyes

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