

I. Opening Statement

A Generation, My Generation

In this world that I live in, it never ceases to amaze me
With my heart, with my eyes I continually see
A generation, my generation
Of young people in desperate need

From the clothes and the shoes
To the hair and tattoos
I never understood why being your own self
You never choose.
Instead you substitute expression for duplication
And imitation
Thinking you're hip and not simply
Media's fools

Ladies, you are unique and special
Males, you have so much potential
We have to do better for
Things to get better

Ladies, you have the key
Ladies, you set the standard
If he loves you, he will be ready to handle all that you require of him
He will appreciate you for who you are
And not for what you can do for him

Men take care of their babies; they don't make us go it alone
If you don't want us for real, then play house at your own home

Ladies, stop the arguing, stop the fighting
This is not attractive and it's definitely not inviting
I understand the hurt -trust me; I understand the pain
But we have to let it go. Forgive
Let it roll down like rain

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Welcome To My World

I woke up this morning, and I looked to my left. There was no one there by my side. I looked at my fingers, and there were only two rings on the right side.

I looked at my room. There were no babies for me.

There was no one to send to school, no diapers to change, and no mouths to feed.

I looked at my keys. There was no reason to make them wake. There was no work for me. There was no earthly income to be made.

I looked at my instruments; I found they were limited.

Music is in me, but there were no CDs to be printed.

I closed my eyes, and I began to meditate.

I was not alone. I have been with God all day.

He allowed me to see (with my natural eyes) my world.

Now, I can share this with you and bring you into my world.

So, I felt like writing, and it is after two.

Now, I am sharing this with you.

Welcome to my world.
Hear the DJ spinning?
All the beats are Mine
And the lyrics say,
Winning, Winning, Winning.

WATCH THIS

God woke me up this morning. He is the reason why I live.

Today I have the use and activity of my limbs.

He said, "Get Up," and I did that. "Put your glasses on," and I did that.

"Wash your face, comb your hair, take your medicine," and I did that.

God blessed me with a Hyundai; forget your Rolls-Royce.

God blessed me; I am a blessing; so mine is better than yours.

Forget your top back, your Maybach music, and your suicide butterfly doors.

I have the sunroof, the tinted windows, and the manufactured speakers.

The sound is so clear. I do not need those stupid boom-boom bass speakers.

My face is so pretty. You can't tell what it has been through.

Look into my eyes. "You Are Beautiful."

You can't tell how it can relate to you unless I told you.

You say that you love me; you can upgrade me.

You say that you want me, and I am so pretty.

But if you will not be the for real truth, keep it moving.

DON'T TALK TO ME!!!