

For The Babies (featuring Stephen Marley)

Damian Marley

This is real, this is real
Now I see them giving the woman abortion to kill another baby
Miscarriage and misfortune and premature crack baby
Strength of Ras Tafari I'm hoping someday maybe
They don't obey parents, maybe they will obey me
Future for the babies
Hopes for the babies
Tommorrow for the babies
No sorrow for the babies
Babies having babies
Raising our babies
All of these young ladies
Give them thanks and praises
How long can she take it?
Dreams are full of 'maybes',
Will she ever make it?
Hustles on a daily
In the club she shake it, strip down 'till she naked
Don't ever mistake it, Much too real to fake it
Need it then she'll take it
She'll do it for the babies
A mother's love is sacred
Now you don't you ever fail me
A woman needs caring, sharing, love all the time (no don't you ever fail me)
A child needs loving, caring
Is there no other option than adoption for you babies
You're raffling and jacketing and auctioning your babies
Strength of Ras Tafari I'm hoping someday maybe
They don't obey their parents, maybe they will obey me
Cowards play the game thing
Fathers do the brave thing
And that's participating
He keeps on concentrating
There is no debating
No running away thing
A new life is awakening, From his ejaculating,
It's in the oven baking
Takes two for the making
He's right there through the cravings
And early morning waking
School and educating
Sports and recreating, Karate and ballet thing
Teenager of today thing
Fathers still relating, still communicating

And they'll always embrace him
Cause they cannot replace him A woman needs caring, sharing, love all the time (no don't you ever fail me)
A child needs loving, caring And always do your very best to keep a promise to your babies
And if you can't be good, at least be honest to your babies
The strength of Ras Tafari I'm hoping someday maybe
They don't obey their parents maybe they will o
History of the babies
Beginning of the ages
You're flipping thru the pages
And up and thru the 80's
Some are gang related, Drug affiliated
Some intoxicated, Headed for the snake pit
And Papa's locked in cages
And Mama's lacking wages
And this what they're faced with, upon a daily basis Bleaching out dem faces
Running from dem races
Shooting up them places
Killing other babies
As bitter as the taste is, And words can not explain it
Just walk the narrow pavement
And speak of love not hatred

Songwriters

DAMIAN ROBERT NESTA MARLEY, STEPHEN MARLEY Published by

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