

For The Babies

Damian Marley

For the babies

This is real this is real

Verse:

Now I see them giving the woman abortion to kill another baby.

Miscarriage and misfortune and premature crack baby

Strength of blood almighty me hoping someday maybe

They don't obey your parents Maybe you will obey me

Future for the babies Hopes for the babies

Tomorrow 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 a shake it Strip down 'til 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 ever fail me

Chorus:

A woman needs caring, sharing, love all the time (no don't you ever fail me) A child needs loving, caring?

Verse:

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

Chorus:

A woman needs caring, sharing, love all the time (no don't you ever fail me) A child needs loving, caring?

Verse:

And always do your 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 obey me
History of the babies Beginning of the ages
You're flipping through the pages And up and through 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 is what they're faced with Upon a daily basis
Bleaching out dem faces Running from dem races
Shooting up dem places Killing other babies
As bitter as the taste is And words cannot explain it
Just walk the narrow pavement And speak of love not hatred.

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