

# For The Babies

**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

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