

# Babies (ft. Madame D)

## Wu-Tang Clan

[Chorus]

Light is shinin' beauty sunshine

Here comes one-time the ball was so fine

Heat is blazin' the kids were playin'

His partner was shady tryin' to slave the babies Hey yo they didn't know the cop was crooked, he had blow out in

Brooklyn

All this while he let the fiends cook it

The base heads stirred it up, plus they got to blow it up

Dropped it off in the PJ's and they bigged it up

Then one day, shit jumped off real crazy

The middle of a bathroom they find an old lady

No clothes, half of her tongue, ear missin'

The killer had to be mad smart, he wore mittens

Even though her leg was bitten

Crackheads point the finger at Detective Slick Morris Gittins

Paleface cop who done popped the desk

And got the chop on his neck from when he knocked Celeste

It was a slug, drug, he pressured everybody on the block

Some niggaz know him as the Godson of Gotti

And his black partner, he was scared to speak

He saw how they planted weapons on these kids in the street

He saw like over fifty bodies in like fifty-two weeks

He saw his colleague pick up money before leavin' his beat

They call him desk duty, Robocop

Younger dudes call him Freddy Krugs from the way he walk on the

Block [Chorus] Heard the disturbance out the window, oh shit they got my son

Pulled over his Tempo, Brenda dropped the endo

Had her little nephew with her yo she didn't care

They always harassed her, until she blew the captain with a razor

His partner turned red in his waist, Mase done smacked her

With the walkie, yoked her then slammed her on her face

He bugged on her like she was drugged, plugged one in her

The fifth relaxed her like a big thug pistol whipped her

Heard she was dusted, musta been the way they threw the cuffs on her

She broke the shits, went and rushed the kid

Wavin' her hands, she had a half an axe, all in her tracks

He grabbed her by the air, she broke his jaw it cracked

More cops arrived, they both bloodied down by the five

Wildest niggas just smilin' cause it look live

They gave her forty years in New Orleans, callin me ?  
Shorty was young, by three days had a great bid[Chorus]You're just worms in the worst part of the apple that's  
rotten  
You squirm and you turn from the right, still plottin'  
All slimy cause you stay grimy, petty crimey cat  
You sometime me, don't need to remind me about  
Livin' in the core, with the scramblers in front of the store  
The bum holdin' the door, the mugging no one saw  
We played ball in the alley where dope was shot raw  
And the school they kept flawed, plus the lowest test scores  
Small percentage determined to strengthen they position  
Transformation from critical to, stable condition  
But it still be obstacles on niggas that's optical  
Watchin' you like salt-water sharks that's tropical  
The money was the root and it's the instinct to make it  
With they pockets and fridge naked, many aim to take it  
Whether - hold up, set up, stabbin' or a wet up  
Just to know it was the kid next door fizzucked your head up  
Once he fell short, frequently visit the courts  
And for some, another way out, is music and sports  
That's why I, keep the rhyme just as fly as a shot  
That won the championship, with just oh on the clock[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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