

# 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 of love not hatred