

Spa dap spap spa dap spa let me (scat)
Spa dap spap spa dap spa
Spa dap spap spa dap spa
Let me tell You something
As I was passing
I heard children laughing
At the school yard gates
I turned 'round and said
Oh children the fruit of the womb
And one day
This world will be yours soon
Oh children the fruit of the womb
There are things that you must know

Spa dap spap spa dap spa let me
Let me tell you something
Oh children the fruit of the womb
The candle of hope
Lighting up this darkness
Out of the world of guilt
Comes spirits of the innocent yeh
I people dem scatter
Help dem come to oneness
Conic little ones come we get strong
Suffer not to madness no
Help dem come to oneness
Conic little ones come we get strong
Suffer not to madness no

Spa dap spap spa dap spa
Let me tell you something
Grab education my children
Higher meditation my children
Healing of the nation my children
Build your foundation my children
Be no stepping stones
No back slider
Oh children the fruit of the womb
Not everyone is made of sugar and spice
Woo woo and everything nice
Real life ain't no nursery rhyme
Babylon a cotch pon a very thin line
The games they play to trick up your mind

Spa dap spap spa dap spa
Let me tell you something
Grab education my children
Higher meditation my children
Healing of the nation my children
Build your foundation my children
So much motherless go astray
And all I can do is pray
So much fatherless go astray
And all I can do is pray.