

Clan Wu-Tang

"Babies"

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Intro/Chorus: Madame D]

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

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyyo they didn't know the cop was crooked, he had
blow out in Brooklyn

All this while he let the fiends cook it

The baseheads 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]

[Raekwon the Chef]

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 niggaz 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]

[GZA]

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 niggaz 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 fizzaucked 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] - repeat 2X

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