

Damian "Junior Gong" Marley "For The Babies"

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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 Rastafari, I'm hoping someday
Maybe they don't obey their parents, maybe they will
obey me

Future for the babies, hopes for the babies
Tomorrow 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 a
shake it
Strip down 'til 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 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 Rastafari, 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 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 Rastafari, I?m hoping someday
Maybe, they don?t obey their parents, maybe they will
obey me

History of the babies, beginning of the ages
You?re flipping through the pages, and up and through
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 is what they?re faced with upon a daily basis
Bleaching out dem faces, running from dem races
Shooting up dem places, killing other babies

As bitter as the taste is and words cannot explain it
Just walk the narrow pavement and speak of love, not
hatred

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