

# Wu-Tang Clan, Babies

[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 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 - repeat 2X]