

Sister Souljah, Umbilical Cord To The Future

(Intro):

(Man says): We're gonna slow it down at this time
And sing a soulful number.

This song is a song that, y' know, we all wanna sing sometime
Y' know what I mean? This is the love crowd, right?

We all love each other, don't we?

Ai-ight? "All right!"

Let me hear you say yea!!!!

"Yeah!!!!!"

(Verse 1)

I needed love from somewhere. Somebody to interpret.
My mother was supposed to, but she's far from perfect.
My body was young. Feeling 'n thoughts were so sexual.
No one to explain, so my body had no schedule.
And when it was right, or if the time was wrong.
My nursery rhyme turned to a passionate song.
So we tossed 'n turned, burning in heated sweat.
No one ever explained. There's nothing to forget.
An explosion of rain like there is in a storm:
Body wet, heart beating, body burning and warm.
No mamma never said to say no, not even how to
Tell one from another or what to expect to
Go for or demand, except, or reject,
Or when to say yes, and also to protect.
So I had no choice. I imitated what I saw.
My mother had one man, plus three, equals four:
One for his car, one for his job, and one for spite.
And one did her right as I listened in the night.

(Chorus)

(In background a woman sings): Souljah, Souljah, Souljah, Souljah!

(Ras Baraka says): The children cannot raise themselves!

The television, the baby sitter, the radio cannot raise your children!

Anything you want the children to know, you must teach them!

You must teach them!

If you do not teach the children, they will not know.

They will not know!

(Verse 2)

Now she yelled and hollered, and sometimes even screamed.

And never explained quite what she would mean.

Mad at the world for the way she never understood.

And if she couldn't explain, what makes you think I could.

So there's life in my bellyor say, a biscuit in the oven

Kicking and hitting, and pushing and shovin'.

And my biggest fear is that it'll ask me those questions.

All I'm qualified to give are mistakes and confessions.

(Interlude)

I never thought that this would cause so many problems.

I wish I had somebody to talk to.

God, I'm so confused

(Verse 3)

Now a cycle repeats over and over again.

Make it topsy turvy: the lives of women and men.

Bringing life into the world should be considered a blessin',

But it isn't when you haven't been taught the lessons of motherhood

Now, adoption's not an option. Not even abortion.

Won't make the baby pay for society's distortion.

Got to go for self, despite society's abuses.

Schools built to destroy minds upset and confused.

Met a friend the other day. She said her name was Souljah.
She said, "I'm here to tell ya what your mama never told ya."
"Raise your child," she said. "Raise your head like a warrior.
If you don't, the world will destroy ya.
We need your baby: mind, body, and soul
To reestablish the laws of the old,
Wise, life-giving ways of our people."

(Chorus)

(In background a woman sings): Souljah, Souljah, Souljah, Souljah!

(Ras Baraka says): The children cannot raise themselves!
The television, the baby sitter, the radio cannot raise your children!
Anything you want your children to know, you must teach them!
You must teach them!
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(Verse 4)

She said, "Girl, you're original. And that's definite.
You're first. Your wisdom is infinite.
Explore your mind. You have so much to give.
If you seek knowledge, you'll have reason to live!
In a war, there can be no excuses.
Two camps: the used and the users.
Your mind you've got to read and nourish.
Your talent then unfolds and flourishes.
We can't blame your mom. We know she did what she could.
But, girl, you've got to be twice as good!

(Chorus)

(In background a woman sings): Souljah, Souljah, Souljah, Souljah!

(Ras Baraka says): The children cannot raise themselves!
The television, the baby sitter, the radio cannot raise your children!
Anything you want the children to know, you must teach them!
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