

Solomon Childs, Girls Havin' Babies On Their Own

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Yeah, come on
Cuz I could see it in you...
That's right...
Cuz I could see it in you...
Word up... said I could see it in you...
You know, it's all in your eyes, girl...

(Solomon Childs)

Now to the queens of the world, divine mothers of the world
Latina cover girls, the black pearls
Struggling for your kids, tryin' to be the best
Taking no shortcuts like Mae West, never would listen
What momma love would suggest, that you request
A partner in life, never putting you through so much stress
You holding down your foundation, all by yourself
Reminiscing from the pain that was once felt
From the fathers, who got they lives took
And the ones here, be everything in the book
From a bastard to a crook, reality be when he look
At the responsibility for the kids'll get him shook
See girl, cuz it was fifty-fifty when you layed down
That was '75, 25 when it came around
Yeah... you know, you know...
It's kinda real for them...

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

So many girls havin' babies on their own
To the kids, male figures is never known
Cuz it's rough in this world, taking care of your homes
So many girls havin' babies on their own
So many girls havin' babies on their own
Stay strong, may your heart stay as hard as stone
Cuz it's rough in this world, taking care of your home
Nowadays, so many girls havin' babies on their own

(Solomon Childs)

Respect due from New York to L.A., sophisticated females
Floating with the grace of a nightingale
Shining, sexy with your hairdo's and painted nails
Exquisite, bringing magazines on the visit
Of The Source, the Black Tail, MB's
Champion sweatsuits at wholesale
Struggling, the 9-to-5 to get ya man's bail
At the crib with the kids waiting to exhale
Ladies on the real, you know the Killa Bamz kids
I'm tired of seeing young girls with tears
Struggling from the pain, thinking of the lies and the cheating
Going down, memory lane, never knowing what the man
Of your life, try'nna gain
Always in your face, yelling, predicate felon
Got the nerve to complain, to my queens, let me explain
Let me explain, let me explain, yeah... you know, come on

(Chorus)

(Solomon Childs)

Arguments and sticking, Bob Marley was doing his bids
Homeboy, I know you think they dealing and greave
But like you, son, women got needs
Car notes and housedeads, kids to feed
Brothers making promises after promises on how days gon' get better
Whether poor or rich, we gon' be together forever
But don't cry, from the lies after lies

By the dozens, talking forever, messing with your cousins
I'm not hating, strictly stating
Breaking down the jewels I've written, Cover Girl you secondary
Remotes necessary, to represent and hold down ya world, miss thing
Miss thing, miss thing...

(Chorus)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)
Ain't nobody gonna do for you, like you gon' do for me...
Yeah...