

Spa dap spap spa dap spa let me (scat)  
Spa dap spap spa dap spa  
Spa dap spap spa dap spa  
Let me tell You something  
As I was passing  
I heard children laughing  
At the school yard gates  
I turned 'round and said  
Oh children the fruit of the womb  
And one day  
This world will be yours soon  
Oh children the fruit of the womb  
There are things that you must know

Spa dap spap spa dap spa let me  
Let me tell you something  
Oh children the fruit of the womb  
The candle of hope  
Lighting up this darkness  
Out of the world of guilt  
Comes spirits of the innocent yeh  
I people dem scatter  
Help dem come to oneness  
Conic little ones come we get strong  
Suffer not to madness no  
Help dem come to oneness  
Conic little ones come we get strong  
Suffer not to madness no

Spa dap spap spa dap spa  
Let me tell you something  
Grab education my children  
Higher meditation my children  
Healing of the nation my children  
Build your foundation my children  
Be no stepping stones  
No back slider  
Oh children the fruit of the womb  
Not everyone is made of sugar and spice  
Woo woo and everything nice  
Real life ain't no nursery rhyme  
Babylon a cotch pon a very thin line  
The games they play to trick up your mind

Spa dap spap spa dap spa  
Let me tell you something  
Grab education my children  
Higher meditation my children  
Healing of the nation my children  
Build your foundation my children  
So much motherless go astray  
And all I can do is pray  
So much fatherless go astray  
And all I can do is pray.