“The Message”

music/lyrics: Grandmaster Flash, Furious Five (1982)

It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under

It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under

Broken glass everywhere

People pissing on the stairs, you know they just don't care

I can't take the smell, can't take the noise

Got no money to move out, I guess, I got no choice

Rats in the front room, roaches in the back

Junkies in the alley with a baseball bat

I tried to get away, but I couldn't get far

'Cause the man with the tow-truck repossessed my car

Don't push me

'Cause I'm close to the edge

I'm trying not to lose my head

Ah-huh-huh-huh
It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under

Standin' on the front stoop, hangin' out the window

Watchin' all the cars go by, roaring as the breezes blow

A crazy lady, livin' in a bag

Eatin' out of garbage piles, used to be a fag-hag

Said, she danced the tango, skipped the light fandango

A Zircon princess, seemed to lost her senses

Down at the peep show, watching all the creeps

So she can tell the stories to the girls back home

She went to the city and got so saditty

She had to get a pimp, she couldn't make it on her own

Don't push me

'Cause I'm close to the edge

I'm tryin' not to lose my head

Ah-huh-huh-huh

It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under
It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under

My brothers doin' bad, stole my mothers TV

Says, she watches to much, is just not healthy

All My Children in the daytime, Dallas, at night

Can't even see the game or the Sugar Ray fight

The bill collectors, they ring my phone

And scare my wife, when I'm not home

Got a bum education, double-digit inflation

Can't take the train to the job, there's a strike at the station

Neon King Kong standin' on my back

Can't stop to turn around, broke my sacroiliac

A midrange migraine, cancered membrane

Sometimes I think I'm going insane

I swear I might hijack a plane

Don't push me

'Cause I'm close to the edge

I'm tryin' not to lose my head
It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under

It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under

My son said, Daddy, I don't wanna go to school

'Cause the teacher's a jerk, he must think, I'm a fool

And all the kids smoke reefer, I think it'd be cheaper

If I just got a job, learned to be a street sweeper

Or dance to the beat, shuffle my feet

Wear a shirt and tie and run with the creeps

'Cause it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny

You got to have a con in this land of milk and honey

They pushed that girl in front of the train

Took her to the doctor, sewed the arm on again

Stabbed that man right in his heart

Gave him a transplant for a brand new start

I can't walk through the park, 'cause it's crazy after the dark

Keep my hand on the gun, 'cause they got me on the run
I feel like an outlaw, broke my last glass jar

Hear them say, you want some more? Livin' on a see-saw

Don't push me

'Cause I'm close to the edge

I'm tryin' not to lose my head (Say what?)

It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under

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How I keep from going under

It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under

A child is born, with no state of mind

Blind to the ways of mankind

God is smilin' on you, but he's frownin' too

Because only God knows, what you'll go through

You'll grow in the ghetto, livin' second rate
And your eyes will sing a song of deep hate

The place, that you play and where you stay

Looks like one great big alley way

You'll admire all the number book takers

Thugs, pimps and pushers and the big money makers

Driving big cars, spendin' twenties and tens

And you wanna grow up to be just like them

Smugglers, scramblers, burglars, gamblers

Pickpockets, peddlers and even pan-handlers

You say I'm cool, I'm no fool

But then you wind up dropping out of high school

Now you're unemployed, all null 'n' void

Walking 'round like you're Pretty Boy Floyd

Turned stick-up kid, but look what you done did

Got sent up for an eight year bid

Now your manhood is took and you're a Maytag

Spend the next two years as an undercover fag

Being used and abused and served like hell
'Til one day you was found hung dead in a cell

It was plain to see that your life was lost

You was cold and your body swung back and forth

But now your eyes sing the sad, sad song

Of how you lived so fast and died so young

So, don't push me

'Cause I'm close to the edge

I'm trying not to lose my head

Ah-huh-huh-huh

It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under

Huh-ah-huh-huh-huh

It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under

Huh-ah-huh-huh-huh

Yo Mel, you see that girl there?

Yo, that sounded like Cowboy man

Cool
Yo, what's up Money?

Yo, hey, where's Creole and Rahiem at?

They upstairs cooling out

So what's up for tonight y'all?

Yo, we could go down to Fever man

Let's go check out "Junebug" man

Hey yo, you know that girl Betty?

Yeah man

Her moms got robbed man (What?)

Not again man

She got hurt bad (When did this happen?)

What's goin' on?

Freeze

Don't nobody move nothin'

Y'all know what this is

Get 'em up, get 'em up (What?)

Oh man, we're Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five

What is that, a gang?
No

Shut up

I don't wanna hear your mouth

Shut up

Officer, officer, what is the problem?

You the problem

Yo, you ain't gotta push me man

Get in the car, get in the car

Get in the God...

I said, "Get in the car"

Why is he doggin' us man?

Songwriters: Robinson Chase / Glover / Fletcher