Kung Fu

Philippe Chany

Our days of comfort, days of night
Don't put yourself in solitude
Who can I trust with my life
When people tend to be so rude?
My mama borne me in a ghetto
There was no mattress for my head
But no, she couldn't call me Jesus
I wasn't white enough, she said
And then she named me, kung fu
Don't have to explain it, no, kung fu
Don't know how you'll take it, kung fu
I'm just trying to make it, kung fu
I've got some babies and some sisters
My brother worked for Uncle Sam
It's just a shame, ain't it, mister
We being brothers of the damned
But nothing brings about the difference
You are my lover, do believe
Shall we join hands for tomorrow?
Don't giving up, then up your sleeve
Keep your head high, kung fu
I will till I die, yeah, kung fu
Don't be too intense, no, kung fu
Keep your common sense, yeah, kung fu
Don't mistake life for a secret
There is no secret part of you
You bet your life if you think wicked
Someone else is thinking wicked too
Keep your head high, kung fu
I will till I die, yeah, kung fu
Don't be too intense, no, kung fu
Keep your common sense, yeah, kung fu
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Kung, kung fu, kung fu

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