

# 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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Don't know how you'll take it, kung fu  
I'm just trying to make it, kung fu  
Kung, kung fu, kung fu

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