

# The Message (feat. Melle Mel & Duke Bootee)

## Grandmaster Flash

It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under  
Broken glass everywhere  
People pissin' 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 a man with a tow truck repossessed my car  
Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge  
I'm trying not to lose my head, ha-ha  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin'  
under  
Standin' on the front stoop hangin' out the window  
Watchin' all the cars go by, roarin' as the breezes blow  
Crazy lady, livin' in a bag  
Eatin' outta garbage pails, used to be a fag hag  
Said she'll dance the tango, skip the light fandango  
A Zircon princess seemed to lost her senses  
Down at the peep show watchin' all the creeps  
So she can tell her stories to the girls back home  
She went to the city and got so-so seditty  
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 trying not to lose my head, ha-ha  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin'  
under  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under  
My brother's doin' bad, stole my  
mother's TV  
Says she watches too much, it's 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 mid-range migraine, cancered membrane  
Sometimes I think I'm goin' insane  
I swear I might hijack a plane  
Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge  
I'm trying not to lose my head  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin' 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 her 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 dark  
Keep my hand on my gun 'cause they got me on the run  
I feel like a outlaw, broke my last glass jaw  
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 trying not to lose my head, say what? It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from  
goin' under  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin' 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 called deep hate  
The places you play and where you stay  
Looks like one great big alleyway  
You'll admire all the number-book takers  
Thugs, pimps and pushers and the big money-makers  
Drivin' big cars, spendin' twenties and tens  
And you'll wanna grow up to be just like them  
Huh, smugglers, scramblers, burglars, gamblers  
Pickpocket peddlers, even panhandlers  
You say I'm cool, huh, I'm no fool  
But then you wind up droppin' outta high school  
Now you're unemployed, all non-void  
Walkin' round like you're Pretty Boy Floyd  
Turned stick-up kid, but look what you done did  
Got sent up for a eight-year bid  
Now your manhood is took and you're a Maytag  
Spend the next two years as a undercover fag  
Bein' used and abused to serve like hell  
Till one day, you was found hung dead in the 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, ha-ha It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin'  
under, ha-ha  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under, ha-ha

Songwriters

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