

# The Message

## Grandmaster Flash

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, I can't take the noise no more  
Got no money to move out, I guess I got no choice  
Rats in the front room, cockroaches in the back  
Junkie's 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  
Chorus:  
Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge  
I'm trying not to lose my head, ah huh-huh-huh  
[2nd and 5th: ah huh-huh-huh]  
[4th: say what?]

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  
Standing on the front stoop, hangin' out the window  
Watching all the cars go by, roaring as the breezes blow  
Crazy lady livin' in a bag  
Eatin' out of garbage pails, she used to be a fag-hag  
Said she danced the tango, skipped the light fandango  
The Zircon Princess seemed to lose her senses  
Down at the peepshow, watching all the creeps  
So she can tell the stories to the girls back home  
She went to the city and got So-So-So Ditty

She had to get a pimp, she couldn't make it on her own [2nd Chorus] My brother's doing bad took 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 that 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 going insane, I swear I might hijack a plane[3rd Chorus]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  
Id 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 seesaw[4th Chorus]A child is born with no state of mind

Blind to the ways of mankind  
God is smiling on you but he's frowning too  
Because only God knows what youll go through  
Youll grow in the ghetto, living second rate  
And your eyes will sing a song of deep hate  
The places you play and where you stay  
Looks like one great big alley way  
You'll admire all the number book takers  
Thugs, pimps, pushers and the big money makers  
Driving big cars, spending twenties and tens  
And you wanna grow up to be just like them, huh,  
Smugglers, scramblers, burglars, gamblers  
Pickpockets, peddlers even panhandlers  
You say: I'm cool, I'm no fool!  
But then you wind up dropping out of high school  
Now you're unemployed, all non-void  
Walking round like you're Pretty Boy Floyd  
Turned stickup kid, look what youve done did  
Got sent up for a eight year bid  
Now your manhood is took and you're a Maytag  
Spent the next two years as a undercover fag  
Being used and abused and served like hell  
'Til one day you was found hung dead in your 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 youngSo 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 going under.

[5th Chorus]

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