

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

## Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five

[Intro]

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[Verse 1]  
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 a man with a tow truck repossessed my car

[Hook]

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[Verse 2]  
Standing on the front stoop, hanging out the window  
Watching all the cars go by, roaring as the breezes blow  
Crazy lady, living in a bag  
Eating out of 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 watching all the creeps  
So she can tell her stories to the girls back home  
She went to the city and got social security  
She had to get a pimp, she couldn't make it on her own

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]  
My brother's doing 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 standing 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![Hook]  
    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[Verse 4]  
    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?", living on a see-saw[Hook]  
    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[Verse 5]  
    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 you'll go through  
        You'll grow in the ghetto living 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  
        Driving big cars, spending 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 dropping outta high school  
Now you're unemployed, all null and void  
Walking '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  
Being used and abused to serve like hell  
'Til 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...[Hook]  
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  
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