

Grandmaster Flash lyrics

The Message

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
'cuz a man with a tow truck repossessed my car

Don't push me 'cuz I'm close to the edge
I'm trying not to lose my head
Uh huh ha 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 social security
She had to get a pimp, she couldn't make it on her own

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Uh huh ha ha ha

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My brother's doin' fast, on 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!

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My son said, Daddy, I don't wanna go to school
'cuz 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
'cuz 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 'cuz it's crazy after dark
Keep my hand on my gun 'cuz 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 'cuz I'm close to the edge
I'm trying not to lose my head
Say what?

It's like a jungle sometimes
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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 of 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
Pickpockets, 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 null and 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
'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...

Don't push me 'cuz I'm close to the edge
I'm trying not to lose my head
Uh huh huh huh huh

It's like a jungle sometimes
It makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under
Huh, uh huh huh huh huh
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It makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under
Huh, uh huh huh huh huh

(1982)

.....

New York New York

New York New York, big city of dreams
And everything in New York ain't always what it seems
You might get fooled if you come from out of town
But I'm down by law and I know my way around

Too much, too many people, too much (aha-ha)
Too much, too many people, too much, Raaah!

A castle in the sky, one mile high
Built to shelter the rich and greedy
Rows of eyes, disguised as windows
Looking down on the poor and the needy
Miles of people, marching up the avenue
Doin' what they gotta do, just to get by
I'm living in the land of plenty and many
But I'm damn sure poor and I don't know why

Too much, too many people, too much
Too much, too many people, too much!

A man's on a ledge, says he's gonna jump
People gather round, said, "He won't he's just a chump"
'Cause he lost his job, then he got robbed
His mortgage is due and his marriage is through
He says he ain't gonna pay no child support
Because the bitch left him without a second thought
He got nothing to eat, no shoes on his feet
She even left his clothes out in the street
He keeps hearing noises when he's at home
He always hears voices when he's all alone
His wife took the kids, the car and the crib
In this man's world, so much for Women's Lib

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Down in the Village, you might think I'm silly
But you can't tell the women from the men sometimes
They're sugar and spice and everything nice
But when you get `em home ain't no telling what you find
Right next door is a little old man
I seen him eating dog food out of a can
He says, "I got to eat, when I can't afford meat
I barely can stand, on my own two feet
I got a bad habit and I just can't break it
Something's on my mind and I just can't shake it
I need some time, and I want some space
I gotta get away from the human race"

Too much, too many people, too much (aha-ha)
Too much, too many people, too much! Raaah!

Staring at a skyscraper reaching into heaven
When over in the ghetto I'm livin in hell
Just play ball or be an entertainer
'Cause niggaz like me can't read too well
Nobody loves me, nobody cares
I dreamed about a life but I'm livin in a nightmare
Paranoid schizo, set back, snowbound
Bad news psycho, heart attack, breakdown!

Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh
Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh
Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh
Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, HUH!

If only I could sleep just ten more minutes
I might find the strength to make another day
If I didn't have to get up and do my thing
I would probably sleep my whole life away
I messed up a nice dream, somethin' bout ice cream
Whipped cream, fruits and a cherry on top
Now I gotta get up and face the world, huh
The pressure is on, It ain't never gonna stop
I sho' gotta learn to use my mind
I don't wanna be kissing nobody's behind
Just standin' on line lookin' like a jerk
Gotta get off my butt and do a full day's work
I ran into a pothole, got into a car crash
Should'a been thinking and tried to fake whiplash
A crowd gathered round, they're callin' me fat
Who you lookin at with a face like that?

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On 42nd Street, lookin for some action
Women standing on the corner selling satisfaction
One young punk just leaning on the fence
Tryin' to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
Really is a prankster, tried to be a gangster
Real big wheel when a gun is in his hands
Just did a stick-up, just got picked up

One dead punk, killed by the man

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Too much, too many people, too much (haha ha ha)
Too much, too many people, too much! Huh!

A baby cries and a mother dies
And the tears fall from the doctor's eyes
Because in this room, on this day
The Good Lord has giveth, and taketh away, huh!
The gift of life really means a lot
And in the ghetto your life is all you got
So you take to the streets, trying to exist
In the trash and slime of a world like this
What you watch on TV tells you what life is supposed to be
But when you look outside the only thing you see
Is the poverty stricken reality, Heh!
Abandoned places, angry faces
Much hate and hunger throughout the races
You say, "I'm grown and I'm on my own
So why don't everybody just leave me alone!"
Now you stay at home, talking on the phone
Doin ninety miles an hour in the fifty mile zone
They never took the time to tell you 'bout sex
So you had to learn about it in the discotheques
Nine months later, the baby is there
And the Nigga that did it said, "I don't care!"
You don't have enough money to help feed two
So you have to choose between the baby and you
The sky was crying, rain and hail
When you put your baby in the garbage pail
Then you kissed the kid and put down the lid
And you tried to forget what you just did, Huh!
The muffled screams of a dying baby
Was enough to drive the young mother crazy
So she ran in the rain trying to ease the pain
Huh huh, And she drove herself insane

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