**"The Message"**

**by Grandmaster Flash & the Furious Five**

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, 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

It's like a jungle sometimes

It makes me wonder how I keep from going under

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

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!

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

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