

## Jungle Brothers

### "Beeds On A String"

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Backed by the Baby Bam Beat, the rare groove  
Jungle Bros. no competition and nothin' to prove  
Want me to be on your family tree  
But you're all about yourself which won't  
allow me to be  
You see I'm the kind of brother that gets up  
on the stage  
To get down for the people that came and paid  
I throw on my uniform, but not to get pretty  
Show no shame, feel no pity  
You all showed up and I'm glad you came  
Still the same person everything's the same  
Once again I show towards you all due respect  
But my main concern for now is keepin' things  
in check  
Hands in the air and everybody will sing  
As they hang on the my rhythm like the  
Beeds On My String

Recess

My soul sings a FUNK-E song, as the beat  
goes on and on  
Another day gone and still learnin' my right  
from wrong  
The party's gettin' packed as I turn up the  
BASS more  
The meter's goin' crazy up and down like a  
see saw  
Takin' off my crown, to give my lo, lo, lo, locks  
a breathe  
I wanna stop myself but I still got some  
rhyme left  
Uncle Sam breaks it down as everybody  
shakes the butt  
Brothers gettin' happy lettin' out the longin' nutt  
Hands in the air and everybody will sing  
As they cling on the rhythm like the BEEDS  
on my STRING

Recess

You know what...  
Sisters on the side sayin' get on get on  
Brothers everywhere sayin' JUMP ON IT!  
Can't get enough of what I'm doin' here  
Well the picture is painted the message is clear  
Here, the Beeds are the People the String  
is the Vibe  
The Vibe is what mentally connects the tribe  
Once you get on it you can't get off it  
You fall off beat well baby doll you lost it  
Maybe next week of even the next beat  
Makes ya feel at home beats up against ya dome  
Find ya self inside an AfriKan syndrome  
Found ya culture brother I told ya  
Black is Beautiful Money is Powerful  
You was afraid that's why you stayed away  
The true blue brothers they followed me anyway  
I gave 'em alternative found a new way ta {sic} live  
Somethin' that's positive which I thought was  
good to give  
A whole lot of tribes of us feelin' the vibes  
from us  
Everybody's down nobody's ridin' us  
Hands in the air and everybody will sing  
As they hang on to my rhythm like the Beeds  
on my String

Now everybody pump your first as we proceed  
to leave this place  
Step into a zone where there's no mind for  
color face  
Children are the future so let them lead the way  
Carry our nation into a brighter and better day  
Evil will be broken by Allah in due time  
We will soon find out what is matter and  
what is mind  
Now hands in the air and together we sing  
As we the pretty colors of the BEEDS on  
the STRING...

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