

# Olu Dara "Jungle Jay"

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Yeah

It's like a jungle  
Makes me wonder  
It's like a jungle  
Jungle

Yo, I have to look out  
Everywhere I go  
I have to turn around  
Watch my back, watch my front

That's what it's all about  
It's a jungle of the mind  
There's a jungle when you hang  
Where they bang

The world's so big yet so small  
It's one block  
Many die mentally before they reach what they wanted  
I choose to get blunted

And cruise the one hundred twenty fifth street  
Music loud as hell in my jeep  
Eyes meet people, strangers  
Not thinkin' of danger

Amongst my people  
Some I see through  
But one guy stares  
Maybe he thinks he knows me

Or maybe he's crazy  
Killer, baller, dealer  
Something he has he wants to show me  
But I'm at this red light

Is it me or is he looking dead right  
In my face?  
As I pull the strap that I keep  
Underneath the seat

Just in time

I was able to fled the scene  
And leave him standing there  
With his hands in the air

See, my life is green  
Harlem to Queens  
Triborough bridge packed with cars  
Trucks, vans and cabs

They got this new EZ pass thing  
Computer, taking over the cash thing  
So as I drive home  
I roll my window up

And my endo up in the same motion  
See life is so full of surprises  
And as I paid my toll  
I drove to see my man

"What up kid, Dunn, brova?  
What's the deal?"  
He said  
"Everything's easy broker man  
It's all real"  
I said

"But what happened earlier  
Why everybody outside?"  
He said like  
"Blue suits came runnin' through  
And took thirty brothas for a ride  
Yo, right after you left the Ave"

Yo, the same thing that's been going on  
Since I was young in the past  
Still goes on, how long will it last?  
Gotta get strong fast  
Out in the jungle

Jungle  
That's how it is

Olu, got the music playing  
Outside it ain't no playing  
We just paying attention  
Listening now to everything that's happening

'Cause if it's on it's on  
And it's always on  
It's just like this song 'Jungle'  
What's gonna happen next out here

It's gettin' crazier, weirder  
People losing spirituality, morality  
What's happening  
From jazz B-bop to rappin'

It's all the same thing  
A black thing  
A map thing, a world thing  
Boy, girl thing

Woman, man, child  
From Sweden to the Nile  
To Australia, Europe  
Africa to Venezuela

China, Japan  
Everywhere you go understand  
It's a jungle  
The whole world

Jungle  
Jungle  
Jungle  
Jungle

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