

## Us 3 "Sheep"

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Walking, thinking, feeling, responding  
Uncovering and discovering new things about myself  
And this mad world around me  
Many philosophies, many tongues, many dialects and tones  
Different styles but wild is wild  
Calm is calm, but cool is mature

Most cool cats are kids at heart  
Now there's business along with the art  
A chef with words, a chef with herbs  
A chef with vegetables, soy products and bean curd

Some look at my face and say, "You're quite absurd"  
And I say, "Why, 'cos I'm not down with the herd?"

Of the world I haven't seen much  
But with the mind I escape the ghetto's clutch  
Loose cigarettes, ass bets on celo games  
Abandoned cars and colorful names on walls

Suburb days were filled with sun rays  
And crooked cops who looked at me sideways  
Singin' that same old song  
Where ya from, 'cos here you don't belong  
Long strolls unravel my soul like a scroll  
Telling many stories untold

Some look at my face and say, "You're quite absurd"  
And I say, "Why, 'cos I'm not down with the herd?"

I an' I light up the sky, who be the sun  
To stir up your adrenaline like African drums  
Status quo, no, along with the grain, no  
I got my own flow

Similar to none, dangerous like itchy fingers on guns  
Yet graceful like swans but there's a built in bomb

Must defuse, must choose, right or wrong, win or lose  
Born to die, that's why I ask, "Why is it so hard to  
get a piece of the pie?"

Some look at my face and say, "You're quite  
absurd"?  
And I say, "Why, 'cos I'm not down with the  
herd?"

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