Curtis Mayfield, Kung Fu

Our days of comfort, days of night Don't put yourself in solitude Who can I trust with my life When people tend to be so rude

My mama borned me in a ghetto There was no mattress for my head But, no, she couldn't call me Jesus I wasn't white enough, she said

And then she named me, Kung Fu Don't have to explain it, no, Kung Fu Don't know how you'll take it, Kung Fu I'm just trying to make it, Kung Fu

I've got some babys and some sisters My brother worked for Uncle Sam It's just a shame, ain't it, Mister We being brothers of the damned

Keep your head high, Kung Fu I will 'til I die, yeah, Kung Fu Don't be too intense, no, Kung Fu Keep your common sense, yeah, Kung Fu

Don't mistake life for a secret There is no secret part of you You bet your life if you think wicked Someone else is thinking wicked too

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