

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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