

Nas, Jungle Jay

[Nas]

Yeah

It's like a jungle

Makes me wonder

It's like a jungle

[Olu Dara]

JUNGLE!!

[Nas]

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?"

Whats the deal?"

He said

"Everything's easy bro'er 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

[Olu Dara]
Jungle
Jungle

JUNGLE!!
JUNGLE!!