

# Beyond This World

## Jungle Brothers

"Breakdown..."

Round and round, upside down  
Living my life underneath the ground  
Never heard of and hardly seen  
A whole lot of talk about the Red, Black and Green  
So dirty you didn't want to deal with it  
So funky you didn't want to got with it  
But that's alright, no problem, cool  
Sent to the Earth to educate the fool  
Waiting around for my shell to crack  
After that you can't hold me back  
Looking out for the danger signs  
Jungle Bros bringing forth a change in times  
Left, right, some ask from which angle  
Straight up the middle, reality's the riddle  
Sending a message to the old and young  
Confused about where I come from  
What planet? What channel? What station?  
AfriKa from the Zulu Nation...  
Confused, no landing, no understanding  
But I knew not to give what life was demanding  
Found a new tab, thought I'd take a grab  
Tired of brothers who feign to backstab  
Beating a bigger drum, better days will come  
And if they don't come, I'll get up and make some  
First you crawl before you walk  
First you think before you talk  
I found in life that you wear a hard hat  
Protect your mind and bad things will stay back  
Vultures flocking around on corners  
Snakes slide through our law and order  
Years slip away and I get older  
Leaves hit the ground and it gets colder  
My heart pumps faster so I get bolder  
That's when I ask my brother to...take over!  
My mellow, Uncle Sam!  
(Ladies and gentlemen, live from the Planet Rock we have the  
J.Beeeeees...)  
You see some listen but still don't hear  
Some seem far but are real near  
I climb a mountain to reach a kingdom  
And if they're willing, sure I'll bring them  
Think to the needy and then to the greedy  
Rely on the heaven and earth to feed me  
Move to the motions of the moon  
(Take out your shades!) Cause the sun comes soon  
To plan my day I look at the sky  
I see rain and I still ask why...  
Broke the airwaves, trying to make waves  
Finally came through but came in mono  
Frequencies I kept on fighting  
Satelliting what I was writing  
Three years, finally got through  
Came through in stereo...  
So hello everybody and how ya'll doing?  
We gonna say a few words and keep on stepping  
People watching to see what we would do

Live on air you heard us say to you:  
The city's a jungle and we are the brothers  
This so-called King Of The Jungle will run for cover  
All of your minds have been set into a trance  
So instead of fighting out our problems...  
We order ya'll to dance!