

# Crabs in a Barrel

Kool & The Gang

My Father died when I was ten  
But Mother never spent much time with him  
'Cause Papa was a rollin' stone  
He left eight girls and three boys  
Mama said, "Just trust in the Lord  
And follow His Golden Rule"

Now I'm a professional  
The girls are all doing wonderful  
We fought our way from poverty  
Bought Mom a house on the hill  
So she could have a better place to live  
Pay back for the life she's given me

[Bridge]  
Some people in the neighborhood  
Say that we think we're too good  
'Cause we found a better way  
They say that we sold out  
From the ghetto we got out  
Why people - do you treat us this way?

[Chorus]  
We're just like -  
Crabs in a Barrel - we're the same  
Try to get out - they pull you back again  
Like crabs in a barrel - hear what I say  
It's dog eat dog -  
Gotta know how to play the game

There's a child prodigy, gifted from infancy  
Greatness was his destiny  
He studied hard, played no ball  
At seven years played Carnegie Hall,  
Broadway and over seas  
He read about black history  
Find out from which he came to be -  
Not long ago his people were set free  
Every night he would pray  
Thank God for another day  
And for bringing us out of misery

[Bridge]

[Chorus X3]

[Bridge]

[Chorus]