

# Kung Fu

## Curtis Mayfield

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  
My mama borned me in a ghetto  
There was no mattress for my head  
But, no, she couldn't name 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  
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