

## Jungle Fever

Jidenna

Man, my Papa drove a cab, right on Massachusetts Ave  
Had to pay for undergrad, M.I.T., studied math  
Black funky engineer, like his pants, had that flair  
Cigarettes in the air, 24 pack of beer  
He started drinkin' as a Pickney with the palm wine  
To turn his back on back home, that won't be no small crime  
And back home, he was sendin' money for the food and guns  
And while his country fell in war, Papa fell in love

And they end up in the land of Jungle Fever  
Too much gin, one day, the bed rumbles  
And here I am  
Mom, I try to get up early just like you  
Pop, I work all night, I'm workin' just like you  
Ooh (and I look just like you too)  
Mom, I try to get up early just like you  
Pop, I work all night, I'm workin' just like you  
Ooh (and I look just like you too)

Mama grew up in the sixties, like a proper hippie  
I grew up on Big and Pac and watchin' Ren and Stimpy  
I was rappin' through my teeth, it make me sound more gritty  
Mama tempin' round the city, we was living simply  
She put that soda in the frying pan  
She fry that soda to make syrup for your boy, man  
She bail me out and took me in on unemployment  
I'm overjoyed man, Mama fell in love

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You-ooh-ooh, oh  
You-ooh-ooh, oh  
Oh baby