

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]