

Walking, thinking, feeling, responding
Uncovering and discovering new things about myself and
this mad
world around me
Many philosophies, many tongues, many dialects and
tones
Different styles but wild is wild, calm is calm, but
cool is
mature
Most cool cats are kids at heart
Now there's business along with the art
A chef with words, a chef with herbs, a chef with
vegetables,
soy products and bean curd
Some look at my face and say you're quite absurd
And I say why, 'cos I'm not down with the herd?
Of the world I haven't seen much, but with the mind I
escape the
ghetto's clutch
Loose cigarettes, ass bets on celo games, abandoned
cars and
colourful names on walls
Suburb days were filled with sun rays and crooked cops
who
looked at me sideways
Singin' that same old song, where ya from, 'cos round
here you
don't belong
Long strolls unravel my soul like a scroll telling many
stories
untold
But some look at my face and say you're quite absurd
And I say why, 'cos I'm not down with the herd?
I an' I light up the sky, who be the sun, to stir up
your
adrenaline like African drums
Status quo, no. Along with the grain, no. I got my own
flow
Similar to none, dangerous like itchy fingers on guns,
yet
graceful like swans
But there's a built in bomb
Must defuse, must choose, right or wrong, win or lose
Born to die, that's why I ask why is it so hard to get
a piece
of the pie
Some look at my face and say you're quite absurd
And I say why, 'cos I'm not down with the herd?