

Jungle Brothers, What's Going On (Jermaine Dupri)

Verse 1: Mike G

It's a cryin' shame, brothers takin' life as a game
Growing up against the law, but no-one knows who's to blame
Dealin' drugs on the corner, you don't have to, but you wanna
A meal is hard to make, but you tell yourself you're gonna
Dealing 12 to 12, day into evening
I wonder how you continue to be grieving
Your meal is made and it's time to chill
You buy the black Mercedes Benz with the gold to the grill
Cruisin' up the ave while your friends get jealous
You find out, you quickly get restless
You buy a gun, it doesn't help but hurt you
Because your so-called friend rattled on you
You're in the pen serving 10 to 20
Your boy snatched your girl and put use to your money
You're out for teen, but what does it mean?
You're just a wasted, young brother who lost it all on a dream

Chorus: (sampled from What's Going On by Marvin Gaye)
What's goin' on, I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I
Yeah, what's goin' on, I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I

Verse 2: Afrika, Mike G

My blood brother is bleeding, it's a cryin' shame
Out on the street tryin' to play the game
Formally an in-mate straight from upstate
Can't stop him now 'cause you see it's just too late
He's on the run and he's got a gun
Stay out his way unless you want some
See, he's gettin' older, a bit more bolder
Got his name written up in the 5-0 folder
A big Christmas list of all the crime's he's committed
He says he didn't do it, but we know he did it
Summons his lawyers, fingerprints, bung shots
Lookin' for my brother, yo, he's at the drug spots
Livin' off that cheap Chinese food
He says he only bumps the people when he's in the mood
Runnin' 'round with his crews and his 2-2's
I saw him last night in the prime time news
Shot and killed by a
His birth to the earth was a big mistake

Now, history was not my favourite subject
I used to flip through the pages and get upset
Seein' little of black and too much of the other
(They tried to brainwash you) Picture that, a jungle brother
Read this, read that, answer question 3
But when I got to 3, it had nothin' to do with me
Somethin' was wrong, and I knew it all along
Now tell me (please) what's goin' on

Repeat chorus

Verse 3: Afrika, Mike G

A: Now, I've been told all the do's and don't-do-not's
My mother, hallelujah, she called the shots
She said, "Don't play with guns and play with knives
And most of all, don't play with other people's wives
When you're walkin' down the street, pay the pushers no mind
'Cause all they wanna do is put your mind on cloud nine
Put your head up high and your feet on the ground

You don't have to be like everybody else to be down
Stay in school
G: Don't be no fool
A: Don't lose your temper
G: And keep your cool
A: Follow your heart
G: And not your friends
A: And some of your friends
G: Could lead you into dead ends"
A: The other day my father said, "Son, God bless your soul
Our life is gettin' tougher and the world is cold"
I said, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, what do you mean?" He said,
G: "You ain't got nothin' 'less you got the green"
A: I realise to myself things are gonna be hard
So each and every day I pray to God
I say, "Now I lay me down to sleep
G: I give the Lord my soul to keep
A: If I should die before I wake
G: Take me to heaven 'cause I need a break
A: But if you let me live to another morn
G: I'd like to know what's goin' on

Chorus 2:

What's goin' on, I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I
Tell me what's goin' on, I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I