

The Fugees, Temple

(Intro/Chorus: Wyclef Jean)

Delivered straight from the temple

Hip-hop ya don't stop

One o' clock, two o' clock, three o' clock, ROCK!!

(Lauryn Hill)

Well as an infant I was born into religion

My mother called me back - this brother she forgot to mention

Was just one baptist - me! The stories o' God sent

His only forgotten sooonnn who gave his life

to make sure that I would have one

As I learned in Sunday School, he's got to care

of who's ready to disrespect, my mother and father would be Taboo

But as I grew, I met a Jew, a Catholic

and the pastor just couldn't figure out where baptist fit

Hastily ya paid me that'cha make me sing

Brother has confronted me, mister (????)

I get Jehovah, a Buddha or shall I call you Adder

or though rich for tellin' me brother

I just like to be a scholar on the subject called realogy

So that's how I might figure

why they call themselves Christians, ya still call me nigga

And off to store a black hole leaves no control over thought

I leave my body to see the pits

go high when the physical takes control

No communications with the inner stealth

The prize is the up the wise, wise who has a spiritual health

Now to explain they had the problems/visions of gettin' along with herself

She bought a corner, cornered herself and becomes a mourner

Logic brothers...

(Ahhh, yo sister can Praswell and Wyclef get some, check it out)

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean)

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Hip-hop ya don't stop

One o' clock, two o' clock, three o' clock, ROCK!!

(Wyclef Jean)

Delivered straight from the (TEMPLE), I had no time to (SAMPLE)

My cousin's name was (SAMUEL), I wasn't allowed to use the turntables

My dad was a preacher, so rap music was your devilism

And if it wasn't say: Thank You Lord, I couldn't listen

So why you s-sneak to listen to DJ Red Alert?

To check the competition, a DJ Red Alert goes berserk

Cause as a young lad, I had a big rap pad

Cause he who wanted to practice would someday be the greatest guy

So I checked them as they flippin' sometimes

they're not flippin', they think they rippin'-rappin'

the only rappin' they doin' is in they room before they packin'

You gained the world sucker, but you lost your soul

(The devil approach you us, all you do is tell a foe)

Life after death could be eternal fire

So some get blunted but you're back all on this when it's all over

Mama said that blunt was a stunt to the brain

So some say: I don't smoke but on a sneak-tip he sniff coke

He won the lotto but now he dies of an overdose

While the bum he picked a hole to sleep he wanted a deep throat

So ask yourself the question: Who's really maxin'?

Cause some check in but don't check out and either Hell or Heaven high

But to some Earth is Hell and Heaven's death

So they predict to be Haiti's and kill till there's nothin' left, hah

But I'ma hit with a gun, that's harder than all guns

Mic check from the temple, check the Tech

(And start the nuzzle to get wreck)

Can I get a witness? (Check the Tech)
Get wreck (Check the Tech), check the Tech
(And start the nuzzle to get wreck), can I get a witness?
(Check the Techs), here we go yo
Well I arrive let me tell you what I see in my third eye
Many die they call a battle, they got crucified
Justice, is righteous, in the eyes of the beholder
While the, younger the better but the, older the wiser
Mama used to read in deep from the book of powers
But the bird said the word was absurd, have ya heard?
Knowledge - I come to teach while I increase ya decrease
Some say peace, but on a street a .45's my piece

(Pras)
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise me two things
try all my cheap - COME!!
On the nineteenth of October I remember
startin' my life as a natural leaver
Cause I lick one-two-three-four-five-six-seven shots
While any priest here builds his church on a solid rock, hit me
So feel the spirit comin' from the Heaven above
(Ay, Pras, how could you be a hood in full of so much love?)
I said: On every man chest there breathes a heart
Hip-hop where it starts, I tried to master the art, come on!!