

DC Talk, Extreme Days

We're livin' in extreme days

Comin' at ya like a whirlwind
A hundred miles an hour's where we'll begin
I spy the eye of apprehension
Show me risk and you'll get my attention

Come on, can ya take it
Bang to the bip I make ya wanna flip
Take my trip and you can bust your lip

I never fear 'cause I live fearless
Don't even think for a second you can get with this

(CHORUS)

Come on, I never fake it, come on
These are extreme, extreme days
We're livin' in extreme days
These are extreme, extreme days
We're livin' in extreme days

I'm a freak from the burbs of the chocolate city
Luther Jackson was my middle
Pine Ridge my elementary
School of hip-hop 1979
And Sugar Hill had the skills that taught me to rhyme

Got hip to Kiss and I tripped on Zeppelin
So Mr. therapist - why did I go this direction?
God had a plan to end all my schemes

I had a dream He said to be...Extreme!

Come on, can ya take it...
(REPEAT CHORUS)

(RAP)

Just the other day I saw a kid
Who flipped his hat to the back and he called it a lid
You know what else he did?
He stacked books from the floor to the ceiling
Said somethin' about tryin' to get to heaven
He was only eleven
So he climbed to the top with outstretched arms
And he screamed at the top of his lungs
(these are extreme...)

Move out the way
give me the mic
X to me is extremely Christ
Livin' up in me
Like it or not
Put an X on my chest
Cuz X marks the spot

(REPEAT CHORUS)