

Extreme Days

DC Talk

(tru-dog) Extreme days!
(toby) Say Extreme days..
(tru-dog) Extreme Days!
(toby) Say we're livin'

We're livin', We're livin', We're livin' in extreme day, 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 you 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

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
These are extreme, extreme days
We're livin' in extreme days
These are extreme, extreme days
We're livin' in extreme days

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 bout trying to get to heaven
And he was only eleven
but he climbed to the top with outstretched arms
And he screamed at the top of his lungs

Move out my way
Give up the mic
X to me is extremely Christ
Livin up in me
Like it or not

Put an X on my chest
Cause X marks the spot

We're livin', we're livin'
These are extreme, extreme days [3X]

We're livin' in extreme days...

(tru-dog) Extreme days!