

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
Come on, I never fake it, come on
These are extreme, extreme days
We're livin' in extreme days
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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
[CHORUS]
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 ceiling
Said somethin' bout trying to get to heaven
And he was only eleven
So 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