

# Temple

## Afta-1

Delivered straight from the temple  
Hip-Hop ya don't stop  
One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, rock  
Well as an infant I was born into religion  
My mother called me Baptist  
But what she forgot to mention  
Was what Baptist meant  
The story goes God sent his only begotten son  
To make sure that I would have one  
As I learned in Sunday school  
He's to disrespect my mother and father would be taboo  
But as I grew I met a Jew, a Catholic and a Protestant  
And couldn't figure out where Baptist fit  
Hastily got crazy that ya made me see  
Brother has confronted me with such ambiguity  
Are you Jehovah, Buddha, or shall I call you Allah?  
All the words for Heavenly Father  
I just like to be a scholar on the subject called theology  
So that's how mi figure  
While they call themselves Christians, used'a call me nigga  
And black hole leaves no control over thought  
I leave my body to see where the pits  
Go high when the physical takes control  
No communications with the inner self  
The prize is the otherwise wise, who has spiritual health  
Got to explain, they had the problems visions of gettin' along with herself  
Cheap on the corner, cornered herself and becomes a mourner  
Logic, brothers  
Ah, yo sista, can Prazwel and Wyclef get some check it out  
Delivered straight from the temple  
Hip-Hop ya don't stop  
One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, rock  
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 the words'd say, "Thank you, Lord"  
I couldn't listen

So I used to sneak to listen to DJ Red Alert  
To check the competition  
And DJ Red Alert goes berserk  
'Cause as a young lad I had a big rap pad  
'Cause he who waited to practice  
Would someday be the greatest guy  
So I checked them as they flippin'  
Sometimes their pads're not slippin'  
They think they rippin' rappin'  
The only 'rappin' they doing is in the room before they packin'  
You gained the world, sucker but you lost your soul  
The devil brought you us, all you do is sell a foe  
Life after death could be eternal fire  
So some get blunted but you're back on earth when it's all over  
Mama said that blunt was a stun to the brain  
So some say, I don't smoke but on a he sniff coke  
He won the lotto 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 need a Hell or Heaven high  
But to some earth is Hell, in Heaven's death  
So they pretend to be hades and kill till there's nothin' left ha  
But I might hit 'em with a gun that's harder than all guns  
My check from the temple check the text  
It's got the news to get wreck  
Can I get a witness? check the text  
Get wrecked. check the text, check the text  
It's got the new to get wreck, can I get a witness?  
Check the text, 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 proverbs  
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  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise be to thee Jah come  
On the 19th of October I remember  
Startin' my life on as a natural lever  
'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  
Hey, Pras, how could you be a hood and full of so much love?

I said, "In every man's chest there beats a heart  
Hip-hop's where it starts, I tried to master the art  
Come on!"

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