Temple

Xingu Hill

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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