Extreme Days

Dc Talk

Comin' at ya like a whirlwind
A hundred miles an hour's where's 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', we're livin', we're livin' in extreme days
These are extreme, extreme days
We're livin', we're livin', 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', we're livin', we're livin' in extreme days
These are extreme, extreme days
We're livin', we're livin', we're livin' in extreme days
Nobody's stoppin'
Just nobody's stoppin'
Nobody's stoppin'
And that's the bottom, bottom, bottom line
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
But he climbed to the top with outstretched arms

And he screamed at the top of his lungs
Move out my way, give out 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
These are extreme, extreme days
These are extreme, extreme days
These are extreme, extreme days
We're livin', we're livin', we're livin' in extreme days
'Cause we're livin', we're livin', we're livin' in extreme days
'Cause we're livin', we're livin', we're livin' in extreme days

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