

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