

Talk Dc

"Extreme Days Toby"

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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
(CHORUS)
Come on, I never fake it, come on
These are extreme, extreme days
We're livin' in extreme days
These are extreme, extreme days
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...

(REPEAT CHORUS)

(RAP)

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

So he climbed to the top with outstretched arms

And he screamed at the top of his lungs

(these are extreme...)

Move out the way

give me 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

(REPEAT CHORUS)

