

The Fugees "Temple"

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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 nineteentheth 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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