

# Extermination

J.R. Writer

this aint a fair match, you cant compare crack  
to all that whack in my ears that shit is earwax  
i air cats, u headin rite into a beartrap  
find me, even nike now i wil air max  
leave em squared flat, aint nothin hot about it  
niggas 30 years old, still aint drop an album  
wildin, in the pave, im to bright to shade  
im hot, this aint wavy, its microwave  
so behave cuz today i aint playin games  
and i dnt play the name game, and niggas say my name  
it way effrained time to bring the major pain  
a nigga couldnt hang wit me if he was david blain  
unless he plain insane, nigga stay the fuck around  
iwill a-town you, turb you upside down  
my niggas born to win, you niggas takin sin  
who gives a fuck i give it up like an audience  
WRITER!

Lyrics provided by

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