

# Extinguisher

## MellowHigh

I'm attacking your captain, Battle raps  
Shitting, clogging and calling your plumber  
How these old ass niggas newcomers?  
I'm coming sunny, mid-summer  
Nose runny, gunning like hunters  
While tune and [??]  
Fuckboys listening to gangsta records  
Now they flex like Bedford  
Knowing that I take they wives, Stepford  
I'm all about the extras, nigga read all about it  
Extra tits, excessive spliffs, clouded, surrounded never grounded  
Higher than my curb palace  
Wondering lands of lakes with alicia  
My point is valid when my character is challenged  
Looking malice in the face like "bitch you owe me a favor"  
Turn my head to karma, fuck it I'll deal with you later  
I'm the exterminator, my eyes low and red like the terminator  
Arnold Schwarzenegger perpetrator  
Pepper spraying the furthest hater  
Nigga my service awaits ya, wake up and smell the percolator  
I'm smoking and blowing gators  
Fuck the whole world, I fuck a niggas bitch  
I fuck the rap game with my fist til' I get sick of this  
Spittin' sick, ripping through visions of written syphilis  
He slit his wrist to ink all these verses, blood in my penmanship  
Hit or miss, bitch I'm batting like I'm on PED's  
Niggas want to switch they words like baby boy on BET  
Young niggas still cruising we're moving like he's Eazy- E  
Easy spitting ether watchem' freak and leak like Petey-P  
Fuck everybody, no love for human ecology  
I bomb like I'm Islamic for all the shit you ain't promise me  
Fuck is competition? Nobody poppin' as hot as me  
I'm running shit, several miles ahead and still ain't stopped to breathe  
I don't need no help, my bitches tell me by myself  
Fuck with my niggas from OF, don't feel nobody else  
Still perfecting my rhymes, you niggas chilling on the shelf  
Watching my steps, you like my kid I'll hit you with a belt  
I got it covered I'm ontop of that (ontop of that)  
They pop and live I'm stopping that  
Fuck ya' little raps nigga Hip hop is back  
Popping straps, stocking caps  
Buy some crack

Can't forget we smoking weed (Bitch a lot of that)  
Remember that you're fucking with the wolf gang  
The louder pack  
Remember that my niggas gotta eat  
We browse your house in fact  
In fact we'll take your spouse and nap with her  
Then we'll bounce her back, nigga

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>