

# The Extinction Agenda

## Organized Konfusion

Crush, kill, destroy, stress  
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Pain, stress, my brain can't even rest  
It's hard to maintain the pressure on my chest  
Excess frustration strikes  
Blood rushes my head when I come across roads

With dead mics and wack promoted shows, it's hard  
But with the presence of God, I'm true to the game  
So I'm back black to take charge and recapture  
The time, wish it could never be wack, I'm pure

I insert my lifeline into the track, the energy  
In me is a poison with no unrevealed remedy  
I'm spreading like leprosy throughout the record label  
'Cause mines put me and Monch's career in jeopardy

Can you come? See me in the ghetto where it's dark  
Bullets are real, lost peeps lurks in the heart  
Lord knows it hurts, we kick the Hertz to the curb  
Execute first things first and put blunted minds to work

My herd's tight and my fans supports  
So I'm aight, for the time being seeing peace  
But taking no shorts  
(No shorts)

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Rrrrrrrgh, you will now consider me the apocalyptic one  
After this rhyme, henceforth there is none  
No more will exist when I emerge  
From the mist in whence I was born into scorned

Most of you can't even comprehend what I am saying  
To you even in my human form the message I'm relaying  
Why do you choose to mimic these wack MC's?  
Why do you choose to listen to R&B?

Why must you believe somethin' is fat  
Just because it's played on the radio 20 times per day?  
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation  
The Immaculate Conception

The hall walker who stalks bodies in Central Park  
Soon emergency services'll outline that body in chalk  
Then I begin to walk away and spit  
Then when I walk away, I talk shit

Huh, a driver sprayed my face with mace  
She didn't know that I enjoyed the taste of radioactive waste

When I'm in the backseat of your mid-town taxi  
Don't even ask me for the cash G

The four cabs before didn't pick me up  
Now ask yourself who the f\*\*k's gonna stick me up

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