

## Da Circle

### "Napalm"

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[Verse 1: Fatz Da Assassin]

Come on..

NAPALM, fire storm, Industry melt down,  
Got em' runnin' round seeking salvation underground,  
Decadence, and negligence, paralyzed the economic infrastructure,  
Weaker than it ever been, the consequence, now: Anarchy rules,  
Jacob playin' hot potatoes droppin' his jewels,  
Watching these fools... abandon truth when they rhyme,  
They hang around Flav's neck, they all big time,  
Mainstream's encrypted with a virus,  
Hijacked like an oil tanker by Somali pirates,  
Adorn the battle armor of a verbal assassin,  
Setting off napalm, with murderous passion,  
Genocidal fall-out, martyrs, casualties,  
Krylon tapestries, ashes and memories,  
This is the frontline, this is the dead-zone,  
Barely alive or in a box is how you head home!

[Hook: Immortal Technique]

This is napalm, Greek fire, white phosphorous  
Justified genocide, judgements days politics  
Preach life and liberty but give the world the opposite  
So I play Jesus casting devils out the populous

We are all: Casualties of War! x4

[Verse 2: Goodtime Slim]

This be a Rebel Army call: "send assault in",  
Slice you like I'm Sultan, scorch you like molten,  
Lava, spit it to the heavens like a geyser,  
Bitch nigga strip from my violence like the Gaza,  
Lethal transcriber, calm voice and word play,

Build occult following, call me Slimothy McVeigh  
Thoughts get separated, lyrical land mine, beats get detonated,  
Anybody feeling liberated get obliterated,  
Lasting oppressions from a maniacal depression,  
The war zone, each lost limb should be a lesson learned,

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Make you incescently burn, from the fuckin' napalm,  
You a slacker, see the Rebel Armz my faculty,  
Underground barracks be the last stand for cavalries,  
Screws closed, get oxidized like glucose and calories,  
Stuck in the cell by my 16 bars,  
Change the P to a C, coz' you a casualty of war.

[Hook: Immortal Technique]

This is napalm, Greek fire, white phosphorous,  
Justified genocide, judgements days politics,  
Preach life for liberty but give the world the opposite,  
So I play Jesus casting devils out the populous,

We are all: Casualties of War! x4

[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]

I never tried to be Jay Z or Big Poppa,  
I'm underground like them dead children buried in Gaza,  
I see through the eyes of a generation yet to be born,  
I come from an alternate future where freedom is gone,  
I refuse to pledge allegiance like Jehovah's Witnesses,  
Take your shine and feed off that shit like photosynthesis,  
You niggas don't understand the world that I come from,  
But you'll understand the Casualty Of War when you become one,  
Your mother raped by soldiers, gave birth to a brother,  
Now you understand what it's like to hate and love a mother fucker,  
The chemical structure of food and water corrupted,  
Children abducted for organ harvesting production,  
The function of epidemic sprays that are man-made,(?)  
Are that genetic alteranes are only given to slaves,  
So I'm on a crusade, with rocket propelled grenades,  
To change history with the Rebel Army brigade, nigga.

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