

## Team Napalm

### "Da Score"

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[Chorus: Dom Pachino] I run in the spot,  
observe the whole place Alert the Team,  
it's about to take place Keep my eyes on the safe,  
security's weak And surveillance is out  
dated [Chapel] Yo,  
it's the N, to the A, to the P,  
to the A-L-M Roll the arsenal for all sorts of dilligent  
men We up against, boy you know they past tense Uh-  
huh,  
double up, more CREAM to spend It's a war zone,  
that's why your clips is stem For the soft M.  
C.'s, we the ones that you commend Use our courage of  
strength, to wash away the past tense Darts more sharp  
than the picket wired fence Only way I lay a rhyme if  
the words make sense Underscore worldwide,  
I guess it all depends How we run wild,  
hitting cats, or we offend Rock they jaw,  
then sparks up a weapon to det' Pulling swords,  
don't matter, if you try and prevent It's because of  
big tragedy, criminal attempts Always know the verbs,  
from the mouth that I prevent Fire camouflage,  
ammo, when you hide our trench [Dom Pachino] You can  
rush success, it travel at it's own rate So I rock harder  
than a stone gate I'm gangsta,  
nigga, like Capone in his state A mind, I design,  
Napalm, the  
Team hold weight Create the machine,  
the green flow great See these M.  
C.'s won't wait with they hands out We pull the hammers  
out, redeme you're aggreing by a large amount Now  
you  
wanna talk it out? I'mma let my work speak for itself  
I had no Team, then I'd do it for delf You can catch  
my shit on the shelf, in the local mom & pop stores Cuz  
I got the raw, let the smokers in the hood be fiending  
for This is Team Napalm and we pulling a  
score [NLZ] Yo,  
I laid in the trench with M-16 With a jacket,  
full of metal for my Napalm Team Air a soldier,  
stealth bomb, fifty cal' toasters Do it like a soldier,  
on a mission, it's suppose to My niggas hold fort,

I keep my enemies closer  
They like ashes camo' for the  
metal rub lotion  
Oops, I mean potion,  
I show no love  
I get acquitted for the murder like the  
O.J. glove  
Blow a dub of 'dro stemi',  
eyes low, stay red  
Swig a little,  
still reserved, take it straight to the head  
Kid bugged  
out, niggas get rubbed out,  
I'm thugging  
My rims too big,  
in your wheel, real brother  
I'm too stubborn,  
yo, he don't hold weight, get off my corner  
Before  
something  
make your head deflate  
[Chorus]

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