

Team Napalm

"Dressed 4 Combat"

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[Intro: Chapel]Team Napalm,
Team Napalm, word upWord up,
Just Da Barber, Dom Pachino,
Crunch LoNLZ (P.R. Terrorist),
the War Machine, Chapel, here we go,
yo[Chapel]When I blast this mic,
it's gon' need paramed'It's code red,
crazy ass, Chapito redRun up on your team then splash
ya coke headsIt's trenchcoat,
bungie, and duckin' the fedsIt's how I get downtown,
livin' on the edgeThe full fledge,
thoroughbred, wack MC's deadWhat word spit,
hanging like styles of all dreadsSo long that word,
dressing for combat[Chorus: Dom Pachino &
Chapel]Full
metal jack strap, dressed for combatBoots laced up
tight, dressed for combatWarpaint smeared on my
face,
dressed for combatTeam Napalm,
is dressed for combat[NLZ]I said I came up from hard
times, a local classTalk trash,
kings don't flash, the guns blastFor yo ass,
spread like rash, clear you outAnd the chalk out,
nine, toe tag, the body countsYou got a problelm over?
The man, I'm addressingAnd yellin' man down when he
tried to express itI don't fuck around if a nigga wanna
push melt's no nonsense when the nigga smell
pussy[Dom
Pachino]I spit this shit at you like balls in a batting
cagel was born uptown, but this is a Staten wayI'm
the greatest like Cassius Clay,
kid, put them gats awayYou will not win,
and this is a fact todayI'm a general, you're a private,
don't
get smacked todayI'll get your head cracked early,
like it's the crack of itWhen I rap,
you feel the impact, right awayTo be exact,
you get caught on your slack,
and I can sprayGreat balls of fire,
no, it's P, Crunch and the BarberNLZ and Chapizzy,
mashed up like we're robbers[Just Da Barber]I roll

with the brigade, always keep a deadly swishbladeRock
the fade, it's my trade, make you look government
madeCut
your braids, give that ass a clean shaveMake 'em sleep
with the wave, peep my style for daysMy shit lays thirty
six ways, after zeroI'm tired of these niggas try'nna
play superheroI grill 'em like DeNiro,
then watch 'em play riddleAl Yankovich,
I shank a bitch, still do[Crunch Lo]I'm for whatever,
I'm hungry and can't take itI'm blessed with this gift,
my whole aura is sacredPromised to live good,
abide by the rulesYa'll dudes is too small to even
walk in my shoesI move like Accapoco red,
so if a nigga want test, then a nigga want deadHot
lead with this verbal assault,
blow through your little vest,
with this .45 coltBy dude be like "chill,
nah, I wanna do it"He got a new tool,
and he fiending to use itSo all ya'll can get it,
I protect mines and take yours tooLike I'm down with
the George Bush crewSee, when you get the paper,
the hoes catch the vaporsProbably escalate,
you gotta count your tray eights[Chorus]

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