

## **Team Napalm**

### **"No Way Out"**

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[Intro: Chapel]Fucking, like suicide,  
boy, yo, yo[Chorus 2X: sample]Uh,  
sometimes I cry, (there inside),  
realizeIt's like suicide, there's no way out  
(no way out)[Chapel]Wild, wreck the rhymes,  
bust out of my mouthBuild styles like an architect,  
building a houseChit-chattering,  
stop that blab in your mouthI got props worldwide,  
reach out of the southFighting drug free lifestyles,  
Chapel will joustAgainst MC's soft,  
like a low cut blouseKeeps ya penal,  
proteges follow my routeKeep ya lips sealed,  
boy, what you talking about?  
I'mma bust you, stand back,  
burners'll shoutI keep it all foul,  
with a thug profileYour style premature like an unborn  
childFragile, weak ass, boy,  
you ain't wildSupreme courts,  
fuck that, jump that trialMy boys grab Franklins,  
bumping coat childscame a long way,  
yeah, I ran a few milesI may not blast cats when I  
burst, chik-chik-kapow![Chorus 2X][Dom Pachino]They  
ask me what's my main focus,  
poker face, lookin' the dopestAlways keep my gear in  
check, and plus, my chain is ferociousI got bitches,  
from coast to coasts, la cosa nostrals the kid,  
with the toaster that's ready to roast yaNever heard  
of a hostler, I'm fiending to smoke yaGot the game in a  
chokehold, getting  
brains in Sudoco'sIt's the kid from Staten Island from  
the Army of locosWe international,  
though we used to be localCouple shows around the  
globe,  
shit, folks notice youCouple magazine ads,  
those kids are radEven white boys love us,  
bitches, they wanna thug usTold my Team,  
when you fuck with them bitches,  
to rock rubbersAnd undercovers,  
pull up on my block and what notThe spectators don't  
say shit, or get they shit rockedYou fake thugs,  
should of learned something from 2Pac,



pop, pop, pop...[Chorus 2X][Dom Pachino]It's not your  
normal, formal, get togetherYou have now,  
been introduced to TerrorMind power,  
the type that bring down some towersWet ya like a cold  
shower, it's official, rip ya bristleKiss of death,  
nah, the missile tow more like a missile flowGladiator  
like Russell Crowe, but in the studioplut words  
together,  
like birds of a feather flockUndercovers,  
they smother the block, like a rubber on my cockTo  
discover what's hot, home boy,  
you notSo put that mic down,  
let it go, you hear the sound of a bellBattle rap,  
in the dungeons of hellI'm sweating bullets,  
shitting grenades, spitting gun powderI take a shower  
in fire, and hear a shoutThat's when I remember,  
that there's no way out[Chorus 2X]

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