

## **Team Napalm**

### **"The Regime"**

Visit "[The Regime](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

The Regime / Team Napalm[Crunch Lo]I bleed stress  
and  
I sweat out pain, check out my hardcore reignInsane,  
I bring the pain like a John Blaze,  
for daysYo, I was dusted in the rangeFeds on my ass,  
I was off in the phaseA bad route,  
with the fiends, giving me cloutFrom a locked up,  
bass in your face, you get chopped upAnd bagged and  
sealed and sold, I'm boldWith the black fatigues,  
and my skully cuz it's coldBy the shores,  
rich in terror's halls, bringing dirty moneyActing  
funny, shorts, five for fortyThinking I'm a shorty,  
but grown manSmoke home grown of the haze and  
blackBlunts,  
looking like a bat, true fact,  
act up and get clapped upFrom Yosemite,  
drown my sorrows in the weed and RemyMa,  
ghetto superstar, Crunch LoPolly with the baby pa,  
the German helmetsThe black one thousands,  
cruising in your project housingWest Brighton plaza,  
wheezing like ashtmaThoughts get captured and  
absorbed  
like a spongeYou count for my all my ones,  
and my sons, and my daughtersFuck around,  
nigga, you'll get slaughtered[Chapel]Take a hit for  
myself, the God, he need wealthLike Scott,  
but inside, he gone a bad healthI guess it's all the  
slinging that your homeboy dealt rightPoetry for love,  
and everybody elseMy pen melt,  
from high gems, scribble tearing bad healthA bad self  
of Gods, droppin' hands around ya retardsDodge  
these waving flash lights security guardsNever had  
a crew, I was bubbling hardIn my spare time,  
I met meditate, formulate GodsPull ya ways up,  
Chap be the body massageListen,  
Napalm arsenal, demolish your heartWe official with  
the wordplay, the soldiers of charge[Dom Pachino]If  
I left it up to them, I'd be fucked up with no moneyI  
put in work, man, holla at your dunnyIt's supposed  
to be fam, it ain't suppose to look funnyNow it's few  
I salute, that's word to my Timberland bootAnd my

camouflage  
suit, my words good moneyKillarmy forever,  
ya'll niggas gotta love mel hear my shit in your jeeps,  
ya'll niggas gotta bump mel'm hot,  
my shit like crack, bootleggers wanna pump melt's  
Dom  
P., I pop them thangs, and also pop bubblyMy beard  
a little scruff, I can take it backTo opping wheelies  
with my Huffy, when my darts was a little rustyBut  
now they fine tuned and oiled,  
I was raised in the soilNo silver spoon,  
but, we had aluminum foilThat we used to wrap the  
works,  
sold the pack wouldn't spoiled[Chorus 6X: Tara Star  
(Dom Pachino)]Load your magazines,  
it's the Team, the RegimeThings ain't always what they  
seem (knowI mean?)[Outro: Dom Pachino]Attention  
soldiers,  
ya'll niggas better get focused,  
manTry to get this heavy gwop,  
military shit, sonThe Team,  
the regime, the forceTaking over, son, word up, my  
troops is ready

Visit [Team Napalm](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.