

Dom Pachino f/ Shyheim**"The Strength"**

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] Shut 'em down... Napalm, Napalm, Napalm, Napalm... Catch you out there... [Chorus: Dom Pachino] Napalm, is, the, strength Napalm, is, the, strength (you feel it?) Napalm, is, the, strength (the power) We, will, reinvent [Dom Pachino] I'm going supernova, hotter than the o-zone Nigga, it's over, submit to my war poems Not just a soldier, captain, lieutenant or colonel With the, camouflage pad, and my pen is infernal I'm a street cat, yeah, that's a fact You do, dirt in the streets, you gotta eat that I pay my dues, bookoo is my receipt, black Addresses of a war, please let me repeat that It can be a penalty, but I won't lose sleep on that If I deserve it, then I need it, and I receive it back If it works out with music, I receive a plaque Maybe receive and stack, if it don't Then some folks are gonna see the mack Nine one one, they gon' run and wanna see the jack See these cats, be from the Stat' That's Staten Island, we be steaming tracks I'm bout my business, ain't talking green, then ease on back [Chorus 2X] [Shyheim] You got clapped hap', for all that plah-hah, ah-hah! You sheep in wolf clothing, you laugh like "bah-hah" Three fifty seven mi-hi-hag' on my waste Word to John Taste, I take the bullets out his face Aww shit, they love this, hard shit In the clubs and in, little bars and shit The talk in the barbershop, shots real hot The talk in the nail saloon, my dick is long And that ain't mere hear say, or gossip I'm known for stacking bundles like I was squad up In the Benz by myself, with a nine mil' on me Cops pull me over, that's a flat ten for me Chill, jail's a thing of my past But I will, blast, Rondell Wilson they ass Put they brains on they belly, had to tell a chick Every light skin nigga that's big, ain't Nelly [Chorus 2X]

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