

Full Contact (feat. Evidence & Chali 2Na)

Swollen Members

Its like that.

No doubt we keep it live 24-7 365 and Swollen Members
worldwide, this is full contact spit hard and never look back.

Its like that.

Thats right we keep it live, 24-7 365, this is full contact yo time to plug in
and spit hard the audience is listenin'.

Its like that.

My life consists of makin songs on quality controlling balancing on platforms.

The space between theres an end to the means.

My name on your lips my face in
your dreams.

Extremes, not a term just limmited to sports it also derives on
how I drive with force.

Private thoughts are revealed through my regal
serrebral.

Serimonius masters down with the users of needles.

The spitters of

paint, the ones who move on the brake unified from the Lions gate to the
Sunshine state.

Weights and measures curved and straight letters are used and
fused together to deliver the devistating craving I have for making bars and
notes.

Step against strength for the stars in my throat.

Reservation for one,

plus a table for three, Ev, Prev, and MC and my man Chali T.

()Silver surfer, spiderman, mister fantastic.

Swollen dialated and Jurassic.

Madchild gettin his ass kicked thats a death wish im vicious, I swim with sharks
piranas and siamese fighting fishes, and wrestle alligators (why) cuz im a
gladiator, roll deep in seven forty's sports and lincoln navigators.

S and M

rocks the spot no question your so wacked even your yes makes our suggestion.

Battle axe warrior kid, what the fuck you think, step up to my crew eh yo you
must have had too much to drink.

Its all about length thats long charaty.

Thats

why Im gonna keep rappin till im 70 ready or not.

Rock steady crew rep ready to

rock, knock knock your thinkin no ones upstairs but the lights on let bygones
be bygones, strength of a python.

Red Dragon plus a rocket circa icon.

()Yo rather then your colapse ear settin traps here kickin raps clear hopin you'll

lap dear verbal paps smear back to smack fear till your dome piece tones peek
rockin from the cradle till my bones creak known for your microphone.

No imposta's

all up in your bumpa prosta lickin shots from my partners makin the heart for
my brothers who got what im after, swollen members will be your disaster.

I

controll your laughter, a voice more powerful than pastor reppin sweeter than
three leaders of shatsa.

vocal tones fracter, rythmes blast ya through your back
run till the other verbal use cast ya.

Unmast disaster gunblast past ya and
crash past ya change the miuscule to the masta.

Minutes till you can grasp the
millions of medicles made perhaps to trap its in your heard out the pasture.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>