

Full Contact

[faCULTy]

(Chorus: Evidence)

Its like that, no doubt we keep it live

Twenty-four, seven, three sixty-five

Its swollen mebers world wide

This is full contact

Spit hard and never look back

Its like that, thats right we keep it live

Twenty four seven three sixty five

This is full contact, yo time to plug in

And spit hard, the audience is listening

(Verse 1: Prevail)

My life consists of making songs

Of quality controlling balancing on platforms

A space in between is an ends to the means

My name on your lips, my face in your dreams extreme

Not a term just limited to sports

It also derives from how I drive with force

Privite thoughts are revealed through my regal cerebral

Ceremonious masters down with the users of needles

The spit is a pain for ones who move on the break

Unified from the lion's gate to the sunshine state

Weights and measures curved and straight letters

Are used and fused together

To deliver the devastating craving I have for making bars and notes

Step and get striked from the stars in my throat

Reservation for one, plus a table for three

Ev, Prev, and MC and my man Chali

Chorus

(Verse 2: MadChild)

Silver surfer, spider man mister fantastic

Swollen, Dilated, and Jurassic

Madchild getting his ass kicked

Thats a death wish, I'm vicious

I swim with sharks, piranhas, and siamese fighting fishes

And retro alligators, cause I'm a gladiator

Roll deep in Seven Forty sports and Lincoln Navigators

S and M rocks the spot no question

Your so wack even your yes-man got suggestions

Battle axe warriors kid, what the fuck you think
Step up to my crew, aiyyo you must had too much to drink
Its all about length thats longevity
Thats why I go keep rappin till I'm seventy
Ready or not, rock steady crew rep ready to rock
Knock knock, your thinkin no one's upstairs
But the lights on, let by-gones be by-gones
Strength of a python
Red dragon plus I rock a circa icon
Chorus
(Verse 3: Chali 2na)
Rattle in your collapsed ear, settin' traps here
Kickin raps clear, hopin' your lap dear, verbal papsmear
Back to smack fear, till your dome piece, tones peak
Rockin from the cradle till my bones creak
Known for the microphones, no impostors
All up in your bumble prosta
Lickin shots for my partners
Makin it hard for brothers who got what I'm after
Swollen member crew be your disaster
I control your laughter
Words more powerful than your pastor
Rappers sweeter than three liters of shasta
Vocal tones fracture, rhymes blast ya
Through your back, retinal the verbal newscaster clapture
Unmatched diasaster, come blast flash and crash past ya
Changin the miniscule to the master
Minutes till you can grasp the
Millions of medicals made perhaps
The trap is in your herd, house, or pasture

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