

# Full Contact

## Swollen Members

(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 ChaliChorus(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 iconChorus(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 pastureChorus 2x

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