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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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