

## Raven

### "Full Contact"

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(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

Chorus 2x

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