

Big Tymers F/ Lac, Mikkey, Stone

"Full Cooperation"

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[interlude]

Yeah, yo, Def Squad, Full Cooperation on this one yo,
total concentration
Wassup wit these cats out there?, I don't think they
figured, son
I don't think they hear you son, ha ha

[Keith Murray]

Now first but not least you will respect Keith, lay a
nigga down
Like a doo-rag in some grease, you must be crazy tryin
to play me
I been dedicated since King Tut the third baby
Lyrical chemist rhyme minister, diminished you for the
benefit
Then continue to kill shit for the fuck of it, I see y'all
been writin
Still bitin, still lookin lame, half y'all niggaz still soundin
the same
I'm excitin when live on stage, when receitin in
lighting, frightening
lightning
Throwin thunder in chain, when i first came, I gave birth
to a million MC's
In the game, who should all carry my last name
And I'm Gonna Get You Sucka like Damon Wayans, and
fame like Jermaine
Bring pain and novacaine, okay y'all lil monkeys wanna
play?
My Squadron brings the art of war the correct way
(OKAY!)

Chorus 2x

Chorus

I need your full cooperation and total attention
There's a few things I'd like to mention, these rappers
out here swear they're
So appealing I, step to your business and hurt your
feelings

[Erick Sermon]

Okay, well thinkin it's okay to rhyme that way, you'll be
P.O.W., M.I.A.
And I'm seven steps ahead of you, five from eternity
An all that shit you kick just don't concern me, I
separate the dead from
The chump, ask a nigga blunt, "Yo, how many lumps
you want?"
So flavorful you could taste it, so hardcore I wrote this
layin on the floor
In the basement, my style ain't no walk in the park, got
mainstream MC's
Scared to rhyme after dark, an there Ain't No Half-
Steppin
I'm reppin like a nuclear weapon, manifestin the
Immaculate Conception
Lyrically I rape an MC like sodomy, add tragedy, to
your odyssey
For battle reservations call 1-900-SQUAD, frontin on us
Is like frontin on God
Chorus

[Redman]

Now when we take it there, these three niggas in the
square
My squad hangs out like fourhundred pounds in
braziers
My deathrow allines, bein signed then aligned to
electric
So it clear like a chair in Texas, HOT, approach wit
extreme caution
No horsin around when my squad abortion a sound
Our crew's like Smokey off sokey, even Little Bo Peep,
your style is weak
Guard your Rollie, wit all the ice in it, I snatch the ice
out and put a price
out
Cop a Benz, put my mom in it, as long as I'm alive
I'mma keep the vibe
24-7, 365
Chorus 2x

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