

Def Squad, Full Cooperation

[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 x2]

[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 x2]