

Jacques Cousteau

Swollen Members

I hope you're not trying to tell me and my man about rap music, I really hope you're not
Cause let's get something straight right now

(Madchild, cowards don't really want a part of me
I roll with a venomous squad of all veterans
You'd rather kiss a rattlesnake than to step to me)
Yeah, I'm the little fuckin' hulk, I don't fear giants
Leave em catatonic in a closet like in Weird Science
He doesn't even have his license, Lisa
I spit the nicest ether, eatin' all these rappers like a slice of pizza
I spit typhoons, conjure up hurricanes
Little Monster wreckage warnin', get yourself insurance claims
I blow the roof off of group homes with two poems
Killin' all of you clones
Metal teeth, I chew bones
Clip you like a coupon
Grip you like a talon, hear Mad scream, supreme too
Listening to Balance and Bad Dreams
From broke to making mad cream
I'm fuckin' dope again, wide open from a bad scene
Used to be a nightmare on diamond street
But now I'm right there, a white terror, a rhyming beast
I got a cracked tooth, lookin' like I'm wack proof Sportin' a beard and a tooth like I'm Jack Cousteau

(Prevail, remember me?
Crimson wordplay, see with the pen I'm explainin'
Rock a show hard as a army of viking warriors)
Rhodium, deuterium
Man, trinium isotopes
Hydrogen chambers on explode mode, let em blow
Adamantium, vibranium - Marvel at my universe
Scapel competition brains so you can see how stupid works
Don't matter if it's grey, splatter blood across the hallway
Could do this all day and I will so lie still
Don't make me call Vinne Paz, Slaine and Ill Bill
Real masters of the dark arts with kill devil hilts
I ride upon precipice, break till black mornings
A black plague front page, it's a rap rage warning
Headliners, flatliners, co-signers, endorsers
I water board on the board, apply my enforcers
Rap brass, knuckle tough
Talk grass, knuckle up
Commander and the chief, buckle up before I fuck em up
Don't care about whereabouts
Who let em out into open space
Way too much radiation, glacial caps in Everglades

(Swollen members, heard of us?
One mass, the unit of murderers
Two MC's, one producer
Vancouver cats swingin' a battleaxe)
The hardest part of my artistry is finding people as smart as me
Or finding equal spitting shit wholeheartedly as hard as me
Can't help it now, this shit is just a part of me
Coursing through my veins and pumping in my heart and arteries

Mad raps retardedly, when Mad raps it's startling
With time I just get sharper while it's wearing down my cartilage
An oddity, I'll make you loose some bodily fluids
And once the thought of me rude, and once a lot of you knew it
Now rollin' blunts, a bunch of nunces, feel like dunces, I'm the truest
They're just a bunch of cunts that want some comfort sayin' they knew it
Knewin' they fuckin' blew it
I'm blown up what we're doin'
Cause you're in if we went through it
Now Europe is fuckin' toured

Obscurity, I've endured, secured a future, creative
It's music related, a partial art form that's narrated
Incarcerated minds grind thought to a halt
So I participate in rhyme crime to break out the vault
I'm real bad for your health like a shaker of salt
It's make or break it in this industry so be an adult
Since my sinsiter administration no one should vote
My public demonstration, demolitions, crews in revolt