

## 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