

Hydra Gwaii

THE ELEMENTS OF FIRE



Hey gang, Cheese N Pot-C, here. You already know what we're about, plus there's a zillion other things here at blocSonic where you can take a sniff if you don't. We've started a new group with our homie, Tycoon, called Hydra Gwaii. It's a play on the name of where Tycoon is from - Haida Gwaii in B.C., Canada - plus the mythical, three-headed critter, the hydra. Check out our new albulation "The Elements Of Fire", for the three of us rocking over Tycoon's production. Of course Cheese is on the cut under his acidplanet alias - DJ Hotwings! But enough reading about us! Read about Tycoon instead, who we're bringing up to the front of the class right now! Take it away Tycoon!

My name is William Russ, I've been going as the moniker Tycoon since I started rapping in the year 2000, It's been on almost the entire time since. I met DJ Hotwings in 2006 through a website called acidplanet, it was a place where many artists shared their musical creations that they made on a program called Acid Pro. I discovered his beats and wanted to rap on all of them. From there we collaborated on each other's productions here and there. I honestly don't know why we didn't collaborate on a full project until now, but we finally made it happen.

For my part of the recording process I did it in my basement studio known as Carving Shed Studios. Usually I do everything from start to finish from recording to mixing and mastering, but I'm thankful that Pot-C (Leo Warner) took on those duties for this project. I added a few tidbits to the process but he handled everything and that was a nice change for me in terms of the

recording process. All I had to do was make beats and rap and I like that part of things the most. It has been an epic year long journey.

When Pot-C first got a hold of me in February 2020 he wanted to make a project with just my beats and initially I was thinking that's all I would provide for the project. I was at the time focusing on a solo album for myself, but late in the game Cheese (Jesse Warner) hit me up to do a couple of features. He said that Leo couldn't imagine the project without at least a couple of feature verses on the project. So once I got to writing verses for the first couple of songs I ended up recording a verse for every song except one.

The magic felt quite real after the first verse and hearing the rough draft of all of us together on my beats felt like something special so I put my "Persevere" project to the side and recorded all my verses in the last couple of months of the album's creation. From there we discussed various ways to present the album and ended up with Hydra Gwaii as the group name and The Elements of Fire as the LP name. From here we keep going. More albums to come and the journey continues.

– HYDRA GWAI



CHEESE'S VOCALS AND DJ HOTWINGS SCRATCHES RECORDED AT

Cheese's Lab in Kagoshima City, Kagoshima, Japan

POT-C'S VOCALS RECORDED AT

Pot-C's Palace in Kanoya City, Kagoshima, Japan

TYCOON'S VOCALS, SCRATCHES & BEATS RECORDED AT

Carving Shed Studios in Skidegate, British Columbia, Canada

MIXED BY

Pot-C at Pot-C's Palace

MASTERED BY

William "Tycoon" Russ & Pot-C

1 WESTMORE 3:57

Beats: William "Tycoon" Russ

Rhymes: William "Tycoon" Russ, Cheese, Pot-C

Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Tycoon: I been here for ages writing for pages and pages like grief I've made it through
stages busted through cages straightened out my path like braces people I did wrong
couldn't look in their faces had to learn patience time wasting mind racing trying to be
of service like the gas station piecing life together like cutting and pasting exhalation at
the end of my pacing manifest with clarity the dreams I'm chasing master the game like
playstation tippy top heights sky scraping calming my mind like vaping I'm to slick like a
Chief's apron up uptempo in my mental find new ways to keep my body a temple tracing out
the path like a stencil.

Cheese: It's off the hinges with these rap attack binges

Content that's sent guaranteed to cause cringes

Singes on the shores of these sucka resorts

In the style of a pirate as we breach your ports

If the fort's not held with ya hip hop claims

No connects to a Lex what's on ya wrist or chains

Bust unrehearsed with some sense in the verse

A rat's ass ain't given bout the make of your purse

In the fake they immerse in a state of reverse

Yo they tryin to get over with a mumble n a curse

But ya yabadaba doin it wrong wit ya bone brain
And comin up short in this sport wit ya gnome game
The phone rang it's Bad Vibes on a windgrove
P.U.C.K. rhapsody don't flow how the wind blow
We do the gustin from langan to ruskin
The Mr. Pryor steez yo loose we bustin

Pot-C: It's the bounce that counts when Tycoon's the maestro
I'll get it crackin' with the rappin' - tight flows
Only and homie the piano's on point
Gettin' everybody open like "It's tha joint!"
Fits the coin - so play another round
Pinball wizard out the ocean like a lizard
Got em screamin' "What is it?!" - Pot-zilla versus midgets
Take your go-go gadgets and cub scout badges
Back to lab kids - to battle this mad shit's
Gonna take more than the math on the wrath it's
Line after line paragraphs and essays
Thesis type treatment can't even defeat wit
Must I repeat shit ? - start hittin' delete - rip
Up your manuscripts - cuz you can't handle this
With twenty oven mitts still gonna get burned
How many times - I gotta quote - "You must learn!"

2 AWWW! WHAT'S THE DEAL!? 3:50

Beats & Scratches: William "Tycoon" Russ

Rhymes: Pot-C, William "Tycoon" Russ, Cheese

Outro Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Pot-C: Awww! What's the deal? Spin the wheel - pick the prizes

I'm out in the land where they say the sun rises

First - so the future - just ahead of your time

Is where I'm gonna be at the scene of the crime

The fiend of the rhyme with a handlebar moustache

Beats tied to train tracks and here comes the train jack

These keystone cops can't stop this runaway

Diesel doing stunts like Evel Knievel

People step back - look away from the carnage

Oh the humanity - just takin' out garbage

Making the scars get open and deeper

Adding more cowbell to don't fear the reaper

Featured attraction makin' jaws slack when

The mic's set alight cuz I've started rappin'

Even starting a track - I'm having the last word

You could say - it's an occupational hazard

Tycoon: Bang bang boogie watch ya crumble like a cookie I hold all the chips like a bookie
you have no con-text like kids playing hookie ravenous hungry as a rookie lifetimes to

build confidence is how long it took me although I eat it all the time I'm not pussy silence from those that try to shoosh me grab myself a cart cause I wanna get pushy I rap like I'm squatting 350 veins popping out and my eyes getting shifty screaming out my lungs like a ten foot grizzly toss you through the air like a frisbee laugh your misery like being blackout drunk spinning gets you dizzy leave you seeing double like kidneys you always coming short like pygmies ya'll muthafuckas better dig me.

Cheese: It's the return of the drifter the shit piece lifter

The type to get the gas face from ya kid sister

Ain't a thing but a wing my demeanor gone sting

Bringin the unbearable via funk flow parable

Comparable to Max Webster on my millionth vacation

Station or depot , a dude among people

Prowlin bout ya town gettin up to get down

So frown all ya must another gust in the breeze

But to bust as the cheese the only option i got

Need know and want, with flows free to haunt

Yet yasashi as Casper - Max Valu to Jasper

Indebted to the boom bap as long as I be

Coinciding with the funk representin the bump

Turning memos into demos of the mind in flight

The 10th honorable mention goes to Mr. Benson

Expression is a blessing to lessen the tension

3 MC 3:36

Beats & Scratches: William "Tycoon" Russ

Rhymes: Cheese, Pot-C, William "Tycoon" Russ

Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Cheese: From Kag to Haida Gwaii when Tycoon supply the fly
Soundscape on tha tape no escape it's write or die
So we all the way live to revive the jidai
Of raw rhymes n beats, no codes or cheats
Just treats on the disc, those be prone to tisk
Zilla's eazy bake oven styles known to crisp
Saute n scissor, yo to ya zone we deliver
Like PJ Fresh Phil when rockin the grill skills
Bills is no incentive for the crew to get inventive
N' drop the verbal stamps to leave ya camps untented
Those that rented or leased best desist n cease
Before these Can-con geese slap pucks in ya crease
As the goalie pulls himself to better state of mental health
This catalog of mic dog heard comin thru the fog
Got pog emcees flippin' from da beats that be rippin
A new balloon knot on ya stereo spot

Pot-C: A ceremonial master - that's me gettin plastered
At yer mom's wedding - no one is forgetting

How that all happened and I kept on rappin'
They even pulled the plug I just puked on the rug
After it was cut - then slipped and fell on my butt
But never loosened my grip of the mic in my mitt
Just continued to spit and also rhyme words
The outrageous hologram - my gems are preferred
Pretend that you heard and then you're only faking
I can make the news for eatin ten plates of bacon
Taking all titles from Columbia House
Get the discs delivered and then move before I give a
Penny a piece you gotta call the police
Before I'm walking on the moon getting stung by the bees
And that's how I MC there ain't any other way
Ask Cheese and Tycoon because I don't play

Tycoon: Drop iron on the mic throw fire when I fight smokin' like a pipe spitting out spite
personality types I knock'm outta sight industry vampires I give'm fright nights astronomical
heights when I site to write leave you searching for answers like you on a website leave ya
blinded in ya path like a headlight like a monk I sit to get my head right above ya head like
broods of head lice double take have to look twice I'm that nice keep you riveted like grips of
a vice I'm a masterpiece there isn't any price dropping on these beats I never think twice It's
all so addictive like dune spice natural occurrence like cats eating mice

4 N.N.D. 3:14

Drums Programmed by: Tycoon's daughter Noora - ***Her first beat!***

Beats: William "Tycoon" Russ

Rhymes: Cheese, William "Tycoon" Russ, Pot-C

Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Cheese: Yo it's tha cheese in tha zone with more flows to be thrown
In tandem as we land em aboard this Tycoon stomper
So have room to romper n' telephone Mrs. Helen
As ya speakers start the swellin from the kicks that's propellin
Well in this Hip Hop with no plans to turn back
Due payin on the daily yo props you gotta earn that
N' it goes without mention so if ya tryin to pull a pension
Any plan to run a scam fam we gone throw a wrench in
Cause if it ain't felt when the track gets dealt
For the charts on the tuner sets ya tuna to melt
Any belt or trophies certificates for Golphies
Be kankeinai to why and the reason that I wrote these
The dope beats and a joyful noise
So be fa'real or beefaroni no plots or ploys
Like tots for toys ayo they gettin it twisted
Run it back from the top n' catch the drop if ya missed it.

Tycoon: Fuck a beat tag freeze you like lag sixteen in the mag blaas body bag dropping

smoke for ya drag cracking like an egg the krakens from the cage magic like a mage with the pen to the page sharp like a fade tight like a braid bust down your door like police with the raid I see you in the class but you don't make the grade buncha interns that never get paid you can't produce shit like a cat that's spayed hiding in the shade like a rat that's afraid you don't trust your bros like kane and abe I forever get green like jade I need savings to wise like a raven gotta be brazen work smarter never slaving always gain knowledge so my mind never caves in see me as the sunrise I'm just amazing

Pot-C: We got more of Tycoon's hits to drive ya like Toonces
Right off a cliff - speaking French and smoking nip
Choking grip on these mics spitting rhymes til the night
Turns back into day and keep stacking the hay
On a ten paper caper like Long John would say
Back in the day to right now right away
Right here right quick - puff and pass me that shit
Take a swig not a sip aw fuck it - just guzzle
Jig's up like a puzzle - wack rappers getting muzzled
Plus they're wearing cones to keep from biting all my poems
No clones or homegrown - this is wild out the bushes
Growing out the sidewalk - funkier than my socks
I rock - I roll - up another dagger
C-N-P hit the stage like Richards and Jagger
Tycoon's Ronnie Wood and all the other stones
Are the real emcee's we would pass these microphones

5 **SHARP SHOOTER** 3:11

Beats: William "Tycoon" Russ

Rhymes: Pot-C, Cheese, William "Tycoon" Russ

Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Pot-C: If it's broken shot glass it could a sharp shooter

Ya better pay attention cuz one shard could do yer

Esophagus a lot of shit - problems a plenty

Coughing up blood just ain't cool comprende?

Hommy you been warned - cuz I'm a Warner brother

And after this rhyme - you're gonna hear another

Other than that you better break out the flat

Pass one over here - naw make it two - double tap

To the noggin out joggin - yer mum's still a boglin

Tapes from Tycoon have lassood my walkman

Stoppin and droppin - rollin and watchin

The fire safety house blown up on the spot and

Lockin it loaded with a gang of explosives

Is mainly the reason that shit done exploded

Notice is given then the shots are taken

But forget the Tequila or I'll puke in the theater

Cheese: Yo for the ni zero ni zero I'm only gettin cheesier

With all these cheats n shortcuts just to be easier

Not this canner ace a manner like PJ
Style for ya buddies go back like the rubbeez
Grubby's and Ruxpin's the tapes of what's been
The dust bin ayo it's caught a lotta bodies
Shoddy with the workmanship for capsizin
Self proclaimed rap guys where the soul never ties in
I'm all for risin like Doug E and Kenny
But status quo okujo I can't go for yo
I never had the urge to
I let the funk surge thru
As the beats in the words stew
On the daily strpped down like B Bailey
Off ya scanners straw jammer with the Lonestar
Outta bounds tactic proportions of blown far
Extra P like it should be
And that's a shout out for real

Tycoon: Sharp shooter hero like McGruber I'm a tudor while ya'll need tutors I'm a pitbull
ya'll intruders baby muthfuckas still need soothers ya'll suck compared to me cheese and
puck more game than nintendo go hunt that duck got ya open to the core like the clams I
shuck soft sand and a truck I got you all stuck mcsweeney losing coins yall shit outta luck
in a deep zone I spit like kurupt right now I don't give a fuck send you to the embalmers like
king tut ya'll trip like a klutz I'm smooth like dj cuts so many reasons for the way I strut that's
the just the way I do more drip than dew put together solid like a drill and a screw!

6 B 3:22

Beats & Scratches: William “Tycoon” Russ

Rhymes: Cheese, Pot-C, William “Tycoon” Russ

Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Cheese: Man, another burner of the barns minus squire alarms

No attire or charms just perspirin arms

From workin these direct drives turnin suckas into jet guys

We bringin it back like steve when ya pet dies

That ol R A to the W

Holdin the fort down that pop shit can’t bubble thru

Double brew holdin’ anywhere that we rolled in

Paw grass papas be the only ones we foldin

Golden bat plastic, from the days of boombastic

When the Warriors were dreamin’ on some Dokken beat teamin’

We deanin’ these clowns like port coconuts

Re-enactment videos no show for guts

We live as it happen, beat box to the rappin

A daily operation keep rhymes in the trappin

Flappin from these seals wit deals and a club hit

Recognize the P.U.C.K. crew’s the wrong rhubard to rub wit

Pot-C: B mini B nice - it’s gonna B alright

Tycoon brought the B beat - we add the C-N-P treat

Meal it's a steal of a deal that's for real
B side B hind B right on time
B mine Valentine crushed candy and all that
Money-B freakin' a note gettin raw facts
Fusioned not losing the B brought to you by
Tycoon this Sesame Street we're lootin night
And day B sure! Al ways the cure
To any ales ingested comin with the best shit
You ever sniffed this gift for word legoin'
Just built the spaceballs rocket Winnebago and
Threw it out the window - (the window) the second story window
If you don't know what it's all about - We'll throw you out the window!

Tycoon: When I look to see in the 3rd degree I see family trees with kings like me dub ILL
I.E make ya freeze flow like the breeze through cedar trees grab ya seat belts as I buckle
your knees always hungry never appeased black belt degrees with the greatest of ease with
the chop and a swing I make ya head ring the presence I have makes the ladies sing let me
bounce off ya head with a ping got ya wiping your brow with the heat that I bring no gold in
my mouth I have natural s'ting (teeth in haida)

7 **INSPIRED** 4:28

Beats: William "Tycoon" Russ

Rhymes: Cheese, William "Tycoon" Russ, Pot-C

Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Cheese: Yo, straw draws by straw folk runnin rampant on the reg
Gots no urge to shake a leg we got the beats by the bag
Tycoon to set the mood like Quincy be the Dude
How we building - on your court like Dan Fielding
Wielding these note books to tote hooks trade offs n burners
With goals to document no big tent or head turners
Learners every pace yo the case is never ending
How it's been done and will stay yo never weather pending
So fellas keep ya brellas flow propellas keep spinning
Word to Sammy, we knot it tighter than a granny
Man-E-Faces, Trap Jaws who be sawin' their nap logs
Ya pedigree better be on point with these rap dogs
If ya bits kibble, and ya treats is all jerky
Try playing every part like a flick wit Eddie Murphy
Worthy not even for participant ribbons
Ya couldn't have thought it was you if you was Michael Bivins
The givin's gotta be hundred pa-cent
For the love's gotta be the intent

Tycoon: I wake up cake up instrusty shake up climbing that ladder way ahead of jacob
flow naturally beautiful like woman with no makeup champion sound like holding up the
stan cup ovechkin when I check in world class wrecking rhymes are a weapon ain't no half
stepping laser point precision to teach you all a lesson busting non-committal rappers that
are all brittle playing ya'll hard like the strings of a fiddle outsmart biters that wanna take a
nibble sculpting these rhymes with a rock and a chisel anticipated flavour like a steak when

it sizzles wipe you out the view like the rain when it drizzles watch you go out like a flame
when it fizzles

Pot-C: Another Tycoon production that we're penning the instructions
for parents to participate in the construction
Of a cardboard sub you can sink in your tub
The Neptune two thousand delivered to your house and
Lives will be got as the papers get dropped
On your front porch while the neighborhood's scorched
Of course the culprits me and the Cheezuz
Crimestoppers called in we're puzzles pieces
Faces upon em but check the reversal
The crimes and the places are the blank spaces
There on the poster wanted the most but
Can't prove it past the fact that a ghost's there
Masked or without em reasonably doubtin
The cops and the robbersons are all left poutin
The mountain of evidence has lost all it's relevance
We're ridin into sunsets on rented white elephants

8 MY GOD 3:16

Beats: William "Tycoon" Russ

Rhymes: Pot-C, William "Tycoon" Russ, Cheese

Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Pot-C: Got some serious business of the future variety

Robots and lasers - of course escalators

To make it upstairs where the action is

Adding and subtracting to pack some chips

Micro mini - super small - can't see em

Leave today's processors back at the museum

They lack the power being - packed in these punches

Welcome to the terabytes - ten hour lunches

Can't complete the render - returning em to sender

Addressed to Robot Arms - where Bender set alarms

Pretending they won't harm is your biggest mistake

I'll tell ya how it turned out next week at your wake

The tweaking it takes and the numbers to crunch

Need peer reviews not your faith and a hunch

You can take but don't touch - gimme that dummy

Still think you're in charge with your lithium runny

Tycoon: It's no Epiphany I know I'm seen differently my spirits need lifting see getting help instantly saved my life consistently anxiety is squishing me depleted like a fishery haters in peripheries look at me suspiciously hate is what they wish for me slipping at the fifth degree problems are a litany of my mind and it's trickery one step away from victory losing is my history self hate crippled me blaming parents bitterly for what they did to me I was just a kid ya see at the bottom of the canopy lost in my vanity causing calamity losing my sanity professing through profanity why did ya damage me? Living through fantasy seeking out amnesty for mental clarity health is a rarity stopped asking for charity my life is not a parody

Cheese: Yo word to the pad another tad of full mash
Spreadable to the boom bap to stick it like turtles
The Murtle's alias in the abyss of 4 tapes and more takes than Yo-Hann
In the fields of McNeil on the real by any means
These fiends toting notebooks
Beatboxing of the bloc guaranteed to get your goat took
Off the cuff roughness can't get enoughness
Ain't a damn thing changed in 21, I bust this
Trust shit's got no plans for brake hitting up a verbal garment
Suckaz mumbling gosh darn it
We set the track it's like the wack can't disarm it
From Barnet to Main on bikes with no train, tubes or tires
Just rims and wires the plan comes together
Konkanai to the weather - whatever the case 15 pack or flat
A rest assured clear or blurred - yo tha crew stays at it - come on

9 RAW 3:06

Beats & Scratches: William "Tycoon" Russ

Rhymes: Cheese, Pot-C, William "Tycoon" Russ

Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Cheese: Yo have beats and will flow yo and even without
Just like tha Biz homeboy make the music with your mouth
On the spot where I'm standing in the place where I am

Suckaz need to get a life - word to R.E.M.
Cuz it's a daily operation jotting thoughts to the memo
We 30 fuckin deep trying to shop this demo
Best of luck in that endeavor still we fin to flow forever
As the funk pull the lever ties never sever
Weather never been permittin when emittin these entries
Centuries later if the planet's still revolv
Hip-hop underground keep the culture evolvin
Solv
in the jones to put the bump in headphones
Which thrives in archives by those who shared poems
Jedi for the jidai the rebel force steez is
In to rinse empires spreading ignorance diseases
The squeezes constriction attempts for evicting
The soul from the self for fake wealth and contradiction
Depictions made of what's hip-hop poi

Pot-C: I bring the raw ingredients and rhyme em in a saucepan
And I'm not like - I am a boss and I got plans
For my own business so mind yours and witness
The way that I flip lids like Santa Claus at Christmas
Coming out the fire pit and eating your expired shit
Crumbling your cookies and pulling all your rookies
Cards from their cases crime scene tape - your place i
A big fucking mess so tell me why you left
Your roof wide open for me to blow smoke in

That Sears catalog for X must be hopin
For presents you peasants the pheasants are picked off
Like an 8 bit duck hunt - I make quick bucks stunt
Driver in your area - grand theft whatever is
Not bolted down but I'll find a work around
For that situation pounding back a case in
Zero to 60 then I'm on to your whiskey

Tycoon: No matter the chatter I'm the next batter to please kyrie I smack the earth flatter
my mind's going crazy as the mad hatter never give a shit like a honey badger land with
impact watch you all scatter bigger and badder heavy as saturn life ain't complex it's
nothing but patterns then yo ashes on a shelf sitting in a sad urn lyrics hot and raw like a
fresh sunburn things in my past I had to unlearn used to brainless like a dumb worm for
good things in life I showed now concern now I'm better than ever over long tern It's not the
money I earn or my muscles that are firm It's the knowledge I gain as the world turns only
grounded by gravity vicious with my savagery

10 **SLEEPLESS** 3:48

Beats: William "Tycoon" Russ

Rhymes: Cheese, William "Tycoon" Russ, Pot-C

Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Cheese: Who dat da lurker like John gone bezerker
With the Levy bout to snap its more cheese on rap

How to phrase it while dodgin bats in the bellfry
A swell guy sans the smiley the Bob James to wiley
Unrecommended in the highly
Since the days of 6th and 6th with brothers Riely
I've had these ponders running laps
The haps of a collapse exhaustin flows from the taps
Via traps of exisiting gettin wrung from the twistin
Listin the directory keepin what ya get to see
The yet to be and so called banal reality
Attacked with the racket just to back it with a Mallory
Alex n the others nom de plume for T Yothers
All the covers n the layers ubiquitous as Mr Ayers
Tama negi analogies bouquet of mental allergies
Fallacies and says who from Merlin to Simon

Tycoon: Diabolical in every last follicle pure fire in every last molecule from every last cell
I come to give em hell time is up like when you hear a bell make it crystal clear like the
bottom of a well like the raptors this year make you take an L create hurricane storms from
a little swell lyrical pictures is the story I tell stood back up every time I fell I pray good for
the haters who never wish me well process like a macbook pro upgraded from a dell well,
well reach level legend only time will tell I've done more than I've hoped you can take that
as a quote you're a wash like soap pack more flavour than a fish filled tote Rakim in the
building I ain't no joke

Pot-C: No sleeping when we're speaking on the mic this evening

Tycoon on the beat so you know that leaving
Is just not an option - the doors are all locked from
The outside without my - keynote there'll be no
Address to escape to - witch mountain breakthrough
Flying Winnebago - Tia, Tony make you
Levitate - forget the fake - rappers marblemouthin it
This triple threat should get respect the way we're turnin out the shit
Clout and its advantages - never pay for damages
I know you saw the rider - where the fuck are all my sandwiches
Ham and swiss - B.L.T's - peanut butter jelly
I'll make you lose touch with the screen on your celly
Welly's the next step - don't tell me the set's wet
Place your regret bet - ending up at the pet vet
In the Frightenstein castle with a buncha bitin assholes
The title might be sleepless but you can keep Seattle

11 NIGHT 3:39

Beats: William "Tycoon" Russ

Rhymes: Cheese, Pot-C, William "Tycoon" Russ

Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Cheese: Beyond boil with the kettle while the pedal's to the metal
And the faces on the front got strings to Geppetto
Word to stiletto, but yo the blade's mad seen

With red gushin on the daily on the strip with Beatle Bailly
Yet the double think has got links to picture pages
The forest for the tree in the qwest to get ya wages
Combined with the rages big tops n main stages
Monetary cemetary done stung wit soul cages
Ages priorities authority sororities
Ephemeral points and the pressure for scoring these
Pourin these minutes n hours n days
A joyful noise now the phrase that pays
The ways and means and what's justifiable
Like we're off the ground n gotta keep it fly-able
Viabiles is kiddin while we're ridden every source
Thrown to the wind to pass a 12 year course
A horse of course like Ed n his shananagans
Beyond self control y'all just ask Branagan
Mannequins couldn't pose this much
And it'll be our own paws that close this hutch
We know this clutch got no reverse
Yo the show's on now this is not a rehearse

Pot-C: Revenge of the cones whereabouts unknown
Tonight's the night they may be at my home
In my parking lot I got seven weighted down
5 kilos each gonna keep em on the ground
Come wind, sleet or snow - I know they'll never go

Always gonna see em lined up in a row
Telling everybody no - get away from here
Yellin get off my land while I slam this beer
I plan this year to put up some fences
Critters on the loose and I need defences
Keep em in keep in out - all of the above
Ya ain't worth a fist I'll smack ya with a glove
Baseball mitt fulla bricks no shittin'
You'll see stars and birds and kittens
Flying over rainbows with jet packs
So you really might - just wanna step back
Get that through your noggin - I'm here boss hoggin
Up all yer pylons - sayonara bygones
My lawn's littered wit em - think you can come and git em
Not thinkin so - y'know that I'm gonna hit em
Forward and down then turn it around
Shoryuken gonna be the last sound
That you ever hear - and a splash of my beer
In your face cuz my place is where you shouldn't be near

Tycoon: Travel labyrinths of prevalent malevolence trump the president duality harvey
dent don't construe what I meant heaven sent benevolent open heart evident rose through
pavement resist enslavement cavemen hell raising brazen shaman hurts to say amen
there'll be a day when the rape of earth ends all depends on good men to be crystals and
gems stand and defend let our knowledge blend my sword is a pen a bear in a den as people

we blend we are no different through types of colour I have all types of friends It's evil I
contend in the hearts of men my roots go deep don't crop my stems cuts run deep but the
scars are hemmed had to upend old family trends continued cycles is how life tends to go in
a loop and back again and then and then and then...

12 YOU WHAT? 3:41

Beats: William "Tycoon" Russ

Rhymes: Cheese, Pot-C

Scratches: DJ Hotwings

Hook: Aluminum

Ya bottle drive dreams we doomin em
On the trail with the can eyes all zoomin in
When carts after dark start loomin in
Another jackpot up in smoke

Cheese: Out for a stroll, I suppose that's the term

My presence in ya alley should be no concern
It's them tullies that protrude thru the plastic
Of that 70 liter bag to make my day fantastic
Or that 2 meter high stack of Labbat cans
On their way to becoming a couple of fat grams
The trail and yo sho nuff we on it
Make our way with the stash and leave a bee in ya bonnet

It's there if ya want it and we seize the day
From north to south side man we leads the way
And no freeze from the ray when these heroes hawk
To stop the bottle drive bum rush on ya block
Wit Kenny K and the Qwest ayo we Canada's best
And till its breakfast at Amigos a canner don't rest
Just ask the Gilnetter who pockets the cheddar
On a fuckin air bag man no one does it better
Super Value can't stand it Safe Way's left stranded
The Tri City news wants clues on a bandit
We canned it, and there ain't no camera
Far east to Haney and west to Britannia
With bases on lock for sorts n stashes
From one time hits to scores n rashes
The can eyes scopin no prayin or hopin
2nd and 3rd floors still catchin a ropin
Open garages oasis mirages
Get carried away by our entourages
The cause is ghost dad by the time
Ya see ya jackpot's nuthin but a chalk outline

Aluminum

Ya bottle drive dreams we doomin em
On the trail with the can eyes all zoomin in
When carts after dark start loomin in

Another jackpot up in smoke

Pot-C: Now out here in the J everything's fool's gold
Jackpots for days and the pays untold
Cuz you pay no deposit - you get no deposit
Finish that brew and you might as well toss it
Out your fuckin window and let the fuckin wind blow
That dime it's a crime that no one's gonna pay so
Landfill your cans will rest uncashed in
Why waste my time separating what has been
Swilled the night previous if I'm not receiving this
Reward for the effort to buy more so I'm leaving this
Trail of tins outside the bins
Wherever it's emptied - is where I cement these
Soldiers that passed cuz I can't be asked
To treasure whatever doesn't turn up cash
The math don't compute so I don't give a hoot
So I'm crushin this can with the heel of my boot

Aluminum

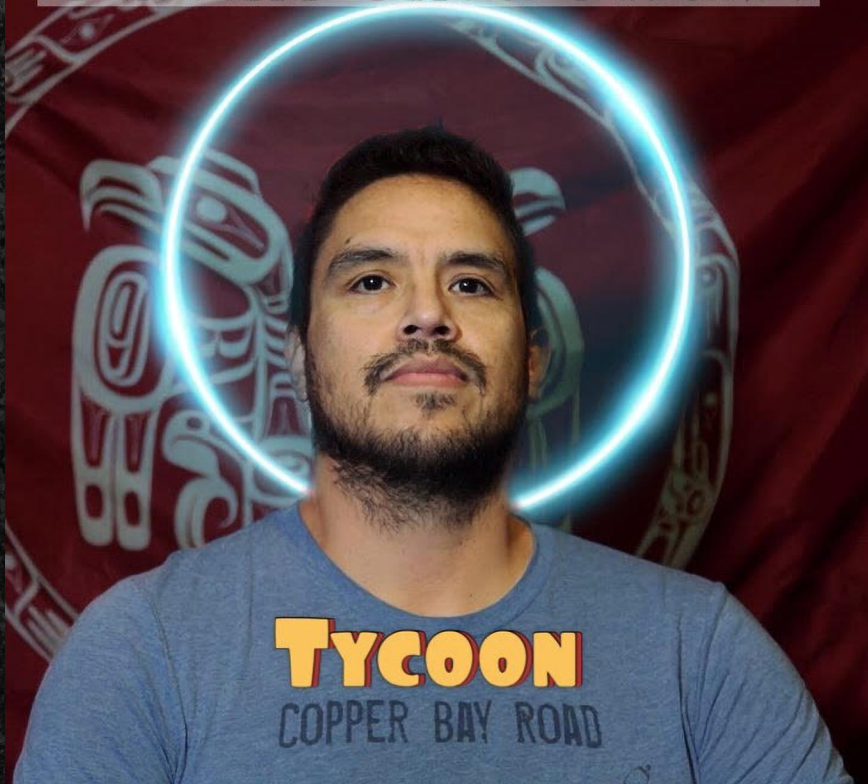
I got so many don't know what to do with em
Like he said no deposit when ya through with em
Tha goes for bottles cases and the tullie bin
If not for cardboard I'd go broke

TYCOON SHOUTOUTS

First and foremost I want to shout out the almighty Creator, and also Cheese and Pot C! for pushing to get more involved with the project. It really got me into a great creative space that I have been missing out on for years and I look forward to doing it again in the near future. Big Duer, for getting back into the music game and being my co-host for the hip-hop curator while it lasted, Ase Mor for being a big part of why I got back on the mic and started MC-ing again from the music he's shared with me and the music he's recorded at my studio. My mom Brenda for being my hero, My stepdad Ding for teaching me how to love and want to create music at an early age, sister Carla, my niece Shyanne and Nephew Anton for being the best, daughter Noora for being the biggest inspiration for me to become a better person and the love of my life Karen Walhout for just being her.

Thank You
William "Tycoon" Russ

Carving Shed Studios



TYCOON
COPPER BAY ROAD

CHEESE N POT-C SHOUTOUTS

Mega-bloc props to Tycoon for bringing the fire beats and rhymes and letting us do our thing on em! DeeJay Gribu & Jeru and the Fam' on all sides, Lil Nicky & Lil Ricky, Drunky Brooster, The P.U.C.K. cru (Long John, Kenny-K, Tha R, G.M.C., Qwest-Dogg, Pee Wee, Herbal-T, Yuk MC & Stanley and Tha D) Biggathomas, CM aka Creative, Donnie Ozone, OW!!!, Highout, 34PRO, Ocho, Truck T, Bush Pilotz and Krack Corner Beat Dealers, Fair One, Hi-588, Tha SJE crew, YK Beats and Ryuto, VBC, Tha Wikked Warriors, Astonomar, Joe C, Carter Hayes and Fryer Tuck, Tha Joint Cheifs, Sysdom, DJ Frost, Stevie-P, the Kag crew, DJ Boss at Soul Masters Cafe, Megusta, Bar Spin, Ryota-Low and C-Hoe at Colors, TA2MI, Hagechabow, T2 n' Benzo, Kohei Kakimoto, Hi-Low, SJE crew, Highsnow, Bumi and Crazy-B, Scowlitz Posse (Cal, Damien, JR & Rich, Rob, Joey and Rest in Peace Evan and Gerald Thomas), Diane & Gerald Charlie, Joe Champagne, Tha Silent Partner, Timezone LaFontaine, S-Master & James Esco, The Impossebulls, DJ Trx MechaniX, Mr. Moods, L-Mega, Hi-588, Linda & Rhianna Lashin, KFC, T-Pick n.k.a. Dupiter, Phreniq, Tom Crawshaw and all the staff at Camp Crazy, Who Dat Da' Lurker, Headsnack & Primo Sol, Osumi FM, everyone who has ever, is currently, and will ever exist and as always, mega-bloc props to Mike and the blocSonic fam for the support, promotion, graphic design, web hosting, schedule juggling, blogging, never-sleeping, multiple email reading of stuff that could have been in one email, eagle eyes on the interwebs, and a lot of other things probably forgotten to be mentioned but we added this part to make it look like we didn't just cut and paste the shout outs from Muldoonsday Device, which we mostly did.





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<https://blocsonic.com/artist/hydra-gwaii>

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<https://youtube.com/user/Carvingshedstudios/videos>

<https://open.spotify.com/artist/1tg80HTbUe1QKTDM3VE7gC>

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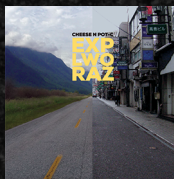


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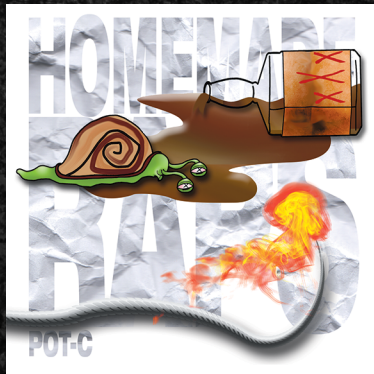
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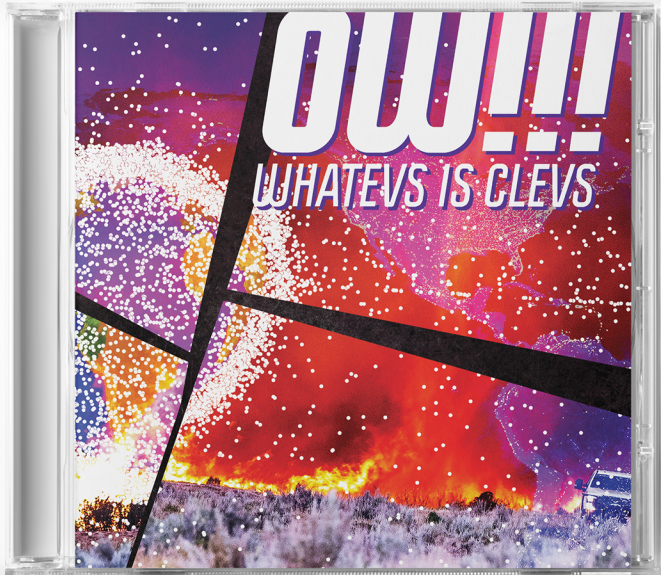


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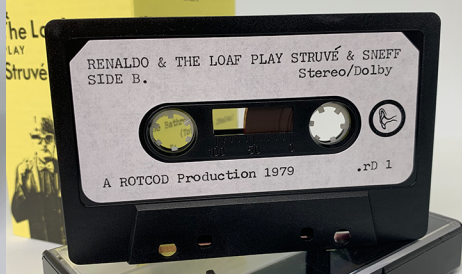
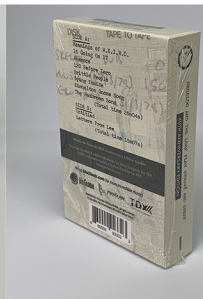
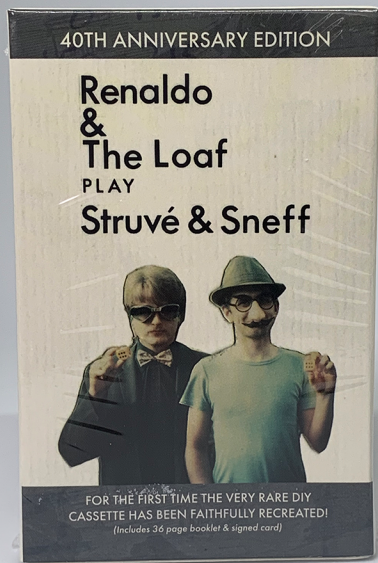


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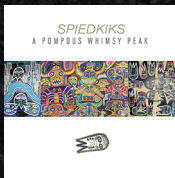
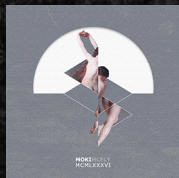
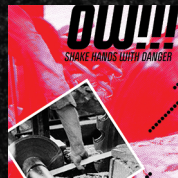
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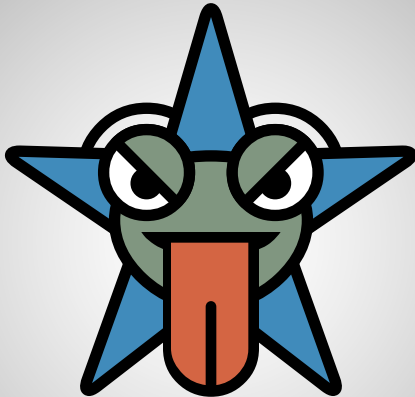
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Yo Hydra Gwaii... y'all didn't let us down... you seriously brought the fire... ALL THE ELEMENTS! Tycoon... that fire was built on your DOPE beats... welcome to the blocSonic fam!

- Mike Gregoire, blocSonic

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