

# Action Speaks Louder Than Words

Geto Boys

[phone rings]  
[operator]  
Too Black Records  
[James A. Smith]  
Yeah, this is Jay  
[operator]  
Hold on, Jay  
[Too Black Records representative]  
Hey Jay, long time no hear, man, what's up?  
[James A. Smith]  
Say man  
People been kicking around a lot of hoe shit in my ears  
[Too Black Records representative]  
Is that right?  
[James A. Smith]  
Yeah, it upsets me to hear a World Class Wreckin' Crew-  
?Homosexual? disrespect some real soldiers  
[Too Black Records representative]  
What time it is then, right?  
[James A. Smith]  
It's time to mix 5th Ward, South Park and 69th Curbs  
And really let a muthafucka know

(Action speaks louder)  
(Action speaks louder than words)  
(Action speaks louder)

[VERSE 1: Scarface]  
Roll em up and I smoke em  
Tried to break, so I broke em  
Busted his ass in the head, that's when I grabbed him and choked him  
I'm on revenge, a psychopath, the master of wreckin shit  
Comes back with a body blow, hittin hard as a fuckin brick  
Don't fuck with the mastermind, I'ma tell you like that  
Cause I'm the type of nigga that'll still you with a bumper jack  
Better yet grab a bat, apart from the pack  
Then commence to beat on your head to the muthafuckin fact  
I'm ragin like Manson, I'm a muthafuckin thriller  
Friday 13th's my birthday, so I was a born killer  
Brought up as a trouble kid, devious shit's what I shoulda did  
Mom had an abortion with me, but a nigga lived  
I don't fear losin life, cause life just lost me  
Shadow of death keeps followin me and I can't get him off me  
2 years of my life were spent in a mental health  
I'm a treath to society, then again to my fuckin self  
I'm losin my fuckin mind, my veins begin swellin  
'Kill that muthafucka!' I hear voices in my head yellin  
Me get caught in a cross, that's absurd  
Your head is a tennis ball and I'm about to serve

(Action speaks louder)  
(Action speaks louder than words)  
(Action speaks louder)

[VERSE 2: Ganksta NIP]  
Bodybags in the bushes, see, I tried to tell em  
I just hope pretty soon that somebody smell em

My lyrics get deeper and deeper  
Mack 10, 12-gauge, Tec-9 plus a Street Sweeper  
Nigga, Ganksta NIP's in the house  
Time I see a mouse automatic spaghetti sauce  
Been poor all my life, so I reach for the sky  
I regret I was born, I can't wait till I die  
And leave blood on the curtain  
Fatal thoughts of death, suicide is certain  
I kill for a quarter, lyrics deep as the water  
Peace to Rodney King, I got they ass in slaughter  
Insane is what I am  
I'm like Silence of the muthafuckin Lambs  
Ganksta NIP ain't no bragger-boaster  
Migraine headaches made me sleep in a toaster  
Step in my face, I'll commence the hittin  
( \*3 shots\* ) 9 milli ain't bullshittin  
Down with Seag from the 69th Curbs  
Tell em, Triple 6 (action speaks louder than words)

(Action speaks louder)

(Action speaks louder than words)

(Action speaks louder)

[VERSE 3: Willie D]

Well, first of all..  
I shock em and clock em and pop em and drop em, flop em, then I mop em  
In they muthafuckin tracks is where I stop em  
Unless you down with a bloody nose  
Save the cussin and fussin and pointin fingers for them hoes  
Talk is cheap, I catch your ass on the sneak  
And hit you everywhere but under your feet  
Think it's a game when it ain't  
I'm lettin you talk, but bitch, I'll knock yo lips off  
And get ready for your kinfolk  
Your little sister be the first one to get smoked  
Then I grab your grandma by her weave hair  
And whip her old ass with that wooden leg she wear  
I'm from the bloody 5th and that's it, trick bitch  
You don't know who you're fuckin with  
I break this 10 1/2 so deep in your ass  
That you'll be lookin like a faggot on the rag  
I'm goin for bam like Scarface and NIP  
What they leave of your ass Willie D gonna rip  
All of that muthafuckin talkin is for the birds  
I do this [shots] cause action speaks louder than words

(Action speaks louder)

(Action speaks louder than words)

(Action speaks louder)

[VERSE 4: Seagram]

Time to be accounted for the all-words spunk  
Counterfeit gangstas, pranksters and chumps  
Talkin real loud in front of a crowd, dare ya  
I show your punk ass, nigga, better than I can tell ya  
Signin checks that your punk ass can't cash  
Got your album cover full of punks wearin ski masks  
Who ain't never felt froggish, you won't leap  
Barkin like a bear and bitin like a flea  
Busters, straight suckers, muthafuckas  
Donald Goines-readin-ass wanna-be hustlers  
It's Seag from Oakland, the one who lays order  
Quit lyin to kick it and make a run for the border

Willie D, Bushwick, Scarface and Ganksta NIP  
Gave me the tip on the niggas yappin lip  
Too Black hooked me, Lil' Jay booked me  
Shakin em, breakin em, makin and takin em fakin fuckin rookies  
And all that loud shit, nigga, don't start  
They'll find your ass chopped and stuffed in a shopping cart  
Fools awake and give praise to the dark lord  
Bring on the chalice, voodoo dolls and the oujia boards  
Straight from the alleys of Cali, 69th Curbs  
Is actions spizzeaks lizzouder thizzan wizzords

(Action speaks louder)

(Action speaks louder than words)

(Action speaks louder)