

## Seek & Destroy

Geto Boys

Yo let's find the competition  
So I can destroy  
The wack mc's who claim they're  
Headed for stardom

They think I can't subtract  
The car 'dallac will come back,  
Wax and tax da part

Bought back the track that was lost  
I kept, these suckers are gone

D.j. Action is back  
And  
D.j. Action is hard

Put rhymes together are clever  
Tougher than leather however  
Mc's of tropical feathers  
Don't claim to battle- I'm better

Mcs died by the dozen  
Said they was dope but they wasn't

Now I'm tellin you cousin  
Get off my jock, cause you buggin

Got a rhyme let's get tour  
Gave you a chance but you blew it  
You fell a geek an I knew it  
Action is back so don't do it.

See, I perfected perfection  
Give me some time, jus a second  
So I can rhyme my selection  
My rhymes will burning...

You see I've seen and I saw  
A lot of fiends on the draw  
Tryin' to get with the king  
Cool out the king's on the floor

It's time to cool and I chill  
It's time to school and I kill  
If you're down for the fill  
Jus let me know and I will

Come around for the brawl  
Some m.c.'s bank but...  
They crumple up like toy  
Because my mission is to seek and destroy

Here it comes  
The voice of the invincible  
You're gettin dumb  
Come now, let's be sensible

You couldn't hang with the master mind  
Of records... shit

So get a grip and come equioped  
Cause I'm gonna show the real meaning of a massacre  
A mad man, disaster  
Cause I is da great one.

I'll never 'fess unless the best  
Puts the great to test  
An I'm gonna jus watch 'em  
Crumple up just like a leave in December

Cut em tough  
And yell 'timber! '  
And afta the pathc is clear  
I stand  
The immortal survivor Action

I can't be stopped cause  
I'm gonna rock until you drop  
So full of action  
That you'll get dizzy then you'll pop

I'm the mastermind and not a toy  
And my mission  
Is to seek and destroy

I come equipped  
Ready for a? wide? war

Mc's get flipped  
One at at time over  
And over, flogged and fleeced  
The punks get beat  
They can't compete  
Do't try to make me slip  
I'm gonna speak

I'll break and take the fake  
Who claimed to make the place  
To dominate 'cha mate  
From state to state

Away from the states  
You makin and then begin to ache  
The head  
More like an earthquake

Lyrics begin to penetrate,  
To spin, the wind that breaks  
The skin  
You evaporate!

That's when I'm gonna have to make  
A jam to hold my own  
Because I control the zone  
A rap

Step off, I'm on the microphone  
If you test the best  
Go check arrests and ask the press  
How many hands were put to rest

And Act' will just go get my w?  
And hit the ses'  
And still be posin a threat.

Cause I'm the mastermind and not a toy  
And my mision is to  
Seek and destroy.

Let me continue or should I say finish this?  
This is a dope jam.  
Though Some are wishin' this  
Will be the last that ya heard of the Act'  
But I'll be back  
To attack on another track

But until then you all follow the dream  
Peace!  
Now let me hear ya scream.

Eh Yo Red, cut that up real funky for me  
Ya know what I'm sayin?  
Cause this is the Geto Boys dope jam  
Of '89 rockin' it all the way into the '90s  
And to the entire rap-a-lot family

D, Act, and the Geto boys say