

Who Needs Actions When You Got Words

Plan B

When trouble comes knockin' I'll be ready alright
Put my fists up, ready to fight
But I ain't gotta put my fists up every time
Who needs actions when you got, you got words?

And I ain't gotta pull the heat like here we go
I ain't gotta lose my head like years ago
Who needs actions?

Who needs actions when you got words
That ain't afraid to get physical
It's just that I hit harder when I spit on the verse
'Coz I'm a sick spitter, spit so sick that it hurts
So sick of spittin' I can even spit in reverse

Still you can step up to my face if that's the way that you feel
Throw a punch, I'll throw one back an show you one for real
Lost a lot of so-called mates since I signed this record deal

One more wanker bringin' hate won't matter now I'm payin' bills
No stayin' still waitin' for a giro
Feelin' so frustrated I could stab someone in the eye with a biro
Havin' to drive slow every time I see the 5 0
'Coz there's a nine bar of skunk in my trunk an it's lipo

Used to shot the high grade pen
So I'm used to cats that beg for scraps
And cat crack that don't make sense
Kai was true due even when you go to great lengths
I see through you like glass and fake friends

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Sticks and stones break bones but what I say'll hurt you worse
Leavin' you feelin' dead an' buried like you're six feet under earth
And if actions speaker louder than words
How come I hear you hatin' but I never see you burst

You just vex 'coz you just wish you were Aiah
You can't mix with any people for your set like I can
Pick up a mic hand, set the crowd alight man
Shine so fuckin' brightly they think it's day when it's night man

That's right, man, you can't deny I've got talent
It's jealousy, you only hatin' 'coz you haven't
The more I blow, the more you hate me wiv a passion
Now they press on my dick an people follow me like fashion

Well, I don't believe the hype, well that's all it is an nuttin' else
But I don't need the hype the words are right to sell themselves
'Coz the words are written from the heart that's why they're felt

And you'll be eatin' yours, an mine are flyin' off the shelf

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I'd rather merk mans lyrically, spray them wiv spit from my tongue
Than goin' on a killin' spree and livin' life on the run
Even if sometimes I do feel like gettin' a gun
And runnin' up on everyone who hated me from day one

But what's the point in that? It's ironic where the point be at
Haters from the heart, still the head is where I point the gat
Imagine how your face looks as I cock it back
Pull the trigger, imagine how your face looks after that

But it ain't worth it, bro, hey yo, I ain't thick
Even though I hear it teens say it too much, it makes me sick
Come across so many fools don't make me wanna switch
I won't ruin my career just because you said some shit

I'll dead you quick, on the mics if you keep on beefin'
Think you're gettin' to me, na blood you ain't even
I'm a leave it so I maintain a cool balance
And you mean nuttin' to me that's poor balance

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