

Climax Blues Band

"Talkin' Loud Ain't Saying Nothin'"

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[Bushwick Bill]

Say D and Ak, those muthafuckas are down there at the mall protestin against us, man

[Willie D]

What?!

[Scarface]

Man, you bullshittin, man

[Bushwick Bill]

Yo, this's on the deuce, fuck the one

I bullshit you not, my nigga

I walked in there, seen muthafuckin picket signs and shit

Sayin 'ban the Geto Boys', we're a bad influence on their kids

How the fuck they gon' do that?

I'm about two shakes of a rattlesnake tail off they ass

[Willie D]

It's time to get dead on they ass...

[VERSE 1: Bushwick Bill]

You goddamn parents are trippin

Gimme some of that shit you been sniffin

You don't want your kids to hear songs of this nature

But you take em to the movies to watch

Schwarzenegger

Fuck that 'land of opportunity' shit

I don't need permission to sell a damn hit

I say what I want, when I want, how I want

Try to stop me, get your fuckin ass stomped

Call me a bad guy, but in reality

Most you muthafuckas curse worse than me

You rabble-ass, I show it, you goddamn hypocrite

I ain't hidin shit, so suck my dick

You mama can't relate, cause her mind is weak

Fuck that shit she preach every week

You contradict yourself in ever phrase

Do you know a stupid-ass parent that's always

(Talkin loud, sayin nothin) --> James Brown
(Yeah)

(Hey Silly Willy, let me talk, let me say somethin
Let me say somethin, let me talk)

Yeah man, we pumpin it up on the Southside
I'm fixin to get me a Benz next month
I got the money for it right now
But I'm waitin on Rico to bring me this ki, knowmsayin?

[VERSE 2: Willie D]

Nigga, do I look like a goddamn sucker?
You say you're clockin, you'se a lyin muthafucka
Kickin that shit about you're waitin to scope
But evertime I see your ass you're waitin on Metro
I can't stand a lyin-ass nigga
Try to be hard, but you're sweeter than sugar
Told the boys you shot a cop to death
But muthafucka, you was locked down for auto theft
Say you ran shit, what you had to drink?
Nigga, you was on a goddamn punk tank
Washin out another nigga's drawers
And gettin fucked up your doo-doo walls
So don't give me that bullshit story
Pussy muthafucka, I heard they took your commissary
What the fuck are you, a man or a mouse?
(Man) Well, why the fuck you clean another nigga's
house?
Hoe-ass nigga, yeah the word got back
I wouldn'ta busted your ass, but you tried to high-cap
You're like Pinocchio, can't get a lie straight
Say you're scorin ki's when you're fuckin with 8ths
Boy you're

(Talkin loud, sayin nothin)
(Yeah)

What the fuck you doin talkin to that nigga?
(Ah boy, I - I went to school with him
That's my friend!)

[VERSE 3: Willie D]

Hoe, shut up, you're pissiin me off
I'm bout to bust you in your goddamn mouth
Have you forgotten my description?
I'm a Geto Boy (We can't stand contradiction)
Hoe, you got a head like a goddamn rock
Is your muthafuckin brain washed?
Just the other day I had a heartfelt blow
And I had to beep ya just to find ya, hoe
Another thing I dislike is your funky-ass friends
Bitch, who you're fuckin, me or them?
You're with the hoes all afternoon

And when it's time for me, all your time is consumed
But fuck that shit, take off my ring and my flack
And you owe me 250 for the goddamn contacts
You say you love me, but you keep fuckin up
Dumb bitch, you ain't doin nuthin but

(Talkin loud, sayin nothin)
(Yeah)

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