

Cocteau Twins

"Action Speaks Louder than Words"

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(*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-guage, 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

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