

Michael Peterson F/ Bekka Bramlett**"Don't Let Your Mouth Write a Check That Your Ass Can't Cash"**

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[Daddy-O]

Ah yeah

Smooth dedications goin out to

My man the E Double and the PMD

Special dedications to DJ Scratch

And the Albany Projects in Brooklyn, you know what I'm sayin?

We gonna break it down a little somethin like this here

1, 2, and don't forget the Daddy

O is for the only, chief is for relief

People like to talk about the Hip-Hop Band

Not that they get away with it, but they think they can

Cuttin their eyes, and frownin at Wise

And sayin Paul can't cut - kiss my butt

Don't know Bobby, smirkin at D.B.

Boy, stop jockin S-t-e-t

Do what you feel, and if you feel real froggish

Leap on this, so I can bust your lip

Because Allah made man, but man made speech

And speech is only talk, and talk is cheap

[Delite]

Well, like a boxer, we got the groove that sticks and moves

Boom! another k.o., and now a major news

No short cuts when it came down to this

Some have wrote us off cause we continued to persist

Without fail, our actions prevail

Success breeds, and the legend unveils

While many pop duty, the Band stood cooly

Till our chance came, and we smashed them rudely

Proved that the soft talk was all pink water

Baked and fried em and threw em all a quarter

Cause when you talk that talk, and your talk is kinda cheap

You reap what you sow, and you sow what you reap

(Action speaks louder than words) (2x)

[Daddy-O]

Aiyo, the situation seems very peculiar
Like the Jungle Brothers said: I'm gonna do ya
But I'm not gonna do ya like a guy does a girl
When I do you, I'm gonna crash your world
Lights out, with the click of a switch you're cut off
You can't handle, so you break north
Then I said it before, and I'ma say it again
I'm the Daddy, O is for the wars I win, friend

[Delite]

Speaking of a war, yo, I get excited
The taste of victory, man, keeps me ignited
And like a bolt of light that shoots across the darkness
I'm flippin MC's out by my pin-point sharpness
Punishment is due them, I whip em very thorough
I'm servin up the hype like there ain't no tomorrow
The a-c-t-i-o-n means get the job done
MC Delite, now grab hold to my wisdom

(Action speaks louder than words) (4x)

[Daddy-O]

Sittin in the park out in East New York
Soak in the sun, watchin the girlies walk
By, some say "Hi", and some say "Hello"
And some say, "How you're doin, Daddy-O?"
I say, "Alright, but the beef I got
Is how the faggot MC's try to cop my spot"
Cause it's cool to occupy your own
But if you come for mine, I'm gonna crash your dome
See, I don't really always wanna be the aggressor
But my respect for MC's continues gettin lesser
And just like my mother used to say in the past
Don't let your mouth write a check that your ass can't
cash

[Delite]

So just imagine all the flack that you'll be catchin
When you're pop that weak, boy, yo, I be bashin
Rip all your bull, to show that we're winnin
By blood, sweat, no tears, we're provin, not pretendin
We daze and amaze till foes are left confused
Like some men treat their women, they get whipped
and abused
Cause Stet is rolling strong, so what the hell goes on
Try to gank this, your ass is gettin bombed
Cause action overspeaks above any plight
Peace, sincerely yours from MC Delite

(Action speaks louder than words) (4x)

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