

# Talk Is Cheap

Heavy D

Dis man, don't trouble no one  
But if you trouble dis man, he will bring a bam bam  
What a bam bam, kay-a, diss and what a bam bam  
Bam bam belong bam bam, bam bam belong bam bam

Big up the boom, big up the bang, some suckers can't hang  
with all that ying yang, yang yang yang yang  
It seems you talk mighty tough on your jams when you rap  
Go in the hood, and you'll probably get SLAPPED  
I know your type, you're a weasel, a weeble, a wobble  
A weeble wobble, push you over, watch you topple  
I never grew in the ghetto, but I slung in the ghetto  
And I seen plenty of bums get done in the ghetto  
So money knock it off with the tough guy imagery  
You think I ain't tough, cause I don't talk tough?  
Then scrimmage me - I think you got me wrongly pegged  
I don't smoke blunts, I smoke stunts, so shake a leg  
and make room for the big belly captain  
Slappin up saps and respect when I'm rappin  
Just because you see me in a suit, lookin cute  
on an R&B jam makin loots with my troops  
you wanna test ME?  
The bum diddly diddly diddly diddly D, uh!  
I think you got it all wrong, we're too strong  
My crew last long, we drop bombs 'til the early morn  
So knock it off, with the yikkity yak, the yakkity yak  
and jump off the dilzznick

(Talk is cheap!) Watch your mouth when you speak  
(Talk is cheap!) What, you dirty little creep?  
(Talk is cheap!) Watch your mouth when you speak  
(Talk is cheap!) Eh-heh, eh-heh, eh-heh

My name ain't Getty, it's Heavy, so don't gas me  
You punks too slow, so you know you can't pass me  
I wreck shop, I get props when I rock B  
Some mad cop but they still stop and jock me  
Yo I'm the Over-what? Punk, come and trouble what?  
Punk, tell my momma what? Punk, eh-heh, eh-heh!  
I get up and gallop and go, like a stall-ion  
So nobody diss de cham-pion, WAHH!!  
I know honeydips, with Coach bag money clips  
And if money flips, I'll take his girl on a sunny trip  
So okey dokey I like Smokey but I'll rob his son  
for fun, if I had a gun, a gun  
But I'm not a pistol packer, I'm a punani whacker  
Ask Tammy, I'm a fanny smacker  
Never fit the flunky, never juiced a junkie  
Used to drink liquor but I hated Brass Monkey  
Came on the scene when I was only a teen  
Peace to T-Roy, a major part of the team  
Everything is Mop & Glo, sugar and sweet  
So respect the beat (WHY?!) cause talk is cheap

Bam bam belong bam bam Diss and what a bam bam

I got the wig, can you dig? I'm a tough nig

Sweeter than a fig big, peace to brothers doin bids  
So you wanna play a game of catch up? You better back up  
You can't mess up when you sleep they'll come and test ya tough  
(Conjunction junction, what's your function?)  
Hookin up mics and makin 'em work right...  
Peace to all the new jacks who keep raps in formats  
And all macks, and in fact, never forget the old cats  
To them I show 'nuff various 'spect  
Notice the dialect, when I foot step, I catch wreck  
You're a shinin star, no matter who you are  
Made a fancy record, now I drive a fancy car  
When I was in school I thought it was cool, I had a cigarette  
Then I found that cigarettes was only good for smelly breath  
You're blind, so never you worry about me  
I'm the H-to-the-E, A-to-the-V, Y-to-the-D  
The mack daddy, one hundred percent beef patty  
Drive around with Peppermint Patty in a pink caddy  
Everything is Mop & Glo, sugar and sweet  
So respect the beat (WHY?!) cause talk is cheap!

[Chorus]