

Mystikal, U Can't Handle This

mystikal talking
You would if you could
But you can't
So you ain't

mystikal

The minute I step in dis bitch
I hear Oh shit Mothafucka, God Damn!
Watch out for dat nigga
You cant handle em
For a period of time
Noone can match those rhymes to mine
Im top of the line
Prickin your ass like a porcupine
I know what to do to knock your stupid ass so bad It aint no challenge!
This aint no mothafuckin fluke, This pure deep talent!
Im Gifted, Explicit mistressed and Explicit
Brand new home, same old nigga
I aint playin with you bitches!
Why you niggaz be rappin
Like your scared and unprepared
Im gonn have ya leave this mothafucka sayin Whatd that mothafucka said?
Gimme the bud, the weed I puff like elvis and the beetles
That gets blazed, then a couple soft MC's on pins and needles
Niggaz that got beef wit me
Better bring a heater
or either bow down to me
Cut off you dick, jesus
Thats the reason Im fuckin wit niggaz
Wasup wit dem niggaz dats talkin shit
You better go fuck wit anotha nigga
You cant handle this!

chorus

Oh shit, Motha Fucka! God Damn! x8

mystikal

Certified rhyme busta
Bitch Nigga, Bitch nigga
Same nigga, If Im not that nigga
but that nigga from punks, still come with the rif raf
went from Gold diggin, ta gold chains
I went from Club Train, Ta Soul Train!
fightin like a wild coyote
Like capone, hot seller
Keep your fuckin deck deader, then a bad woodpecker
I dont like niggaz tryin ta run up on my shit and set
Im the tarantula on the catipillar, Bitch ill kill ya
Catch more attention, then oriental peacocks
Phat rhymes, Hot tracks, A full room of rebocks
Ive got the gift thatll make a Bitch get off me
spent like charles barkley
So bitch Dont start me!
Whos that click?
use to be mobbin in my hood
Beware! Here I go!
get that boy good
Come like, there I was
When were yall idiots in the cut?
i raise the hacksaw, you jump back
Now yall niggaz dont want no trouble, Cant stop us

chorus x8

mystikal
I know ya'll nigga know better than to fuck wit tha man
Dont ya (dont ya)
Nigga dont you know what my style cant be poached
and every nigga around, probably got beef wit somebody
But thats the same nigga between the fighters
I aint got it (i aint got it)
When underground rules, will be tha day
My legs start to shake
another nigga couldnt off throw me on skates!
Im the supplier
The gasoline on your fire, Got em dodge em
Michael Tyler! The drunken fighter
Yall Niggaz cant do what I do!
(man fuck that nigga)
Naw Motherfuck you!
Good lord, the rhymes come through so hardcore
Bitch I got it if you bad enuff to take it
Its yours!
A lyrical ass whoopin
Is what im cookin
Hungry, Spittin all over your room when you wasnt lookin
Aint no canibus, the wrong nigga with ta mess
You get tha flatback like rambo Bitch
YYou cant handle this!

chorus till fade (11 times)