

# Tha Alkaholiks, Handle It

[Intro/Chorus: Tha Alkaoliks]

Mmm, aiiyo gimme that microphone and I'ma handle it  
Don't even worry 'bout it, we about to handle it  
Alkaholiks in this bitch about to handle it  
Pass that weed lil' mama I can handle it  
Back that ass up beetch I can handle it  
Pass my drink lil' nigga I can handle it  
Don't even worry 'bout it, we about to handle it  
It's Likwit crew nigga, we straight from Los Angeles

[Tash]

It's the L, the I, the K, the S's  
We still the West's freshest cause we started from the essence  
Look ma no hands, they gave us microphone stands  
So I can stand with two bottles while I dance with the fans  
Dance with me, press against me, cause I'm reachin out grab it  
Slappin asses cause CaTashtrophe's an Alkie chick magnet  
I'm a beauty pageant judge with a glass full of buds  
It's 1:59 they're tryin to shut down the club  
Last call for alcohol unless you meet us at the after hours  
Pull up to the front, yeah baby girl, the house is ours  
Don't bug, spillin shit on my rug  
I'm a Rollo with a motto, safe sex - soft drugs  
Thugs in my mansion askin why the fuck is candles lit  
I'm about to kick these niggaz out but I can handle it  
The superfly vandal standin with the guns and ammo  
If you scary change the channel (y'all niggaz fuckin up my shit)  
Handle bus-i-ness appropriate, we L.A. street associates  
I'm tryin to have some fun but peep this bullshit I'm copin with  
Niggaz with guns got they, eyes on my funds  
I cain't, walk out my door y'all might, pop me and run  
Don't trip cause my pump made 'em run like Forrest Gump  
Now it's back to the bitches, the bottles and the bumps  
Pumpin up the sounds cause that's how we do  
But we still partyin at 5 and L.A. closed at 2

[Chorus] without last line

&quot;Hell motherfuckin...&quot;

[J-Ro]

Yo the bass is in the place, sho' nuff shrugged your face  
Like R. Kelly gettin sprayed with a can of mace  
Girls get freaky to the fonky beat bumpin  
Which one of y'all down, cause I'm tryin to beat somethin  
We hold down the city, they call us the drunk flowers  
If your girl from L.A., she probably already know us  
So &quot;Braniac dum-dums, bust the scientific&quot;  
We much more than typical, bust flows like a pistol  
The words I spit, are more dangerous than a bullet  
Make the wrong move, I'm on your neck like a mullet  
Big dog style, we Rottweiler pitbull it  
Smoke a bleezy with a breezy if she ain't scared to pull it  
Y'all women used to want us to just love and hold ya  
Now you C-walkin talkin 'bout you need a soldier  
I send this missile in ya I destroy and dismantle it  
J-Ro in this bitch and you know I'm 'bout to handle it

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Ain't it krunk, this is Likwit MC's