

# Can You Handle It

Heavy D

Yeah, aww yeah, Heavy D, Dogg Pound  
Herb McGruff, no doubt  
Ladies and gentlemen, Dat Nigga Daz

Who you are son, blow you away to smithereens  
At war like 50 marines against the Phillipines  
What a team we are, my vision only runs far  
Beyond the moon, Jupiter, Mars, the stars  
when I speak, watch out when the homey creep  
Verbally you heard my name throughout the street  
Watch out where you hang homey, be careful where you hang out  
No doubt, I'm about my cash, and all about my clout

Yeah now speak on it, cousin who want it, talk to me  
Heav' Diggy, niggy be jiggy, Gruff you wit me? (yeah)  
L.B.C., N.Y.C., D.P.G., Heavy D  
All up in yo' frame, Pretty Tone type game, now listen  
I know this sunny who be lifty off Henny  
Lovin be good'n'plenty, when she sippin on Remy  
Not many like me, I like when you do, what you do  
to excite me, it's all about you, then it's all about you

Since you our love child, the stallion of style  
You live foul when on the prowl I kidnap the crowd  
The raw rough, rugged enough to call bluffs  
Ladies try lockin niggaz down like cuffs  
It's off the heezy, girl I like my hair peasy  
(Touch me, tease me) Girl take it easy  
I hits the spizzy with Heav' Dizzy and Young Daz  
You're too young to last wit'cha pretty young ass

Just thought I'd let you know what you're feeling babe  
Can you handle it - can you handle it?  
Do you know what you're dealing with?  
Can you handle it - can you handle it?

Yeah, yo knick knack paddywhack give a Dogg a Pound  
Glass of champagne, mix some hydro with brown  
Lyrical outlaw, write my rhymes southpaw  
Poppin shit, niggaz get punched in they mouth for  
McGruff the Crime Hound, droppin the nine sound  
From New York to out of town be knockin them dimes down  
This is how we do it in the N.Y.C.  
All we really love is controversy

I heard you plottin on my pockets  
All this barbershop talk y'all be doin, niggaz stop it  
You ain't hurtin nuttin you frontin, runnin 'round here like you real  
Then tell me how you feel when you get yo' cap peeled  
(You know the deal) Why you wanna front on me?  
This ain't nuttin new to me, nuttin you can do me  
Shorties dey be true to me, this big fella, high yellow complexion  
East coast, West coast connection

I'm just - posted, toastin up, sippin on a shake  
All the moves you make, e'ry step you take  
Get you all alone and bend you 'til you break

Wait then give you back to the cat in the cake  
Nah I ain't a sucker, I'm all about my papes  
Just cause you caught the vapes and tryin to hang like drapes  
Mess around and get your feelings crushed like grapes  
I give it all it takes to shake just like quakes

Herb McGruff, Heav' D, Dogg Pound creation  
Bet'chu this sound here gon' bump around the nation  
Hear it on your radio station  
Turn up your stereos, keep your blunts blazin - amazin  
One love to the Harlem Foundation  
We be gettin down, you can tell my town nathin  
about money makin, tired of all these clown niggaz fakin  
Uptown and Dogg Pound will keep the ground shakin

This is how we roll when I'm comin through ya town  
You lovin how it sound, cause we be gettin down  
You can find me at the bar, puffin on cigar  
Preferably Cuban or, sippin Evian  
he the Don - the Don, officially  
All the honies want me when they see me initially  
One by one I take 'em all individually  
And if it's goin down then we doin it collectively

[ad libs to fade]