

Handle Ur Bizness

M.O.P.

Check check check

Ah
Handle your business
Can't get your grip
Can I get a witness?!
Ghetto people your dreams have now been fulfilled
Grip your steel
Ah
Handle your business
Can't get your grip
Can I get a witness?!
Ghetto people your dreams have now been fulfilled
Back out your steel

What the rawdog feelin?
An author like, Terry McMillan
The cat that, maniac
My fam dark as death in less than a minute
(The world stop spinnin')
The rapid firing squad
Keep on mix fire and (hard to kill)
Loud wires and bombs, firing arms
Look, we all for it
Its the dutch burning herbalice
Gallon drinkin' alcoholics
Walk through your toughest pack of goons with my chain out
Kept it real ever since the first jam came out
First family turned this whole rap game out
Sheisty individuals, tryin' to wipe my name out
But they don't fuck around cause they know I back that thing out
And try to mark em off when the gun shots ring out
And in the myst of black, kid I'ma try to wipe they name out
And keep on dubbin till I break a fucking spring out

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You motherfuckas better raise up (they already did)
Who that? The '87 stick up kids (we're back!)
I'm hopin that your focused on the side
'Cause frontin' on me and my, mad niggaz die
Is this hip-hop? Hell no, this is war
I've been trying to tell you that since ? rocked some hardcore
You don't listen. See, gee
I'm on a mission. Look, be
They gonna find your ass missing

Ever since me and Fame came, we maintained
A strange, but a strong game
(That can't change!)

The real ghetto bad shit for blastin, subtractin
Those that ain't matchin my fashion I'm mashin
(Retality's real) Fatality's ill
When your stash in my path then your stash is a raw deal
(Clap, clap) Get your gat
(Buckabuckabubububububuckabucka) blow, blow, get the fuck back

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Face mine 'cause I'm here
Dog its' all clear
Rap jewels put it on my baseline from a snare
Then the want to doubt The Kid
Who analyze this whole fucking shit?
Trying to make somethin' out of it
Explode quicker than landmines
M.O.P. tapes make earthquakes and cause landslides
Bump this in your Lex coupe
Or your Lex hoop
Danze, finish em, twenty-one gun salute
(The Crew)

How many niggas runnin with me? (this few)
A hundred niggaz gunnin with me (to shoot)
Firing Squad, draw blood on the enemy
At point-blank range, deliverin the penalty
Ain't nothin' but the thugs
Slangin out hollow slugs
(Nigga), anti-love keepin it real (Thug, let em slide today)
I'm known best for leavin em stretchin like Doc Holliday
Salute!