

# U Can't Handle This

Mystikal

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

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!

Oh shit, Motha Fucka! God Damn!

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

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  
YOu cant handle this!