

# Handle Your B.I.

## Rah Digga

I got what you want, I got what you need  
Rep chicks on the strip, rep thugs on the street  
I got what you want, I got what you need  
Rep chicks on the strip, rep thugs on the street  
Digga Digga, first name Rashia  
Rock the mic crazy, wouldn't wanna be ya  
Had a nice wing since my early teens  
Now I'm grown rocking microphones  
Sin, sin Said I learned new ways  
Gotta thank God for my chance to blaze  
Next album gonna see a fat healthy raise  
And he make mistakes, say that's the brakes  
(That's the brakes) True, hit 'em with the  
(Wooo)  
Fine young woman now, long time coming now  
(Coming now)  
Thank the fans for they love and affection  
Heard me with the Fugees, still ain't making a connection  
Fulfill my destiny wasn't nothing y'all could tell me  
Ripping down the stage with a baby in my belly  
Adding up to math, applying everything I learned  
While a dummy kept going on tour and get burned, see I got what you want, I got what you need  
Rep chicks on the strip, rep thugs on the street  
I got what you want, I got what you need  
Rep chicks on the strip, rep thugs on the street  
I got what you want, I got what you need  
Rep chicks on the strength, rep thugs on the street  
East Coast y'all, handle your B.I. West Coast y'all, handle your B.I.  
Dirty South y'all, handle B.I.  
Up top y'all, handle your B.I. Now make way for a sister little feisty foul mouth  
Say what's that all about  
('Bout, 'bout)  
It's about one, two, three, four, five for the rating  
A penny for the hating, y'all know my ways  
Staying up in the game of this MC craze  
Kind of wonder what if I'd of dropped back in the days, say Rhymes I toss it, taking no losses  
Let management tell you who your new boss is  
People stay repping up on the West Coast  
Word is bond to my flow, y'all got the best 'dro  
Ain't seen nothing like it, ain't bring nothing like it  
If my rhymes strike a nerve  
Ain't mean nothing by it  
Dirty Harriet  
And I be stepping to the left  
You bust for Diablo, I still bust for UCEF

Try'na see me on the MC tip, now, child please  
Vocab for years and freak enough stylees, swingRep the thing for my Hip-Hop brothers  
Take care of them before I take care of others  
Juice Crew, Rakim, Prince, big influence  
You saying I'm the dopest, but I already knew thisSay one check two check, everywhere check check  
Check for me, we haven't even met yet  
Gotta thank God I said I gotta thank God  
I could look this fly and rock it this hardI got what you want, I got what you need  
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