

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, goddamn
Watch out for dat nigga, you can't handle 'em for a period of time
No one can match those rhymes to mine I'm top of the line
Prickin' your ass like a porcupine, I know what to do
To knock your stupid ass so bad it ain't no challenge this ain't
No mothafuckin' fluke, this pure deep talent
I'm gifted, explicit mistressed and explicit brand new home
Same old nigga, I ain't playin' with you bitches, why you niggaz
Be rappin' like you're scared and unprepared, I'm gonna've ya'
Leave this mothafucka sayin' what'd 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 with me better bring a heater or either bow
Down to me, cut off you dick, Jesus, thats the reason
I'm fuckin' with niggaz, wasup with dem niggaz, dats talkin' shit
You better go fuck wit another nigga

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Certified Rhyme Busta, bitch nigga, bitch nigga, same nigga
If I'm not that nigga, but that nigga from punks still come with
The rif-raf, went from gold diggin', to 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 don't like niggaz tryin' to run up on my shit
And set, I'm the tarantula on the caterpillar
Bitch I'll kill ya, catch more attention then oriental peacocks
Phat rhymes, hot tracks, a full room of Reeboks, I've got the gift
That'll make a bitch get off me spent like Charles Barkley so bitch
Don't start me, who's that click use to be mobbin' in my hood
Beware, here I go, get that boy good, come like, there I was
When were y'all idiots in the cut I raise the hacksaw, you jump back
Now y'all niggaz don't want no trouble, can't stop us
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I know y'all nigga know better than to fuck wit the man
Don't ya, don't ya, nigga don't you know what my style can't be poached
And every nigga around, probably got beef wit somebody but that's
The same nigga between the fighters, I ain't got it I ain't got it
When underground rules, will be the day my legs start to shake
Another nigga, couldn't off throw me on skates, I'm the supplier
The gasoline on your fire, got 'em dodge 'em Michael Tyler
The drunken fighter y'all niggaz can't do what I do man fuck that, nigga
Now motherfuck you, good Lord, the Rhymes come through
So hardcore bitch, I got it if you bad enuff to take it, it's yours
A lyrical ass whoopin' is what I'm cookin' hungry, spittin' all over
Your room when you wasn't lookin' ain't no canibus
The wrong nigga, with da mess you get the flatback like Rambo bitch
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