

Handle The Ride

Tanya Stephens

A a A John! What kind a idiot ting dat ya give a pon mi man. Want ya back bad. Mi love off ya, ya know.

ChaCHORUS:

Ya could na handle the ride

see it dere now

ya gone now pon de broad side

Hold down your head from me ya wan hide

Hit the curb and all a slip and a slide

A we say VERSE 1:

Tell your friend dem you wicked and brutal

but now you end up in the hospital

talk bout too much gal ya kill

ya never stop till you write ya own will

now ya wan gone a dr. fu- phil

ya should a hear when mi tell ya fa chill

CHORUSVERSE 2:

Me tell ya, say ya should na mess with this philly

cause anything cross mi border me kill it

but ya never wan a listen to mi warning

ya could not even budge in a de morning

Pon de streets him a boast how him dread

But pon de work John a drop down deadCHORUS

Big up all topless and Godless crew

Cause de gal dem nah stop cry for you

All roses and nu-fish man come down a ting in a ya hand.

Man from Portmore and man from spain

Ya never wait till ya gal complainCHORUS

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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