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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