

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 ever 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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