

# 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  
U cant handle this  
Oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn, oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn  
Oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn, oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn  
Oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn, oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn  
Oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn, oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn  
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  
Oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn, oh shit, mothafucka,  
goddamn  
Oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn, oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn  
Oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn, oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn  
Oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn, oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn  
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  
You can't handle this  
Oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn, oh shit, mothafucka, goddamn  
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