Handle It

Tha Alkaholiks

Hey, yo, gimme that microphone an' I'ma handle it
Don't even worry 'bout it, we about to handle it
Alkaholiks in this bitch, about to handle it
Pass that weed, lil' mama, I can handle itBack that ass up, bitch, I can handle it
Pass my drink, lil' nigga, I can handle it
Don't even worry 'bout it, we about to handle it
It's Likwit crew, nigga, we straight from Los AngelesIt's the L, the I, the K, the Ss
We still the West's freshest 'cause we started from the essence
Look, Ma, no hands, they gave us microphone stands
So I can stand with two bottles while I dance with the fansDance with me, press against me 'cause I'm reachin' out to grab it
Slappin' asses 'cause CaTashtrophe's an Alkie chick magnet
I'm a beauty pageant judge with a glass full of buds
It's one fifty nine, they're tryin' to shut down the clubLast call for alcohol, unless you meet us at the after hours
Pull up to the front, yeah, baby girl, the house is ours
Don't bug, spillin' shit on my rug
I'm a Rollo with a motto, safe sex, soft drugsThugs in my mansion askin' why the fuck is candles lit
I'm about to kick these niggaz out but I can handle it
The superfly vandal, standin' with the guns an' ammo
If you scary change the channel, y'all niggaz fuckin' up my shitHandle business appropriate, we L.A. street associates
I'm tryin' to have some fun but peep this bullshit I'm copin' with
Niggaz with guns got they eyes on my funds
I can't walk out my door, y'all might pop me an' runDon't trip 'cause my pump made 'em run like Forrest Gump
Now it's back to the bitches, the bottles an' the bumps
Pumpin' up the sounds 'cause that's how we do
But we still partyin' at 5 an' L.A. closed at 2Hey, yo, gimme that microphone an' I'ma handle it
Don't even worry 'bout it, we about to handle it
Alkaholiks in this bitch, about to handle it
Pass that weed, lil' mama, I can handle itBack that ass up, bitch, I can handle it
Pass my drink, lil' nigga, I can handle it
Don't even worry 'bout it, we about to handle it
Hell, motherfuckin'Yo, the bass is in the place, sho' nuff shrugged your face
Like R. Kelly gettin' sprayed with a can of mace
Girls get freaky to the funky beat bumpin'
Which one of y'all down 'cause I'm tryin' to beat somethin'We hold down the city, they call us 'The Drunk Flowers'
If your girl from L.A., she probably already know us

So Braniac dum dums, bust the scientifical
We much more than typical, bust flows like a pistolThe words I spit are more dangerous than a bullet
Make the wrong move, I'm on your neck like a mullet
'Big Dog' style, we Rottweiler, pitbull it
Smoke a bleezy with a breezy if she ain't scared to pull itY'all women used to want us to just love an' hold ya
Now you C-walkin', talkin' 'bout you need a soldier
I send this missile in yam I destroy an' dismantle it
J-Ro in this bitch an' you know I'm 'bout to handle itHey, yo, gimme that microphone an' I'ma handle it
Don't even worry 'bout it, we about to handle it
Alkaholiks in this bitch, about to handle it
Pass that weed, lil' mama, I can handle itBack that ass up, bitch, I can handle it
Pass my drink, lil' nigga, I can handle it
Don't even worry 'bout it, we about to handle it
It's Likwit crew, nigga, we straight from Los AngelesAin't it crunk? This is Likwit MCs

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/