

# Handle It

## Tha Alkoholiks

Hey, yo, gimme that microphone an' I'ma handle it  
Don't even worry 'bout it, we about to handle it  
Alkoholiks in this bitch, about to handle it  
Pass that weed, lil' mama, I can handle it Back 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 Angeles It'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 fans Dance 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 club Last 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 drugs Thugs 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 shit Handle 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' run Don'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 2 Hey, yo, gimme that microphone an' I'ma handle it  
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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 scientific  
We much more than typical, bust flows like a pistol  
The 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 it  
Y'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 it  
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It's Likwit crew, nigga, we straight from Los Angeles  
Ain't it crunk? This is Likwit MCs

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