

Handle Ur Bizness

M.o.p.

Check, check, check
Handle ur bizness, can't get your grip, can I get a witness?
Ghetto people, your dreams have now been fulfilled, grip your steel
Handle ur bizness, can't get your grip, can I get a witness?
Ghetto people, your dreams have now been fulfilled, back out your steel
What the rawdog feelin'? An author like Terry McMillan
The cat that, maniac, my fam dark as death in less than a minute
(The world stop spinnin')
The Rapid Firing Squad, keep on mix fire and loud wires
(Hard to kill)
And bombs, firing arms, look, we all for it
It's the dutch burning herbalice, gallon drinkin' alcoholics
Walk through your toughest pack of goons with my chain out
Kept it real ever since the first jam came out
'First Family' turned this whole rap game out
Sheisty individuals tryin' to wipe my name out
But they don't fuck around 'cause they know I back that thing out
And try to mark 'em off when the gun shots ring out
And in the Myst of black, kid I'ma try to wipe they name out
And keep on dubbin' till I break a fucking spring out
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You motherfuckas better raise up
(They already did)
Who that? The '87 stick up kids
(We're back)
I'm hopin' that your focused on the side
'Cause frontin' on me and my mad niggaz die
Is this hip hop? Hell no, this is war
I've been trying to tell you that since [unverified] rocked some hardcore
You don't listen, see gee, I'm on a mission, look be
They gonna find your ass missing
Ever since me and Fame came, we maintained
A strange, but a strong game
(That can't change)
The real ghetto bad shit for blastin', subtractin'
Those that ain't matchin' my fashion I'm mashin'

(Retalidity's real)

Fatality's ill, when your stash in my path

Then your stash is a raw deal, get your gat

(Clap, clap, bucka bucka bub bub bub bucka bucka)

Blow, blow, get the fuck back

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Face mine 'cause I'm here, dog its' all clear

Rap jewels put it on my baseline from a snare

Then the wanna doubt The Kid who analyze this whole fucking shit?

Trying to make somethin' out of it, explode quicker than land mines

M.O.P. tapes make earthquakes and cause landslides

Bump this in your Lex coupe or your Lex hoop

Danze, finish 'em, twenty-one gun salute

(The Crew)

How many niggas runnin' with me? A hundred niggaz gunnin' with me

(This few, to shoot)

Firing Squad, draw blood on the enemy at point-blank range

Deliverin' the penalty, ain't nothing but the thugs slangin' out hollow slugs

(Nigga)

Anti-love keepin' it real

(Thug, let 'em slide today)

I'm known best for leavin' 'em stretchin' like Doc Holliday, salute

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