

# Can You Handle This

## Cypress Hill

(Intro: Barron Ricks)

That's right nigga, dynamic duo style, what?

Green horn in a cadle style motherfucker

(Barron Ricks)

Oh shit, my styles' progress like hot sex upon a firm mattress

But limit the techniques to get freak

Now look at me, Cavarsay, Cognac, VS'll be puffin' the don-deago

Macanoodle, out armadayo

(B-Real)

Yayo, up, ready to sell and bail, we niggas afraid

(Post-dated, put 'em in the mail nigga)

I'm the hill figure, deliver your body to the river (uh)

How you feelin' (how you), how you livin' (how you), how you breathin'

(Barron Ricks)

Fuck it, whatever's clever, fort and sex and def or real I got your back

Which ever Squadron you attack yo I attack

I got my automated Mossberg, hand on the pump

ready to dump, so yo we gettin' dum-de-dum-dum-dum

(B-Real)

Dum-de-de-dum, when they hearin' the gats hum like a siren

Niggas they be, barkin' and whilin'

Thuggin' in stylin', holdin' the dope smilin'

Yo, smooth, what you pilin' up, go make a move

(Barron Ricks)

Yo, path for Central Harlem where niggas be sparkin' son I beg your pardon

Ese rollin', if you got it, pass it to the margin

If you want it greedy, come and get it

Aiyyo, we got it, Cypress, Cannibus Seeteeva, fuckin' freak of shit

(B-Real)

Motherfuckers refuse to loose my whole crew, don't get it confused

Don't light a fuse or get bruised

Like a gat I'll have to bust your ass or feel the blast of the shot glass

full of jack and smokin' hash

(Chorus: B-Real)

(So can you handle this) They can't fuckin' handle this

(So can you handle this) It be that Cypress Hill shit

(So can you handle this) They can't fuckin' handle this

(So can you handle this) Handle this, y'all can't fuck with this

(B-Real)

Back up in the mills of the Cypress Hill  
You catchin' a thrill, coppin' a feel, the whole steel  
Everybody put their blunts up in the sky  
Cause everybody's sparkin' the dutches and gettin' high

(Barron Ricks)

At 1-5-5, the city bread it, exit, got that method  
Yo, what y'all infected, we crashin' fords ain't no substitutions  
Me and B-Real want all our restitution's  
that means our back pays so niggas pay up  
Now, what the FUCK!!

(B-Real)

I'm an addict, addicted to static and bad habits  
Bringin' the magic, opposite the Nina Milli Automatic  
War is war, a battles' a battle, the gat'll be your friend  
It'll be your end, it'll be your shadow

(Barron Ricks)

Now y'all shadowboxinists, irrational, rap new recruitin'  
dirty denim, timb boots, hummin', gunnin' for his competition  
Listen yo, we all be on that trivial don't change shit  
lame shit, Cypress is all about the Mary Jane shit

(B-Real)

No competition can handle the whole mission  
Bitches are wishin' me on but they won't last long  
Family ties are fly, do you do or die  
You try to escape, all the visions up in your mind

(Chorus: B-Real)

(So can you handle this) They can't fuckin' handle this  
(So can you handle this) It be that Cypress Hill shit  
(So can you handle this) They can't fuckin' handle this  
(So can you handle this) Handle this, y'all can't fuck with this

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