

Mystik Journeymen

"U Can't Handle This"

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[mystikal talking]

You would if you could

But you can't

So you ain't

[mystikal]

The minute I step in dis bitch

I hear Oh shit Mothafucka, God Damn!

Watch out for dat nigga

You can't handle em

For a period of time

Noone can match those rhymes to mine

Im top of the line

Prickin your ass like a porcupine

I know what to do to knock your stupid ass so bad It aint
no challenge!

This aint no mothafuckin fluke, This pure deep talent!

Im Gifted, Explicit mistressed and Explicit

Brand new home, same old nigga

I aint playin with you bitches!

Why you niggaz be rappin

Like your scared and unprepared

Im gonn have ya leave this mothafucka sayin Whatd
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 wit me

Better bring a heater

Or either bow down to me

Cut off you dick, jesus

That's the reason Im fuckin wit niggaz

Wasup wit dem niggaz dats talkin shit

You better go fuck wit anotha nigga

You can't handle this!

[chorus]

Oh shit, Motha Fucka! God Damn! [x8]

[mystikal]

Certified rhyme busta
Bitch Nigga, Bitch nigga
Same nigga, If Im not that nigga
But that nigga from punks, still come with the rif raf
Went from Gold diggin, ta 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 ta run up on my shit and set
Im the tarantula on the catipillar, Bitch I'll kill ya
Catch more attention, then oriental peacocks
Phat rhymes, Hot tracks, A full room of rebocks
Ive got the gift thatll make a Bitch get off me
Spent like charles barkley
So bitch don't start me!
Whos that click?
Use to be mobbin in my hood
Beware! Here I go!
Get that boy good
Come like, there I was
When were yall idiots in the cut?
I raise the hacksaw, you jump back
Now yall niggaz don't want no trouble, can't stop us

[chorus x8]

[mystikal]

I know ya'll nigga know better than to fuck wit tha 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 aint got it (i aint got it)
When underground rules, will be tha day
My legs start to shake
Another nigga couldnt off throw me on skates!
Im the supplier
The gasoline on your fire, Got em dodge em
Michael Tyler! The drunken fighter
Yall Niggaz can't do what I do!
(man fuck that nigga)
Naw Motherfuck you!
Good lord, the rhymes come through so hardcore
Bitch I got it if you bad enuff to take it
Its yours!
A lyrical ass whoopin
Is what im cookin
Hungry, Spittin all over your room when you wasn't

lookin
Aint no canibus, the wrong nigga with ta mess
You get tha flatback like rambo Bitch
YOu can't handle this!

[chorus till fade] [11 times]

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