

Cypress Hill "Can You Handle This"

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(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
matress
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 a frail
(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-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

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