

Ragnarok

"Handle Your B.I."

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Chorus:

I got what you want
I got what you need
Rep chicks on the strip
Rep thugs on the street
I got what you want
I got what you need
Rep chicks on the strip
Rep thugs on the street

Verse 1:

Digga Digga
First name Rashia
Rock the mic crazy
Wouldn't wanna be ya
Had a nice wing since my early teens
Now I'm grown rocking microphones
Sin! Sin!
Said I learned new ways
Gotta thank God for my chance to blaze
Next album gonna see a fat healthy raise
And he make mistakes
Say That's The Brakes (That's The Brakes)
True
Hit 'em with the (Wooo!)
Fine young woman now
Long time coming now (Coming now)
Thank the fans for they love and affection
Heard me with the Fugees
Still ain't making a connection
Fulfill my destiny wasn't nothing y'all could tell me
Ripping down the stage with a baby in my belly
Adding up to math
Applying everything I learned
While a dummy kept going on tour and get burned
See

Chorus:

I got what you want
I got what you need
Rep chicks on the strength
Rep thugs on the street
East Coast y'all
Handle your B.I.
West Coast y'all
Handle your B.I.
Dirty South y'all
Handle B.I.
Up top y'all
Handle your B.I.

Verse 2:

Now make way for a sister little feisty foul mouth
Say what's that all about (bout bout)
It's about one two three four five for the rating
A penny for the hating
Y'all know my ways
Staying up in the game of this MC craze
Kind of wonder what if I'd of dropped back in the days
Say
Rhymes I toss it
Taking no losses
Let management tell you who your new boss is
People stay repping up on the West Coast
Word is bond to my flow
Y'all got the best 'dro
Ain't seen nothing like it
Ain't bring nothing like it
If my rhymes strike a nerve
Ain't mean nothing by it
Dirty Harriet!
And I be stepping to the left
You bust for Diablo
I still bust for UCEF
Try'na see me on the MC tip
Now child please
Vocab for years
And freak enough stylees
Swing!
Rep the thing for my Hip-Hop brothers
Take care of them before I take care of others
Juice Crew, Rakim, Prince
Big influence
You saying I'm the dopest
But I already knew this
Say one check two check
Everywhere check check
Check for me

We haven't ever even met yet
Gotta thank God
I said I gotta thank God I could look this fly and rock it
this hard

Chorus:

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I got what you need
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