

Tim Smooth

"Handle Ya Business"

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[Chorus: Mystikal]

Handle Yo Business!
Handle Yo Business!
Handle Yo Business!
Don't let yo business handle you!

[X2]

[First Verse: Tim Smooth+Mystikal]

[Tim Smooth]

I heard you really don't like me... WHHHHUT?
Boy you coulda smoked a nigga for fifty bucks

[Mystikal]

I DON'T GIVE A FUCK!

[Tim Smooth]

I live my life to the fullest
And shop ain't close after them hoes so you and your
lil' bullets know
All the shew-shewin' that you doin'
Got the, red beams cookin' and some hater shit brewin'
nah
I ain't no heartless-ass, thoughtless-ass nigga
But I'd bat the piss out'cha and out'cha Ma if I caught
that ass with her
Nigga, sick of the "I say, you say"
Uck-fay Ooh-yay {Fuck you in piglatin}
Handle this here, to-day
I ain't scared, trust me, touch me, and you best stretch
me
Like licorice
Cuz I'll come back like syphollis
Gettin' this
Words that you got
Off your mind, you won't be the bomb cuz you not
You'z a bro, and the dog is just OH SO VICIOUS
You warnin' me?

[Mystikal]
HERE I GO!

[Tim Smooth]
Handle Yo Business

[Chorus x2]

[Tim Smooth]
I'm tryin' to figure what the fuck?
When the fuck? Why the fuck?
Who the fuck, made ya wanna fuck with me?
Shiiiiiiit, all over a hoe
Nigga wants to put me in the mud
Full of slugs and bugs
But uh
It ain't goin' down like that
TRUST ME
It gone be ugly for any nigga tryin' to pluck me
Must be stupid as Mister Furley
Tryin' to treat that pussy like silk, gone get a nigga
killed EARLY
Cuz surely you don't THINK that I'm gone BLINK
While you thinkin' you gone GANK
But you gone STANK
By the time they find your lil' behind
And I'll be in the Bahamas gettin' the whole nine from
your baby Mama
Save the drama, PLEASE
Quit sweatin' a nigga like a bitch
And let a nigga dick BREATHE
It's a constant case, bein' mad at the wrong face
When the real problem is slobbin', at'cha place
And she, hoggin' the A/C
Shiiiit, and ate free?
Soon as you go to work, to get burnt, she page me
THAT MEANS, she's a hoe
And if you don't knooooooooooooooooooooow
Now you know!
Handle YO
Business!

[Chorus]

[Tim Smooth]
Bitch, whenever you draw the line, or lay your rules
down
Tim Smooth'll come around
With the type of shit to turn your whole pool ground
Now, I don't give a damn, not even two fucks
About which clique won't buck or which bitch won't suck

I'm bout, gettin' as high as a bird's nest
Bitch, gas glass or sex? Ass comes next
And I don't take checks
I take, charge accounts
Large amounts of cabbage got me livin' lavish, now it's
hard to count
How many niggas playa hate me, on the D.L.?
Fake as Lee nails
Gossipin' like, FE-MALES
Details at six thirty
Can't let that disturb me
'Fore I fill 'em with more holes than a practice jersey
For actin' nervy you get shook
Subject to ass whippin's and sentenced, to the dick
look
Quick hooks, gone get these bitches out my face, with
the QUICKNESS
You bitch you! Now handle yo business

[Chorus x2]

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