

## Tanya Stephens "Handle The Ride"

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A a A John! What kind a idiot ting dat ya give a pon mi man. Want ya back bad. Mi love off ya, ya know. Cha

CHORUS:

Ya could na handle the ride  
see it dere now  
ya gone now pon de broad side  
Hold down your head from me ya wan hide  
Hit the curb and all a slip and a slide  
A we say

VERSE 1:

Tell your friend dem you wicked and brutal  
but now you end up in the hospital  
talk bout too much gal ya kill  
ya never stop till you write ya own will  
now ya wan gone a dr. fu- phil  
ya should a hear when mi tell ya fa chill

CHORUS

VERSE 2:

Me tell ya, say ya should na mess with this philly  
cause anything cross mi border me kill it  
but ya never wan a listen to mi warning  
ya could not even budge in a de morning  
Pon de streets him a boast how him dread  
But pon de work John a drop down dead

CHORUS

Big up all topless and Godless crew  
Cause de gal dem nah stop cry for you  
All roses and nu-fish man come down a ting in a ya hand.  
Man from Portmore and man from spain  
Ya never wait till ya gal complain

CHORUS

