Handle That

Inspectah Deck

Shootouts, suicide car chases
Pulling loot out, bulletproof Scarfaces
Sharp fades, black Clark Gabe
Welcome to dark ages, hanging in dark places
With dark faces, escaped on bail
My souls in the street, police on the coat tails
Oh well, got a bitch named Gail
She look so good, her tail is for sale
Before L's fell, she scrambled the reefer
My foot so far in her ass, she can taste my sneaker
I pop champagne, like every day was Easter
Better, check that bitch, before I beast her
Tally the dough, slice the pizza
Despite the features, I hold a player's crown
I step in your town, snake skin down
Let off a round, check it how it sounds

Statepens ain't part of the plan
Need weed, guns & grams? (I can handle that, fam)
The pops life, but it's only for fam
A quick six figure scam (I can handle that, man)
It's real life, I got blood on my hands
And make the product expand (I can handle that, fam)
Yo, f**k scrams, try'nna front on my Clan
It'll only take a grand (just to handle that, man)

Yo, bottles pop, llamas and glocks, kamikaze cops
Pop shots off of dollars and blocks, it's the
Regular regular, honor my spot
Whether flips, rubber gribs, top shotter stay hot
Swallowin' shots of Henn' rock, got the shit locked
Whether, gators and crocs, widebodies'll drop
Model bitch got vicked, never promised the rock
I'm a live one, that's why honey holla for pop
Hustle man, I ain't try'nna make a collar for cops
Like the, sun in your eye, with the knowledge I drop
Or like the, gun on your side, when the drama get hot
Chameleon through the streets, cuz they watchin' my ops
Full sign with the grind, get it started off top
Well known, still home, and your out of the box
Record day, with the thirty eight, dodgin' the NARC's
Hood to hood with the gangstas, I'm watchin' the plots

You ain't never been a hustler, why you try'nna act like one now
You front clown, you can get twisted like uptown's
Heard about your record, you're butt, clown
On the Island, deaded on your bogey, how you can't get a bus down?
Never heard of you, like a pump pound
Call me "Buckshot", believe me, everybody gon' "Duck Down"
Catch you while you postin' your pedestool, family so broke
When I clap, your mom can't even bet with you
Show you motherf**kas what heavy do, hold a lot of weight
And you running with "knicks" like Marbury do
I ain't try'nna cop the Chevy, shit, I'd rather
Leave this pussy nigga bleeding like I popped his cherry
When I come through the block, they leary
Shit, I got this nigga standing with dogs like the cops at the Ferry

Pray to God that my hammer don't jam, Wu-Tang be the Clan
Understand, I can handle it man, yeah

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