

Can't Handle Me (feat. Young Scooter)

Gucci Mane & Young Dolph

Yeah! Black migo gang
Bentley mulsanne I treat it like a trap car
WOOOP! WOOOP! god damn that's a squad car
They gave me life and I'mma try to jump the barbed wire
They pulled her over with the pack, she the foul one
It's gu-ap, big dog, you the small guy
I made you dope jump, I try to make the pot cry
I was a snotty nosed brat, that was '85
Know about the pussy, made it come up by this 9 to 5
And if I choke on the chicken, oh you'll all die
No shoe strings in my loafers, I got mall ties
Get on these number lines and I'm understanding no line
He doing fifty, he may never see the sun shine
(Hook) I can't let you handle me, I can't let you handle me
All these bitches scandalous, I can't let you handle me
All my niggas dangerous, I can't let you handle me
Hotter than a candle B, I can't let you handle me! I'm the king of the street, the South ain't big
enough
I had to take the throne, he ain't hood enough
Fake rappers, why the fuck you rap the hood for?
The young niggas starving, no that ain't no pull up
You rather be rich and famous, I rather be rich
Cause you could die famous and won't have shit
The street farmers, I put life insurance on bricks
So every time you buy ten, you get an extra ten
Stand down, busting juugs, turn me to a super-star
Five hundred dollars in the swisher smoking caviar
Known as a real street nigga, that's who I do it for
Me and Gucci remix in the kitchen, adding bricks up
(Hook) I can't let you handle me, I can't let you handle me
All these bitches scandalous, I can't let you handle me
All my niggas dangerous, I can't let you handle me
Harder than a candle B, I can't let you handle me! Oh, I'm countin money in my bachelor plaid
chilling
Runnin circles round these square ass niggas
Selling dope and fucking hoes
My bitch say she can't handle me
At Benihana's use my Gucci scarf for fucking handkerchief
Promethazine and kush, that's my recipe
I sleep walk and count money, nigga, I don't go to sleep!
All this designer, oh, how could you not notice me
We're just shitting on the industry like we supposed to be!

My window down my weed lit
I'm fresh as fuck, yo bitch with her hair up
Her hair blowin she rollin up
In a mini coupe goin 150
I hit the gas, I'm turnt up
Now, I'm smoking gas, going 160
I heard they're looking for me, I'm in Castalia, nigga come get me!(Hook) I can't let you handle
me, I can't let you handle me
All these bitches scandalous, I can't let you handle me
All my niggas dangerous, I can't let you handle me
Harder than a counter B, I can't let you handle me!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>