

## Certified

Chris Webby

I don't have a Master's or Bachelor's, just a certificate sayin'  
' "Certified Rapper", fresh, fly, and dapper  
Cracker with cheese, and Connecticut steez, bitch I'm cooler th  
an a summertime breeze, hoe please  
In my jeans two cahones you better respect, you couldn't get me  
with a net I'm the deadliest catch  
The record labels ever seen, lettin' off steam, sippin' lean, A  
merican jumpin' bean  
I'm a fiend for the opposite sex, when I put your feet up by yo  
ur neck, baby make us both sweat  
Yes, I'm a damn dog like a Labrador, everyday I'm baggin' whore  
s, fuck you think I'm rappin' for?  
And so what I be comin' out of Connecticut? I'm sick of rappers  
gettin' big with no prerequisites  
I be certified check the rap sheet, while other kids were math  
geeks and athletes, I was a rap freak  
'Cause you know that I'm about to get it poppin' no start butto  
n for you, there's no option  
Sippin' a concoction, I'm no boy from Boston, the tristates rid  
in' with me, and stay rockin'  
Never spit a flow that you won't feel, givin' you the news, fuc  
kin' April O'Neill  
Got a Casey Jones flow, baby you can never doubt me, ten foot d  
ick, balls bigger than Lebowski

Bitch I'm certified whatchu think about that? Cause' half these  
cats nowadays can't even rap  
Baby I be certified, this is just a fact, freestyle, written, w  
hatever it's all crack.  
Baby I be certified, goin' to the top, cause' I can actually sp  
it this ain't no pop  
Baby I be certified, make the crowd rock and do it all out of m  
y love for this hip hop  
Baby I be certified

Be certified, yes I be certified so if you comin' with the beef  
, then I'll be servin' fries  
Murder guys with the style I run, from here to kingdom come and  
then some son (what?)  
Professor Plum with the candle stick, killin' beats yo I'm on m  
y Charles Manson shit  
Hardcore, yo they softer than the Hanson clique, get buns every  
day another random chick  
Got my own lingo, never understanding others, roll deep with a  
muthafuckin' band of brothers  
So flawless you'll be thinkin' "Uh, can he stutter? ", nah not  
this slick-tongued panty-stuffer  
You'd think Einstein lived in my house, get brains all day caus

e that's what wisdom's about  
Summer Sanders sucked my dick until I Figured It Out, and then  
I sent her back to Nick with my kids in her mouth  
'Cause you know I get it done d-d-done-d-  
done over any beat, just give me any one w-w-one-w-one  
With styles vicious got you wanna fuckin' run-r-run, cause ther  
e's a lot of money, all I want is suh-s-suh-s-suh-s-suh-s-some  
And I'm back-b-back givin' hip hop somethin' that it lack-l-  
lacks, a little creativity up on the tra-tr-track  
Webby's certified no debatin' that-th-that-th-that-th-that

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