

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 than
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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