

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, American jumpin' bean
I'm a fiend for the opposite sex, when I put your feet up by your neck, baby make us both sweat
Yes, I'm a damn dog like a Labrador, everyday I'm baggin' whores, 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 button for you, there's no option
Sippin' a concoction, I'm no boy from Boston, the tristates ridin' with me, and stay rockin'
Never spit a flow that you won't feel, givin' you the news, fuckin' April O'Neill
Got a Casey Jones flow, baby you can never doubt me, ten foot dick, 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, whatever it's all crack.
Baby I be certified, goin' to the top, cause' I can actually spit this ain't no pop
Baby I be certified, make the crowd rock and do it all out of my 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 my 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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