

Guru "Certified"

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Niggaz gotta know we've puttin' it down
This shit is certified right here
No games with this right here
Straight to the di-dome, like this

This right here, has been certified
For years, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
He's got soul up in his blueprint and he's ready to
vocalize
So we passin' the mic your way, come on testify

Prepare each element with raw street intelligence
Dig the soul, this is complete elegance
Heartbeat delegates, when I spit each melon's hit
Like to build ill like repeat felons get

Plus I'm jazzy, I like to dress to impress
It's the baldhead Buddha with the mic caress
And I might suggest that you broaden your mind
You spend a lot of your time dancin' to fraudulent
rhymes

Like a breath of fresh air, we gonna change the pace
Not a mental slave, so save the angry face
It's the return of the mellow voiced maestro and my
flow
Eliminates the comp like geico

Insurance, just for your body's endurance
You get more for your money, or your partyin' purest
So don't start to get nervous, now that we up in the spot
We've been certified for years, you gonna love it a lot

This right here, has been certified
For years, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
He's got soul up in his blueprint and he's ready to
vocalize
So we passin' the mic your way, come on testify

Who me? That nigga Jay Dee
Some plod to beats that I flow to
Run men through, with Guru

As for me, I be the nigga that's tight

You got to see
In order for you to believe
Singin' these words with ease
Talkin' 'bout boom-a-shaka-laka-a-laka-laka-boom

Roll the weed and lose the seeds asshole
You can breathe three-hundred-and-sixty degrees of
heat
Sing with the soul
Straight from the streets of Lladelph

Move your feet, ahh-hah, pimp shit
It's that pimp shit, big whips with full clips
Got mad chicks on my dick
Ridin' by, so say it loud, in your face

This right here, has been certified
For years, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
He's got soul up in his blueprint and he's ready to
vocalize
So we passin' the mic your way, come on testify

Soulful, tinted window whips, lots of chicks, lots of
chips
Anything ain't right then the brother's gotta flip
Or skinnydip, after a sip of cognac rap
Any wack wimp with whiskers, I bomb that cat

Alarm that cat, that when we slide through
Abide to the rules that's been laid down by Max
True like Bibles, I'm liable to come through, seven deep
with wizzies
And ditch 'em while other ladies whisper, "Who is he?"

Then later leave with eight new ones, me an Airtight
Willie
'Bout to smack you silly with two guns
So hereby I certify, I don't care if you feel hurt
If I testify against your false words or lies

Word to god this is my job, I'm workin' hard every
minute
Movin' up in the rat race, city council to senate
So what, you don't get it? You can't front no more
Been certified for years, can't speak to chumps no
more

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For years, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

He's got soul up in his blueprint and he's ready to
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So we passin' the mic your way, come on testify

This right here, has been certified
For years, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
He's got soul up in his blueprint and he's ready to
vocalize
So we passin' the mic your way, come on testify

Hmm, like they say it doesn't hurt to try
This here, is bonafied baby, certified baby
Jazzmatazz 3rd edition, gifted unlimited rhymes
universal
No rehearsal, certified with virtue, respect the circle

It's me and the B I L A L
You know what I'm sayin'? Jay Dee from Pay Jay
Airtight willie heh, from Boston to New Yiddy
All the way to Philly, now in the D sittin' pretty, certified

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