

Hillsongs Australia

"The Certificate"

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Cats get served, running up sliced
Every single night and that the way we keep it right
Like that fuckers... (YEAH)

I'm just trickin though, Certified Wise in the house
tonight
(Certified Wise!)
Oi, When I say Certified you say Wise we say
Certified! (Wise!)
Certified! (Wise!)

The Certified have arrived, extraordinaire extravagant
Beers like confidence, man I drink until I'm arrogant
Cause I'm a cocky fuck, Hit your girl and I knock her up
Be like what the fuck? In the net like a hockey puck.
(score!)
Rappers get embarrassed when they see the way that
we work
They try hard, they're shamed like fat guys swimming
in T-shirts
Research your Oz hip-hop, before you step to us
And if you step, hands around your throat like a
necklace

Mr Trials, young ladies gimme a call
My number's written next to Fuckwit on the Chicks
bathroom wall
I'm slightly easy and a trife bit sleazy
With the wit of a red brick and chiselled body of Kim
Beazley
My theory is, never touch the mic quite serious
A kid goes out on dates later than their next period
My crews got it made, rockin the place
With more dope rappers to match every pram chillin at
collonades

It's Certified Wise, no need to tell you again
Because these cunts can be so funky that the smell
would offend
A dyke's girlfriend dog, now lets get straight to the
point shall we

This rowdy crowd of MC's and DJ's know how to pound
beats
Like kids with flat feet and crap beats walking down
backstreets
So much work went into this to line the notes of fact
sheets
Like black sheep I've got two words for those who slept
(Nya, Nya nya nyoooo respect)

You thought it was safe, well guess what (what?)
Boys then beware; my friends will find your weak points
(then what)
Get up in there.
Attack your mind, with a fine line when I find time
And I'll find out that you're walking if you're talking the
grape vine
I'll waste time. Need to take on the job at hand.
Got skills for this professional typical certified wise
man
From Sky to land, I'm overcoming all your schemes and
plans
So take cover as I rain thunder upon you man

I manifest Hip-Hop in it's highest degree (Certified
Wise)
Somethin' I take very seriously (I sensualise, Certified
Wise)

Every songs a collection of kids charmed lives
Like the porn section of gary glitters hard drive
Certified Wise throws a jam that's so hot it'd
Make a married man give up his annual blowjob
You better show something, with heading no bluffin
On the wrong side of my tracks, I'll smash your
petticoat junction
In a suffering city, I'm punishing the pretty
And if you don't fuckin feel me I'll crush you without
pity

I arrange certain words amongst silence
To be heard in abundance while mc's face redundance
Stereo speakers exceed beyond specifications
Through Extended noise generation
Let's cut the conversations to a small chat (why's that?)
I'm busy tryin to react to the hi-hat
Blockade and Certified stand tall above ridiculous
under-achievers
And constant non-believers

I'm on stage with a hanful of panadols handin them out
Cos of the head throbbin from the head noddin

And we about puttin you out for the count like mic
check,
You aint gonna get Certified respect
So hide your decks, ya mics I might blackout
In a cipher when I still take the title
The name's Sesta, I snatch an 'L' plate and slap it on
your forehead
With more force than porn sex

It's the budhist monks, with the certified mc's
I'll make you nod your head like Parkinson's disease
Sin sanity's but don't step to our click
I got a hundred metronomes just waiting to go sync
So take ya pick but not the axe or the shovel
After hours I make beds rock like Barney Rubble
It's kinda subtle, the way that my flow bores
And leave your ears up shit creek without a funk oar

Now certified wise gotta hold o ya
We got the whole lot o cop and magnolia
We're the fresh B-boys in Nike and Adidas
We're hotter than heaters and blowin up speakers
There's no half-steppers, we far from a fake, we make
Rap music every Aussie can relate to
We'll never take a tumble, We're not gonna stumble
If you dis any member the result is LET'S RUMBLE

Let me show you new rappers how to do a posse reckon
[Scratches]
Let me show you new rappers how to do a posse reckon
[Scratches]
Let me show you new rappers how to do a poss poss
posse re re re re reckon

Complex compliments this simple to complete this
individual
Simplex the original beat the hypocritical, ridicule
The weaker techniques that leave you burnt
Like cannabis sateva, either you do or you don't, we'll
prove that you wont
Ever endeavour to get it together to better these fellas
I'll be like whatever, you get it?
You're wondering why you should never try
The reason certified is mr. nice with the wise guys

These crews stress, fully on a quest
To be recognised, put up on a level next to me
And the Wise unified our lives, we bless the beat
We yet to see competitors who can compete with
Elaborate schemes they conjoured up in their dreams
Have to be outta your mind to even battle this team

Masterminds of the game, nobody does it the same
When we leave the stage we're sure that you
remember the name

You faggot mc's always compare one another
Studio 2000's where you shot your album cover
I've the right patience, to your shit dictation
Then commence domestic mc word castration
Like excels effects from a psychadelic wanger
For you there's no escape like sperm in a franger
Simulated immitations fade away progressively
So go fuck yourself homaphrodite mc

Yo this is DJ Debris
Representing
Certified Wise

A dietarian, pages down, lyrical librarian
My strong line is carnivore your line was vegetarian
Comparin them I'm tearin them in two so don't you dare
me then
Comparin them with them I bring the heat like a
solarium
You're starin then you better step back while I'm
preparin them
Certified lyrical delegates are all the sound-ions,
Rebellions under one banner for new milleniums
The south is certified it's so good like sanitarium

I throw tempo-tempos to scare those who dare oppose
Who don't compare the pro's I'm dressed in threadbare
clothes
Still these rare flows got mc's pleading "give us a fair
go"
Don't try to stop me you don't realise the lengths to
which I'm prepared to go
We can take a short journey and leave you at your wits
end
You get burned like you're smoking a cigarette from
the lit end
You're acting so feminine you could be stressing about
split ends
Certified hit home with so much force they make bricks
bend

This situation get sticky, like a perve with porn mags
My presence on stage will make you trailer whore
skags
Girls cats, hornbag, you know my style sucker,
And now we made tracks to get you up like a fluffer
Certified wise, notorious to rip cunts

Dissin us will get costly like private shows at strip clubs
Beating me's a hard task by itself so fuck you,
Cause that's a fantasy like anal sex with Eliza Dushku

This is my life and many come and go like one night
stands
I treat live jams like a sermons and in my mic hand
A holy get them with ya bless ya
Shit you never spit the fresher shit than Pressure
Any means, risk or measure
This cut is deep, so pump a beat for my fuckin peeps
I'm rated X-rated the way that I come with tongue and
cheek
We bring a ruckus like truckers in bar brawls
Certified Wise and we out like last calls... calls... calls...

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