

## Chris Webby

### "Certified"

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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,  
B\*tch I'm cooler than a summertime breeze, hoe  
please

In my jeans two cojones 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, f\*ck 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, f\*ckin' April O'Neill  
Got a Casey Jones flow, baby you can never doubt me,  
Ten foot dick, balls bigger than Lebowski

[Chorus]

B\*tch 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 everyday another random chick  
Got my own lingo, never understanding others,  
Roll deep with a muthaf\*ckin' 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 cause that's what wisdom's about  
Summer Sanders sucked my d\*ck 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 f\*ckin' run-r-run,  
Cause there'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

[Chorus]

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Baby I be certified, certified, certified

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