

The Certificate (Suffa MC Remix)

Hilltop Hoods

Cats get served, running up sliced
Every single night and that the way we keep it right
Like that fuckers... (YEAH)Im 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 necklaceMissed the drum, 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 collonadesIt'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 nyooooo 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 manI 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 thats 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 dont fuckin feel me I'll crush you without pity I arrange certain words amongst silence
 To be heard in abundance what 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 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 dont, 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 excelles 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 mcYo this is DJ Debris
 Representing
 Certified WiseA 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 its so good like sanitariumI throw tempo-tempos to scare those who dare oppose
 Who dont compare the pro's i'm dressed in threadbare clothes
 Still these rare flows got mc's pleading "give us a fair go"
 Dont try to stop me you dont realise the lengths to which im prepared to go
 We can take a short journey and leave you at your wits end
 You get burned like youre smoking a cigarette from the lit end
 Youre acting so feminine you could be stressing about split ends
 Certified hit home with so much force they make bricks bendThis 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 thats a fantasy like anal sex with Eliza DushkuThis 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...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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