

Certified Bomb

Cypress Hill

Call me the serial rhyme killer
Mic cord strangling, mangling, tangling, you in the web, nigga
Your head is dangling off of your shoulders
'Cause my mic told me to do it, 'cause you wasn't a true soldier
Fake bustas get hit with the clusterbomb
You're a hot dog with no mustard, you're flustered
I'm calm, spit, heat like a fucking dragon
Bagging you up, tagging you toe, zipping you up
Clipping you up, mic cord tripping you up
You're in the dark with no light
And wishing a nigga had lit you up
So much for wishful thinking, your body's stinking
You're sinking into the hole and I'm at the top winking at ya
Don't play me too close, I'm a certified bomb
Designed to designate all over the tape
Got my Cuban, Puertoricans, all up in the place
Gonna smash you in the face with tapes, check it out
Don't play me too close, I'm a certified bomb
Designed to designate all over the tape
Got my Cuban, Puertoricans, all up in the place
Gonna smash you in the face with tapes, check it out
Call me imperial beatslayer
All prayers try to be advisory to rivalry in the battle player
Bitches who lie to me and cry to me use bribery
I'm taking the torch and burn Puffy-music for canivalry
That'll teach you, I beat you on every plain
Ain't no other way to beat you, I beat you with pain
Shred you into pieces using the tiger claw
A cold nigga you need more than a lighter to thaw
Me and my lyrical Iceberg suckers are panic
Fuck what you heard, I brought down the Titanic
So can it and shut it, I wrote it and bust it
Because it never gonna be safe for wack, niggas, I don't trust 'em
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Call me superior show stopper, your hip hop legacy
Claim us to remember we break you off proper
Oh you got a short memory? You wanna render me?
Harmless and surrender me for the fucking enemy?
I won't let ya, bet ya, reign supreme
Make your fans forget ya, search ya, in front of your team
Make a nigga smoke a ounce and bounce over the rhythm
And hit 'em and get another suck and hit 'em with venom
Nigga, my name is Sen and I'm real while you're
pretending

Suckers with no style, I hope you get offended
So I can lock your ass up with my jaw clutches
Then my rhymes just cut you, 'cause they're sharp like Tony Touch's
Don't play me too close, I'm a certified
bomb
Designed to designate all over the tape
Got my Cuban, Puertoricans, all up in the place
Gonna smash you in the face with tapes, check it out
Don't play me too close, I'm a certified bomb
Designed to designate all over the tape
Got my Cuban, Puertoricans, all up in the place
Gonna smash you in my face with tapes, check it out
Yeah, that's right y'all, gonna smash you in the face
Who be coming on touching me, getting around me
I'm a bomb, you know what I'm saying
I'm ready to go off, you know what I'm saying
So many motherfuckers out there talking shit
Doing their little thing, it's cool you know, I'm saying
Go ahead make your money, but don't you be coming
Around me, perplexing, playing like a bitch
You know what I'm saying, 'cause I can see your ass
Right through, you know what I'm saying
You're glass homeyboy, you're glass, you know what I'm say
Don't play me too close y'all, now come to think of it
I don't think I like you too much, you know I'm saying,
always kicking it
Doing what we do, trying to act like us, trying to sound like us
You're playing me too close motherfucker, you need to step the fuck
On back, take your ass on back to wherever the fuck you come from
'Cause you're playing me way, way too close, what I'm saying

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