

Certified (feat. Rick Ross)

Krept & Konan

What is this
Play Dirty
This my family
That's all I think about
Boss (Maybach Music) Ask about us yeah we're
Certified (yeah), certified (yeah), certified (yeah)
In my hood they love us cause they know we're
Certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!)
She wanna fuck, I only let her if she's
Certified (yeah), certified (yeah), certified (behave!)
You wanna hit it, she ain't with it
You ain't certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!)
Everyone you see around me yeah they're certified
Says she wanna try my chain on
When I park up, that's your bae gone
I swear the ass was enormous
The last time we all seen it, it was August
So don't ever leave your bitch lonely
Cause I'm a young thug getting rich, homie
Rap life
My car stick in your memory, that's what I call a flash drive
I got her backing up her bumper
Broom broom, but this ain't my mum's car
Certified what they gonna say
Tell the waiter more cheese on my bolognese
Ask about us yeah we're
Certified (yeah), certified (yeah), certified (yeah)
In my hood they love us cause they know we're
Certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!)
She wanna fuck, I only let her if she's
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You ain't certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!)
Everyone you see around me yeah they're certified
Say you that nigga
I bet you probably one of them "I pay you back" niggas
Feds stopped me like "Did you see the crime?"
Sorry officer, I'm legally blind
Gold chain, iced it
Take a picture of me, that's an ice pic
White babes love us like the Wayans brothers
I'm a black man in a white chick

From the streets, so be careful where you roll around
Could get POP if you don't hold it down
All these red bottoms getting silly nigga
More pairs than Ricky nigga Ask about us yeah we're
Certified (yeah), certified (yeah), certified (yeah)
In my hood they love us cause they know we're
Certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!)
She wanna fuck, I only let her if she's
Certified (boss), certified (boss), certified (behave!)
You wanna hit it, she ain't with it
You ain't certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!)
Everyone you see around me yeah they're certified Certified, we the bosses (Maybach Music)
We getting money over here
Let me break it down for you
Catch me out in London, niggas with me mobbin' hard
In the club you see we banging like it's Scotland Yard
POP these bitches with me really hold it down
Rock around and rock in cars that a half a million pounds
Eyes open cause them broke niggas still snatchin' chains
Homicide stretch your mama on that front page
Ain't no love or sympathy, what the fuck is a friend?
So cut throat just to float in this comfortable Benz
Still blowing money fast, Lizzie's in that duffle bag
Sometimes I still fly commercial, count it all in first class
Started with a single so I had to flip it nigga
80 million later, still be quick to whip it nigga
Double M, my D.C. homies got Obama ties
If you try me I'ma bust you cause I'm certified
Seen a hundred bricks, got a hundred shots
Boss one hunnid, bitch go check my body count Ask about us yeah we're
Certified (yeah), certified (yeah), certified (yeah)
In my hood they love us cause they know we're
Certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!)
She wanna fuck, I only let her if she's
Certified, certified, certified (behave!)
You wanna hit it, she ain't with it
You ain't certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!), certified (ugh!)
Everyone you see around me yeah they're certified

Songwriters

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