

Certified (feat. Bilal)

Guru

[Guru]

Niggaz gotta know we've puttin it down
This shit is certified right here (whoo yes, yes)
No games with this right here
Straight to the di-dome, like this (uhh, uhh)[Chorus: Bilal]
This right here, has been cer-ti-fied,
For years.. ahhhahhh-ah-ah-ah-ah
He's got soul up in his blueprint, and he's ready to vocalize
So we, passin the mic your way, come on testify..[Guru]
Prepare each element with raw street intelligence
Dig the soul this is, complete elegance
Heartbeat delegates when I spit each melon's hit
Like to build ill like, repeat felons getPlus I'm jazzy and like to dress to impress
It's the baldhead buddha, with the mic caress
And I might suggest, that you broaden your mind
You spend a lot of your time dancin to fraudulent rhymesLike a breath of fresh air we gonna, change the pace
Not a mental slave, so save the angry face
It's the return of the mellow voiced maestro, and my flow
Eliminates the comp like Geico,Insurance - just for your body's endurance
You get more for your money, or your partyin purest
So don't start to get nervous now that we up in the spot
We've been certified for years, you gonna love it a lot[Chorus][Jay Dee]
Who, me? That nigga Jay, Dee (Jay Dee)
Some plod to beats that I, flow to
Run men through, with Gu-are you (Guru)
As for me, I be the nigga that's tightYou got to see
In order for you, to believe
Singin these words, with ease
Talkin bout, boom - a-shaka-laka-a-laka-laka-BOOM!
Roll the weed and lose the seeds asshole
You can breathe three-hundred-and-sixty degrees
Of heat, sing with the soulStraight from the streets, of Illadelph
Move your feet - ahh-HAH, pimp shit
(It's that pimp shit) Big whips with full clips
Got mad chicks, on my dick
Ridin by, so say it loud, in your face![Chorus][Guru]Soulful
Tinted window whips, lots of chicks lots of chips
Anything ain't right then the brother's gotta flip
Or skinnydip, after a sip of Cognac rapAny wack wimp with whiskers, I bomb that cat

Alarm that cat, that when we slide through abide to
The rules that's been laid down by (?) true like bibles
I'm liable, to come through, seven deep with Wizzies And ditch 'em while other ladies whisper, who is he?
Then later leave with eight new ones, me an airtight Willie
Bout to smack you silly with two guns
So hereby I certify don't care if you feel hurt if I Testify, against your false words or lies
Word to God this is my job I'm workin hard every minute
Movin up in the rat race, city council to senate
So what you don't get it? You can't front no more
Been certified for years, can't speak to chumps no more [Chorus: x 2] This one right here
Has been certified, for years
That's right
Soul up in his blueprint, ready to vocalize
Pass the mic this way, testify Hmm, like they say it doesn't hurt to try
This here, is bonafied baby, certified baby
Jazzmatazz 3rd edition
Gifted Unlimited Rhymes Universal No rehearsal, certified with virtue
Respect the circle
It's me and the be-I-L-A-L
You know what I'm sayin' Jay Dee from Pay Jay Airtight Willie heh, from Boston to New Yiddy
All the way to Philly
Now in the D sittin pretty
Certified

Songwriters

ELAM/YANCEY/DE PAUL/GREEN/OLIVER/Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
UNIVERSAL MUSIC PUB GROUP, WARNER CHAPPELL MUSIC INC, THE ROYALTY NETWORK
INC., Royalty Network, SONY ATV MUSIC PUB LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>