

# The Certificate

## Hilltop Hoods

Cats get served, running up sliced  
Every single night and that the way we keep it right  
Like that fuckers... (YEAH)

I'm 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 necklace

Mr. Trials, 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 collonades

It'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, noooo 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 man

I 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 don't fuckin feel me I'll crush you without pity

I arrange certain words amongst silence  
To be heard in abundance while mc's face redundancy  
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 handful of panadol's 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 ain't 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 pornsex.

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 sick  
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 poss posse 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 sativa , either you do or you don't, we'll prove that you won't  
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 mc

Yo this is DJ Debris  
Representing  
Certified Wise

A 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 sanitarium

I throw tempo-tempos to scare those who dare oppose  
Who don't compare the pro's I'm dressed in threadbare clothes  
Still these rare flows got mc's pleading "give us a fair go"  
Don't try to stop me you don't realise the lengths to which I'm prepared to go  
We can take a short journey and leave you at your wits end  
You get burned like you're smoking a cigarette from the lit end  
You're acting so feminine you could be stressing about split ends  
Certified hit home with so much force they make bricks bend

This 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 Dushku

This 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...