

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 hotdog with no mustard, you're flusterd, 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, you're 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

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 reach you, I reach you with pain
Shred you into pieces using the tigerclaw
I'm a cold nigga you need more than a lighter to thaw
Me and my lyrical Iceberg suckers are panic
Fuck what you head 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

Call me superior showstopper, your hiphop 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 I bet ya I reign supreme
Make your fans forget ya search ya in front of your team
Make a nigga smoke a ounce and bounce over the rhythem
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 jawclutches
Then my rhymes will catch you cause they're sharp like Tony Touch's

Yeah, that's right y'all
Gonna smash you in the face
Who be comming 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 what I'm saying, go ahead make you money
But don't you be comming 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 saying
Don't play me too close y'all

I don't think I like you too much you know what 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 too step the fuck on back
Take your ass on back to wherever the fuck you come from
You're playing me way way too close you know what I'm saying