

# Certified

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)

This right here, has been cer-ti-fied,  
For years.. ahhhahhh-ah-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..

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 get

Plus 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 rhymes

Like 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

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 tight

You 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 soul

Straight 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!

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 rap

Any 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

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