

Hilltop Hoods, The Certificate

The certified have arrived, extraordinaire extravagant
Beers like confidence, man I'm drinkin' until I'm arrogant
Cause I'm a cocky fuck, Hit your girl and I knock her up
Girly 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 to (sherm) 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

Missed the drum, young ladies gimme a call
My number's written next to Fuckwit on the Chicks bathroom wall
I'm slightly easy and a try bit sleazy
With a wood 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 branch here to colonnade

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 nyoooo)

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.
The skills for this professional typical certified wise man
From Skybelleland, I'm becoming all your seeds and plants
So take cover as I rave under a Laundromat

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

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