

Certified (feat. Akon)

Glasses Malone

Up front, Akon and Glasses
Konvict music, Akon and glasses
G. Malone Niggaz spit fairytale G issue the facts
Not Jeezy but I sold my fair issue of cracc
Not Weezy but Malone got dat hustlers music
And them hustlers use it, serve customers to it Went from 2 to 300 got the Mexicans down
Hundred crip, hundred bloods, hundred Mexicans now
Hundred round in the clip, man, who wanna get dumb
With the New West Pres on these A town drums With the New West Pres daddy callin' the play
And we saccin' wack rappers, niggas call it a day
Down south call um choppers home call it a Kay
Either way ambulances come and haul um away
This Blu Division bitch I'm da soul of da crew
Honey girls on ma heels like the soul of my shoe
Got toomp in da kitchen let it simmer and cook
Now Kon break it on down and deliver the hook
Let's go I ain't for all that beefin'
Got niggas to bust your head for no reason
Ask around the streets, man, I'm certified
Cross seas all my customers are satisfied See I ain't for all that beefin'
Matter of fact I'm tryin' to chill with the squeezin'
Ask around the hood, man, I'm certified
And I'd hate to have to put a bullet in your mind Got da bloods on my team who gone fuck with
'cause
I'm heavy in the streets nigga fuck da club
I make G's bounce and wanna buc da snub
Takin' down everythin' you spendin' bucks to plug
I was just a little pissed I didn't sign with Jay
A mil plus couple months feelin' fine today
Mil plus couple blunts they say he runnin' the hood
And I'm laughin' at you rap niggaz runnin' from Suge Talk greasy on your records stop pushin'
me hoe
Face 2 face turn bitch you lil' pussies expose
You a mark I'm a G so when u pop ya checc
You can buy any car but not the streets respect One of few gangsta rappers that the streets
respect
And plaques and nothin' less is what the streets expect
Got toomp in da kitchen let it simmer and cook
Now Kon break it on down and deliver da hook
Let's go I ain't for all that beefin'
Got niggas to bust your head for no reason
Ask around the streets man, I'm certified

Cross seas, all my customers are satisfied
See I ain't for all that beefin'
Matter of fact I'm tryin' to chill with the squeezin'
Ask around the hood man, I'm certified
And I'd hate to have to put a bullet in your mind
Wats up lil' mama? Wats up?
Wats up lil' mama? Wats up?
Wats up lil' mama? Wats up?
You won't find another nigga spittin' easty-er shit
I'm hot on the West, hot in the south
Fuck bars, nigga hot for puttin' gloccs in ya mouth
Fuck bars, it's the flow so easy and smooth
Charismatic on the mic like Easy and Cube
No attitude the fuck stoppin' the grind
No whitey in my mix homie robbin' me blind
Go hyphy in this bitch only problem is time
Cause my Bentley watch broke but got the properest shine
In the base model 5 but the brabus in
line
Once I made bacc ends it's the Maybach Benz
Got toomp in da kitchen let it simmer and cook
Now Kon break it on down and deliver da hook
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Ask around the streets man, I'm certified
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Ask around the hood man, I'm certified
And I'd hate to have to put a bullet in your mind
Akon and glasses
Konvict music

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>