

Certified (feat. Jacquees)

T.I.

[Verse 1: T.I.]

I'm a certified A-town nigga, trap original
Did it analog before this shit was even digital
Big box Chevy, tinted windows riding sellin work
Never tell I rather go to heaven
I'm a felon, yeah I know, pray a bean at the end be the grand total
Low in the hood tryna duck po po
Hair fade, my loud poppin down slow mo, and I'm on go
I'm in your town, I hit your club and call your ho
But ya way too old, and this ain't new
Respect my pimpin you know how this go[Bridge: T.I.]
Flip flop, diamonds on top of my watch I bet your bitch watch
When I'm hopping out of my drop
I'm a big shot, money falling out of my pocket
Talking big knots, 40 50 60 70 thousand yeah

[Hook: Jacquees & T.I.]

Shawty like me cause I'm certified
See the thirst in her eyes
Shawty like me cause I'm certified
Money seem to fall it go down when we come around
Okay we walk around town like big player
Out the parking lot make it fishtail
All I care about is my bankroll
I don't really care about his share
Okay cash out triple my real estate
And add to the money my kids'll make
I'm up in DC tryna pale all this shit
But still head on the swivel for the pistol play
Gotta big Glock 40 on the side of your noggin
Get your shit popped ain't nobody talkin while I'm talkin
I'm a big shot, money falling out of my pocket
Talking big knots 40 50 60 70 thousand yeah

[Post Hook: T.I.]

Naw now whats up with all that (yeah, yeah)
We pull up on you bet you finna haul that (yeah, yeah)
A mystery why I never called back
Sorry she never saw that

Niggas be all on my dick because I'm with they bitch who be on my ball sack, yeah[Verse 2:

Jacquees]

Shawty like me cause I'm certified
My Lamborghini fast enjoy the ride

She getting high yelling

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>