

Certified Freak (feat. Juicy J & Chevy Woods)

Berner

She ain't even gotta speak, I can see it on her face
She a certified freak (Certified freak)
It only took me about a week
Got her in between the sheets
She a certified freak (Certified freak) Head so good I got my eyes close
I'ma go raw and let the dice roll
35 hundred for the smoke bag
2 for the coat yeah I'm still blowing old cash
I'm probably in an old school, weed lit
Candy paint on them chrome shoes (chrome shoes)
12 Packs, 35 Stacks
Mixed Xan with the Gin that's why I didn't call back
Strong pack, city on my ball cap
Thirty round drummer make a hater wanna fall back
Boss shit, me I let my bread talk
Fed high, they want me in the cell locked
Two bitches on my dick yeah I love freaks
Bitches cash out just to fuck me
And she ain't even gotta speak
I laid her on the couch and I beat
She a certified freak
Rolling up cookie, pouring up sizzurp
Bad yellow bitch with my hand up her skizzert
Let my seat back and the ho gonna slizzurp
She do it too good I can't be a [?]
Do it so good I'ma put that chick to work
Put her in the strip club let the bitch twerk
The money ain't straight then she gone get hurt
I won't save no ho, I ain't no chruch (Never!)
Juicy J pimping shit that's all a nigga know
Weed be so loud that's all a nigga smoke (you know it)
No rehab for me all I need is dope
She ain't giving up the head you can keep the ho
Keep the ho, keep the ho
She ain't giving up the head you can keep the ho (freak)
Keep the ho, keep the ho
She ain't giving up the head you can keep the ho
I pulled my socks up and made some popcorn
Trying to sauce on your chicken and that's hot sauce
She dancing like she wanna have a nigga baby
Word to my nigga Berner told the bitch [?]
There is only reason for this phone call

Turn some PitBull on and she get lockjaw
I'm on some Taylor shit, kicks with the gator print
Say you getting all this money nigga what you make of it
I'm balling like a mother fucker, Dennis Rod
She on the 9 to 5 and that's on her job
Tilt your head back, take a shot of this
I'm on my sixth man, like I'm off the bench
While the club going dumb that's your baby father
Tell him I'm just trying to function word to 40 water
All these bottles and this bitch you's a wanna be
But let me get back to what shortie doing in front of me
Aye, aye, aye, aye

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>