

# 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/>