

Akrobatik

"Hypocrite"

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One, two
Can you hear me?
Yo, Fakts One's again, yeah
Yo, my name is Akrobatik and I don't smoke crack
I won't buy the rhyme if I think the beats whack
I don't shoot smack or pop pills to get loose
And I don't drink liquor it causes spousal abuse
Plus I don't smoke cigarettes
So you won't see me on the patch or chewing on no
nicorette
I don't pack heats, but if I did you couldn't hold it
And I wont smoke a spliff unless I see you role it
I don't talk shit, shit-talkers are mostly feeble
Don't look down on my people, we all equal
I don't watch videos, they all the same
Don't preoccupy myself with glamour, fortune and
fame
The mic a fight but don't sleep the head skills is tight
So don't be the one to break my peaceful streak, aight?
I don't do none of that shit
But if I do it's just because I'm hypocrite just like you
Hypocrite, low down dirty belligerent
Words and actions always different, ignorant
Everything you say is insignificant
Soul is old, rhymes dirty, born illegitimate
Can't believe a word you say
What you claim you do tomorrow
You ain't doing today
I bet we'd all be your slaves if you had it your way
But you wouldn't follow none of the rules that you lay
You damn hypocrite!
I won't do a show without half up front
Fourth and one best believe I'm on punt
If you see me with a honey, best believe she's at least
half black
Cause I won't hit the booty unless it's tight fat
I won't hop a flight without the blade stash
Slice your neck if you make the cockpit-dash
I don't sweat cash, cause it comes and goes
And I try not to call women bitches and hoes
But if a ho spread a rumor I ain't smacking the bitch

I walk past her faster than a Pedro pitch
Cause I don't sweat the words of those that don't
matter
The rhymes are above petty talk and ignorant chatter
I don't waste my time writing ignorant rhymes
But I know that making niggaz laugh ain't no crime
I don't do none of that shit but if I do
It's just because I'm a hypocrite just like you
Hypocrite, low down dirty belligerent
Words and actions always different, ignorant
Everything you say is insignificant
Soul is old, rhymes dirty, born illegitimate
Can't believe a word you say
What you claim you do tomorrow
You ain't doing today
I bet we'd all be your slaves if you had it your way
But you wouldn't follow none of the rules that you lay
You damn hypocrite! (Fakts One's again)
You damn hypocrite!

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