

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 won't 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  
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What you claim you do tomorrow  
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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!