

Hypocrite

ToneDeff

All you hip-hop hypocrites talking like you know
Come face to face and it's a whole different story
Shut up and stop talking, Step, Start walkin
They smile in your face... stab you when you're not
watching.

All you hip-hop hypocrites talking like you know
Come face to face and it's a whole different story
They tell ya one thing, and then go do another/
Its about time we blew your cover

V1 - TONEDEFF

Hey, what's a matter with the world today?/
There's lots of hypocrites lurking, You can be sure to
say/
See, plenty of times, I've been verbally burned or
turned away/
By niggas that haven't earned their say, so, in my
defense, I've learned to play/
Cause I discerned decay in many crevices, heady
rappers, biters,
writers and editors...So I take preventative measures/
It's shame that this game b-b-became a bit of a pain/
I'm dealing with strain by gettin my name shit on by
niggas that bitch and complain/
Consider the fame of underground rappers/
Who stand to waste their fan bases if soundscan can
catch up, like Sales are bad luck/
Some cats only support you when they believe they've
bought you/
But abort you the minute you blow the f**k up, or even
start to/
No need argue, with these mean elitists/
This new breed of teens is conceited, thinking that
they conceived the whole scene as you see it/
Like history prior to them was deleted/
Now, either you're a conformist or an extremist/
My grievances are not with warrant because I've seen
this... shitty element shine through/
By cynical individuals carrying rifles/
Don't be original, don't even try to/
You'll always sound like somebody else, till somebody
else sounds like you/
Be mindful of the powers that scheme/
I'm seeing these dudes that never paid dues with
interviews and 2 page spreads in glossy magazines/
And I've had it with these fraudulent skeptics/
The type to say they wrecked shit, when the whole
audience was on their guest list.

V1 - DEACON THE VILLAIN

Don't you hate people without cars, that critique how
you're driving?/
What about them backseat rhymers, doggin' your one-
liners?/
Hip-Hop-ocrites, they ain't droppin shit, so they smell
yours/
And tell you how bad it stinks! Claiming you fell

short/
Of their goal. It's like you're at a stage show/
They ain't throwing tomatoes, but full bottles of
Prego/
Like not seeking their non-seasoned advice would lead
to your detriment/
While they're sounding like P. Diddy with a speech
impediment/
Knockin your better shit! (Y'all couldn't have heard it
right!)

Usually, they are suburbanites that are living the
urban life/
Acting like your goal should be to be underground for
life/
(Aight, then pay our bills, bitch, and turn on our
lights!)

These motherf**kas act like there's a set of rules to
follow/
Well, check this...for you I got a set of jewels to
swallow/
Cause half the cats you praise, you only like because
he's cool with your other favorite rapper/
You only like him because he used to be Eminem's back-
up/
Took a picture, had it posterized and found a wall to
tack up/
But when Eminem blew up, you threw up/
Dissed him, and became the next underground sensation's
new slut/
It's all sad. To you, songs with sung hooks, they're
all bad/
But throw Anticon's wackest rapper on it, and you're
all glad/
This madness and inconsistency dulls my shine/
These bitches would try to discredit VISA if it rhymed/
(Now chew on that line).

Chorus

V2A - TONEDEFF

What do you do if you're a dick, nobody likes you, and
you never get light?
You start your own hip-hop website!
Now you're a big fish in a small pond, controlling all
the facets/
Your opinions disappear in the instant your browser
crashes/
You underground babies cry the most, like you're
starting to teethe/
He's fifteen with an opinion - But me? I'm an artist
with beef/
"Dude, Tonedeff is all flow, he only talks fast"/
Oh yeah? Well, here's a SLOW FUCK YOU for you're
stalled ass"

V2B - DEACON THE VILLAIN

Well, what do you do when your careers dying, nearly
with its breath gone/
You start whining, complaining, claiming you're getting
slept on/
In the lab mixing elements for your so-called 'best
song'/
Yelling, "I got the next bullet-single!" but Billboard

is wearing Teflon/
Cooking up food for thought, but when your meal drops/
And listeners don't like your flavor, you pout that,
"Y'all don't know real hip-hop!"
Eat a dick, doc. Your fame clock must be passed its
tick-tock/
Now, punching soda cans is the only way you'll hit-pop.