Hypocritical

Dear Chandelier

Power to the positive people
Please push your panic buttons
Stop the press, it's those hypocritical judge
And condemning preacher, with pens behind the deskWe protest against their negative stress, time time
Time to get that shit off our chest, I know that violence
Don't fix drama, if you wanna have that good karma
Go ask your mama, did you uncover your third eye?Yeah and utilized my mental telepathy to get them away
From T-Lee and the rest of the posseClick, click camera flash, freeze, frame a time
From the past or if I had a gat, I probably would blast
But livin' life like that, probably would not last'Cause somebody one day onto them leave you left
Deep in the ground, your last tour date in a casket
With quadro soundsWho sets the standards? Who sets the lines?
Who you? Or do they rule yer minds?The snitches, the bitches be takin' advantages
Of the chances that they be giving confidentiality
T-Bone gave a brotha love and he turned that shit into 10 gsAnd now it's he who sails the seven seas
Left us in the studio trackin' our tracks
And we're getting freaky-o
Paparazzi got a satellite 24-7 on my home-oUh-oh, with a direct line that goes directly live to the
Tonight show, where they prep like chefs
Cuttin' and choppin' with their fake ass voice-o'sYeah and supporting a low life sucka
Who stole a video tape of my brotha
And his wife without they clothesNow they pack that shit in the publics nose
But ironically, my fellow peeps burn the trash up at our showsWho sets the standards? Who sets the lines?
Who keeps feeding us ethnic separation tax
Levels n levels of occupation were all
Significant parts in this universal creationWho sets the standards? Who sets the lines?
Who you? Or do they rule yer minds?See, we sick and tired of they tricks, we use in Voodoo
On the whole rag-mag click and that hardcopy shit here
We're gonna give 'em a real topic for the new millennium real quickWho sets the standards? Who sets the lines?

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