Hypocrite

O.C.

What? Yea, yo flaws and fallacies of life
Material items and shit beware motherfuckers
Word up, don't let it getcha you know?
This shit ain't nothing, one time check him outYo, you live the life of a hustle, not sympathetic to a user
Making cats fast, taking trips to Bermuda
Elegant women, all lovely and feminine
Houses with arches and big pools for swimming inBig transactions swiping all the action
Driving a Benz and Lex, you be like maxing
Jewels be on truck shit, rims with fat clusters
Diamonds on your teeth, shining shimmers and lustrousAnd God's hanging sideways, holding your head high
Cruising through a block, so you past a dreads
Now the dreads are looking hard at your face Mr. Fly Guy
Unaware tonight their gonna do a fucking drive byGo home watch a sci-fi flick with a chick
Till 10pm, now it's time for you to dip
Go round up a few men hold a classified
Info inside, hand picked these niggas
You confided in the shipmentTo pick up quick, click off Clyde's
Seven numbers for you if their gonna demise
A scheme of betrayal
Guess in your valley you was higher then selfWork, short from another fly guy
By George I think he's got it
Chicks, goons and lump sums
Tickering 5-0 wild to be like dumb dumsOne of the few never having a heart
Issue was smart some ass with it
Came to cash, don't give a shit
Attitude more money and more moneyDog days bright and more sunny
Four in the morning drinking
Seneca apple juice in the rent a car
Neighborhood star, got riddled and scarred
A lose cannon or cannonsOver famish foe, became shadow
Or did death and did damage
Now, I knew this kid true to life
Word life, he preached righteousness and shit
And turned to be a Hypocrite

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