

# Hypocritical

## Methods Of Mayhem

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 desk

We 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 posse

Click, 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 sounds

Who 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 gs

And 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-o

Uh-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's

Yeah and supporting a low life sucka  
Who stole a video tape of my brotha  
And his wife without they clothes

Now they pack that shit in the publics nose  
But ironically, my fellow peeps burn the trash up at our shows

Who 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 creation

Who 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 quick