

## **Gym Class Heroes "Happy Little Trees"**

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Now who you know leave the scene  
Messier than canvas's by Jackson Pollock  
Throwing multicolored thoughts at a rapid pace  
I make a mess you dissect it and make sense of it  
Then get back to me at your earliest convenience  
Check my verbal sequence as I texturize these tracks  
Seven layers to be exact eliminate the whack  
With a firm brush stroke I mc paintily  
Lyricists begin crumbling from my scumbling  
technique  
As I tweak your audio and visual keep my drips minimal  
messages subliminal  
Cause me and rap go way back we compliment  
So together we enhance one another that's common  
sense  
High intensity catches the eye your jaw drops  
Be a real critic not explicit with false props  
I keep my darks deep my lights bright I'm very  
thorough  
With my churascurro inspiration spark and a knife  
Now watch me rock the spot like ? minus the heroin  
And make my face popular like Andy did to Marilyn  
Its kinda scary when real art gets left behind  
While they take bullshit and start sellin it to blind folks  
But I remain humble as long as ? continues spinnin hot  
shit  
On his twin twelve-hundred color wheels of steel  
Fuck mass appeal art is art only the real can truly feel it  
So open your eyes and listen  
Combine your ears with vision  
Or do it cause you love it  
Or for cash that's your decision  
That's your decision  
That's your decision  
  
Its like I'm torn between two worlds  
A paintbrush and a microphone  
A canvas or a beat  
CD or LP  
Anything goes when my ink pen flows  
And God only knows where its gonna bring me next  
So I'm inclined to like paint rhymes and spit

kaleidoscopes with one eye closed  
And I suppose if you chose the path that I chose  
You know the cycle ass ho don't front  
It goes inspiration and productivity then a sense of self  
worth and in steps depression  
Like back and forth and forth and back  
Should I paint a picture or record a track  
A gift or a curse I don't know I'm still undecided  
But over the years I've found clever ways to hide it  
And those that lack the passion I have may despise it  
But my momma made me this way I thank her everyday  
So tell them kids to keep coloring outside the lines  
Until they lose they limitations and they minds is free  
Tell them teachers that you want your money back this  
time  
And tell Bob Ross for all the happy little trees  
And tell my momma that her baby boy is doing just fine  
Although hes running out of patience but his mind is  
free  
And tell my pops that I'll pay his money back sometime  
And that his son is two steps away from where he  
needs to be

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