

## **Gym Class Heroes**

### **"To Bob Ross With Love"**

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Now who you know leave the scene messier than  
canvases by Jackson Pollock  
Throwing multi-colored thoughts at a rapid pace?  
I'll 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 emcee paintily.  
Lyricists begin crumbling from my scumbling  
technique  
As I tweak your audio and visual  
Keep my drips minimal, messages subliminal  
'Cos 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 chiaroscuro inspiration spark  
and a knife  
Now watch me rock the spot like Basquiat, minus the  
heroin  
And make my face popular like Andy did to Marilyn.  
It's 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 Gray Squirrel 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

It's 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 asshole, 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 he's 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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