

## Rick Guard

### "Reelishymn"

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Hook:

Well I think I'm going out of my head  
Yes, I think I'm going out of my head,  
I think I'm, think I'm, think I'm....  
Life's a bitch then you never come back...  
Yo! peep the realness...

Verse One:

I'm a shadow of my former self  
So when the sun sets west,  
I rock and slap box with hip-hop;  
Cuz its much harder to get props than it is to fall off  
and flop  
I payed dues til I paid do nots.  
And will never will what you say affect the outcome --  
See, momma always told me opinions are like  
assholes;  
Cuz everyone has got one.  
But you couldn't tell me shit if I stepped in it.  
Once I enter psychosis, paranormal, focus I perplex  
niggas and niggettes,  
I play this rap shit closer than gillettes against the neck  
and juglar vien  
Blowing out my own fucking brain without lead  
projectiles,  
Bled when I project styles and meanwhile, existence is  
a life sentence  
And since I'm broke I take the risk, forced to hustle  
'Cuz raw power moves, require muscle knowing I'm  
going out trife  
Already got one strike, two more and that's life without  
possibility of  
paroll  
Having to stroll in my shoes ain't easy  
Lookin' forward to 3 hots from a cell block fuckin' my  
fifi nigga feel me?  
'Cuz if it ain't the cancer sticks I hit this hypertension's  
gonna kill me  
And fuck a platinum plaque, all I want is a niggas dap  
And enough snaps to put clothes on my daughters

back Steph.

See this without an optometrist I'm stuck in the middle  
of this bitch -

Like ya momma's gynacologist.

Make a radio hit - headz criticize it;

Underground classic - nobody buys it:

So, rap is fucked

And everything blowing up sounds redundant

But money talks and bullshit does 9 flat in the hundred

And goddamn if I don't slam my wallets in danger

So I'm coming out like unborn baby's with hangers

And chronic stress is contemplated so fuck being high

Ras Kass is elevated

Chorus:

Well I think I'm going out of my head, reelishymn,  
reelishymn

Yes, I think I'm going out of my head, reelishymn,  
reelishymn

Well I think I'm going out of my head

Yes, I think I'm going out of my head

Verse Two:

Who can I blame cuz my skull can't contain these  
thought waves

My syntax hydroplanes as though my brain

Slides over liquidated grains of asphalt caught cranial  
calluses

Over analysis leads to paralysis, mediocrity my  
nemesis

Try to fuck every radical feminist I meet, call it engage  
and defeat

That's the reason why black men hide in the womb,  
homes

Cuz life is all taxes and tombstones

So as flesh and bone I zone my thoughts explode with  
rap shranel syntax;

That'll wax to the past, and present the future of Ras  
Kass lies in the  
skull

Like the coronal suture

So I write truly fat shit for the core audience

But sometimes I wonder does it really exist?

Cuz true lyricists in hip-hop Joe Public be dissin

Niggas don't relate

Elevate and its treated like elevator music

Cuz' nigga don't listen

But ridicule is the burden of genius

Have you ever seen this socioeconomic gullitine rip?

A nigga's hopes and dreams

And now I'm lead to believe that life is all about CREAM  
I'm living a life idealistically principle over profit  
But realistically good intentions are micropic to fat  
pockets  
Exploitation is world's oldest occupation  
And it's the task of Jamaican chicken when a nigga gets  
jerked  
Causing me to revert to verses -  
Versus snapping like your neighborhood post office  
worker  
(Before the Source and Rappages)  
Niggas said my rhyme wasn't fly now I have the juice  
like Omar Epps  
And crooked I  
Fools be on my dick like foreskin  
But what before then, so now when niggas prop me I'm  
skeptical  
Becuz this rap shit is extremely unethical  
And with slight notoriety comes anxiety  
Now I'm supposed to play celebrity when nobody  
celebrated me at my D.O.B  
And label reps wanna play me;  
But I'm familiar with record company rule #4080:  
Fuck Luther and Sadie for talking food out my babies  
mouth denying sample  
clearance  
I'm losing my mind  
Outter body experience it's paranormal  
I say it ain't all good though  
So fuck the world with an AIDS infected dildo (doggy  
style)  
Life's a bitch named monogamy -- you only get one --  
I'm trapped in this path of pathology

Chorus:

And I think I'm going out of my head, check it,  
reelishymn, reelishymn  
Yes, I think I'm going out of my head, check it out,  
reelishymn,  
reelishymn  
Well I think I'm going out of my head, reelishymn,  
reelishymn  
Yes, I think I'm going out of my head, it's the  
reelishymn  
Well, I think I'm x 7, Yes, I think I'm x 7...

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