

Ras Kass "Van Gogh"

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* send corrections to the typist

Ah, celebrate
Hahaha, yeah, ah
Vita Brevis, Ars Longa
Life is short, art is long
It's been a long time, I shouldn't of left you
But Priority Records be fuckin' up, nephew

Extraterrestrial poet, my pen stroke is grotesque
Rugged nigga, abrasive to any fo'flesh
So let's paint a thousand words worth a picture
Panoramic though, more esoteric than hieroglyphs and
scriptures
And chemical mixtures, spit your's, not just kick words
Spit swords when we joust from the mouth dogg
Heard he got the hottest shit out, but Titanic emcees
Somehow manage to freeze
Fracture your flows so bandage your steez, no royalties
Subtract his mathematics like I was droppin' satanic
degrees
Long time no see chico, still eatin' pussy at the Nico?
(ha haaa)
I'm screamin' "Power to the people"
Most times, genius is misunderstood, but understand
You stand under unstable tables of foundation
My true occupation, dissemination of information
Usin' both sides of the brain, and I ain't complacent
Complain when I speak, fuck Priority Records
Like Prince, I'm writin' "slave" on my cheek, cause my
kids gotta eat
Meanwhile A&R's sniffin' coke, gettin' kickbacks, fuck
that
My written's like Christ wit a cross on his back
I'll breathe a total Black experience on a track
What use to be hot was what a emcee said
Now Hip-Hop don't respect you unless you platinum or
dead

[Hook]

I'm Van Gogh, Van Gog
But you don't hear me though

You're too near me not to hear me
Clearly, cut off my ear severely
Van Gogh, Van Gogh, Van Gogh (yeah)
But you don't hear me though
You're too near me not to hear me
Clearly, cut off my ear severely

I'm down wit Violet Brown and ebony cats
Down wit 65 niggaz packin' 70 gats
I'm down wit Shinehead, Big Gipp, Goodie M-O-B
My nigga Twista, Killah Priest, and Pimp C
From UGK, Do Or Die, AK
Qwest the Mad LaD, Wendy Day
I self lord am master art form, metaphors and
furthermore
Verbal masterpiece to master war, then master more
Cause a real nigga known to flow rigor mortis to stiffen
your riffin'
Thugged out without Bloodin' or Crippin', till the needle
start skippin'
The cut fuck your hairline up like Scott Pippen
Huh, hopin' the dummies stop frontin'
I'm like Illmatic, meets the Good Will Huntin'
Vocal innovator, be equal to or greater
Givin' people levels to digest the data
Cause you can't teach algebra to first graders
I'll school a hustler, about the Sixteen Crucified Saviors
Chrishna of India was Black, Quexalcote of Mexico,
Black
Buddha was Black, actual facts
But niggaz only wanna know about money, pussy, and
crack
I practiced building this strong rap track, and that's
that
Phat rap, y'all keepin' it real, well that's wack
My rap snap torso, and crack back
Doin' this, that and the third
Givin' you my ear like Van Gogh, nigga, ya heard
Went to New York state, pushin' rhymes like weight
And watch some of these rap niggaz hate (what in the
homo)
But it's all love, Ice Cube did it, 2pac did it
And no matter what, I'ma die shittin', motherfucker
Josh Petell wrote *"The Disenchanted Hero"*
Hell no

[Hook]
I'm Van Gogh, Van Gogh
But you don't hear me though
You're too near me not to hear me
Clearly, cut off my ear severely

Van Gogh, Van Gogh, Van Gogh
But you don't hear me though
You're too near me not to hear me
Clearly, cut off my ear severely
Van Gogh, Van Gogh (yeah)
Cause really though, how I'm supposed to really blow
When you drop a album every 2 years and only shoot
one video?

[DJ Khalil]
Damn, Ras

[Ras Kass]
Man, Khalil, they ain't gon' never understand, but don't
trip
These labels, these magazines, radio, video shows...
They just as groupie as the groupies
They just as guilty as the artists for not keepin' this shit
true
But hey, you gotta love it or leave it alone
An' I still love this ol' Hip-Hop shit
So just respect it when I get my championship ring, you
know

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