

Ras Kass, Van Gogh

Ah, celebrate
Hahaha, yeah, ah
Vita Brevis, Ars Longa
Life is short, art is long
It's been a long time, I shouldn't have left you
But Priority Records be fucking 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 yours, not just kick words
Spit swords when we joust from the mouth dawg
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 dropping satanic degrees
Long time no see chico, still eating pussy at the Nico? (ha haaa)
I'm screaming "Power to the people"
Most times, genius is misunderstood, but understand
You stand under unstable tables of foundation
My true occupation, dissemination of information
Using both sides of the brain, and I ain't complacent
Complain when I speak, fuck Priority Records
Like Prince I'm writing "slave" on my cheek, cause my kids gotta eat
Meanwhile A&R's sniffing coke, getting kickbacks, fuck that
My writen's like Christ wit a cross on his back
I 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 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 (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 niggas packing 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 riffing
Thugged out without Bleeding or Crippling, till the needle start skipping
The cut fuck your hairline up like Scott Pippen
Huh, hoping the dummies stop fronting
I'm like Illmatic, meets the Good Will Hunting
Vocal innovator, be equal to or greater
Giving 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 niggas only wanna know about money, pussy, and crack
I practiced building this strong rap track, and that's that
Phat rap, y'all keeping it real, well that's wack
My rap snap torso, and crack back

Doing this, that and the third
Giving you my ear like Van Gogh, nigga, ya heard
Went to New York state, pushing rhymes like weight
And watch some of these rap niggas hate (what in the homo)
But its all love, Ice Cube did it, 2pac did it
And no matter what, I'ma die shitting, motherfucker
Josh Petell wrote "The Disenchanted Hero" "*
Hell no

[Hook]

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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 going 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 keeping 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