

Ras Kass, Reelishymn

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 gynecologist.
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 comtemplated 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... <fade>