

# Reelishymn

Ras Kass

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...

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

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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 familar 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

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...