

# Van Gogh

Ras Kass

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

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 its 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

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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?

Damn, Ras

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