

To Bob Ross With Love

Gym Class Heroes

Now who you know leave the scene messier than canvases by Jackson Pollock
Throwing multi-colored thoughts at a rapid pace?
I'll make a mess, you dissect it and make sense of it,
Then get back to me at your earliest convenience.
Check my verbal sequence as I texturize these tracks
Seven layers to be exact.
Eliminate the whack with a firm brush stroke.
I emcee paintily.
Lyricists begin crumbling from my scumbling technique
As I tweak your audio and visual
Keep my drips minimal, messages subliminal
'Cos me and rap go way back, we compliment
So together we enhance one another, that's common sense.
High intensity catches the eye, your jaw drops
Be a real critic, not explicit with false props.
I keep my darks deep, my lights bright.
I'm very thorough with my chiaroscuro inspiration spark and a knife
Now watch me rock the spot like Basquiat, minus the heroin
And make my face popular like Andy did to Marilyn.
It's kinda scary when real art gets left behind
While they take bullshit and start sellin it to blind folks
But I remain humble as long as Gray Squirrel continues spinnin hot shit
On his twin twelve-hundred color wheels of steel.
Fuck mass appeal.
Art is art only the real can truly feel it.
So open your eyes and listen.
Combine your ears with vision.
Or do it cause you love it or for cash

That's your decision
That's your decision
That's your decision
It's like I'm torn between two worlds
A paintbrush and a microphone
A canvas or a beat
CD or LP
Anything goes when my ink pen flows
And God only knows where its gonna bring me next
So I'm inclined to like paint rhymes and spit kaleidoscopes with one eye closed

And I suppose if you chose the path that I chose.
You know the cycle asshole, don't front.
It goes inspiration and productivity then a sense of self-worth and in steps depression
Like back and forth and forth and back.
Should I paint a picture or record a track?
A gift or a curse? I don't know I'm still undecided
But over the years I've found clever ways to hide it.
And those that lack the passion I have may despise it,
But my momma made me this way. I thank her everyday.
So tell them kids to keep coloring outside the lines,
Until they lose they limitations and they minds is free.
Tell them teachers that you want your money back this time,
And tell Bob Ross for all the happy little trees.
And tell my momma that her baby boy is doing just fine,
Although he's running out of patience, but his mind is free.
And tell my pops that I'll pay his money back sometime
And that his son is two steps away from where he needs to be.

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