

Vince Van Gogh

Daniel Caesar

They won't Van Gogh me
They hardly know me, might have seen me
Outside like socially
My words come out clumsy, make me sound bummy

Thoughts be like poetry
And when it comes down to it
Separates me from phonies
Sometimes it's lonely
Ha-ha
The Psilocybin is hitting, welcome back my nigga
Just a gentle reminder, don't no one love you but you're momma
Nor should they
It's beautiful. Just don't stop being you
It's imperative that you remember this

Used to be ugly
Now I'm a handsome Charlie Manson
Wrapped in a snuggie
Sometimes I'm funny

But if you study
The rhymes that I dictate in time
You'll all grow to love me
Then we'll be buddies

And furthermore
I would argue that the more they tell you that they hate you the more they actually love you
The more real estate you occupy within their mind
I know it's confusing, and contradictory
But all things are
It's kind of just life, you know, in its essence

They tryna tell me I'm scaring the whores—What!?