

Oh No!

It's the absent-minded professor, forever stressed-out
Runnin' around in a state of perpetual doubt with my head in the clouds
With one foot on the ground, and the other one wedged in my mouth
'Cause I had an epiphany; I was thinkin' I'd figured it out
But I should've thought about it a little bit more before I said it aloud
I'll be like: "Yes my friends, I've thought of a definite trend
When it comes to gender differences between women and men
For women sex tends to be a means to an end
Whereas for men sex itself is the end!"
Something never to say out loud in front of your women friends
An improbable statement with a biological basis
But I should've thought before saying it, judging by their faces
But that's the way it is; my thought patterns scatter logically
For me, "mind over matter" is a matter of policy
I crashed my vehicle fallin' asleep at the wheel as I drove
A winding mountain road the day after my insurance lapsed
I shrugged it off with a nervous laugh
I stayed up all night writin' rhymes, so I deserved to crash
Everything I touch turns to crap, but it's 'cause
My mind is preoccupied with writin' the perfect rap

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