

Rap Sonnet

I'm makin' fat prophets crossin' Biggie Smalls with Nostradamus
My catastrophic predictions are postally apocalyptic
But I'm not as cryptic; I'm pathologically optimistic
I had the option to stop givin' a crap, but I passed on it
Like gastronomical blockage; I got the laxative products
I'm flowin' with massive volume like the plasma you've got in
Your arteries; you can't stop it without stoppin' your heartbeat
I'm droppin' cacophonic harmonies on tracks often
My sixteen bars get adapted to rap sonnets
And passed off as Neo-Classical knowledge that's real masterful
Like a National Geographic, but I can be irrational
'Cause I'm dealin' with mad problems that seem to surpass logic
I'm like a workaholic ant, cursin' misanthropic
I'm buildin' a colony and callin' on any rapper with skill to follow me
And try to match topics and patterns of rhythmic trash-talkin'
And then when I'm finished, I party with the grasshoppers

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