

## 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

*July 2007*

© Baba Brinkman