

A Little Bit Broad

MC Frontalot

My shit is a little bit broad for the taste at the top;
you could look your nose down if you want.
But if you do, nerdcore'll pass you by.
Oops! Found it habit forming, had you avid for the
high.
Has you laughing in the eye, snorting through the left
nostril:
that's a withdrawal symptom, the kind to make agnostics
hostile
or make a true believer pray
that the nerd rhyme might return some day.

...Got obliterated by the nerdcore flow.

I like sophistication. That's obvious, right?
I never easy-upped a lyric in attempt to delight
the ever larger and dumber swaths of population.
I run this operation. I grew impatient with the ratio
of smarties to dims;
offhand when I named it, yet hardly a whim.
I been discarding the trim ever since, soaking fat up,
and luxuriating in the recognition from the kids who
got the bad upkeep
on their personal space,
who were too bright to learn shit like manners, taste.
Concentrate! I'm discussing the elevated.
The tips-top of think-thunk. The pinnacles of armor-
plated,
upbraided by the combed-hair crowd;
comebacks concocted, not said out loud,
would have been incomprehensible to the hebetudinous.
That's why my comedy's low when laughing at you's at
the root of this.

My shit is a little bit broad for the taste at the top;
you can look your nose down if you want.
Oh noes, where'd your taste go?
Got obliterated by the nerdcore flow!

And that's a crit I never get. They say I rock, but too
focused.
Each old-school vocal twixt node and locus
invokes this nostalgia. I'm tamping it down
(and I'll yell, "keep settled!" while I'm stamping
around)
because the future's got a brilliance. Still, I mean:
clever.
How many dumbenings-down? Count 'em up: none whatever.
Zero umbrellas to protect from disdain:
I put my worst foot forward, code it hard in the name
nerdcore. Just the way that it sounds.
You're always looking for a treatise, Frontalot can
expound.
If I don't for the sake of the already-mentioned dull-
witted,
just take what you can from out the lyric. I put in it
every miniscule intention, every motive, every clue,

every riddle to unravel, everything you've got to do
to make the rhyme happen. If you don't, so sad.
But if you grok, talk of dumb joke rap gets forbad.

All the high-brows pointing out my four-bit words,
up in the next breath tell me nerdcore's absurd.
Shut up, ass head! You and your big talk can go screw.
I'll aim my loafer at your bottom, probably cuss at you
too.

Probably fuss and go blue before I cease my little
tantrum.

Put my whining on the loop, "nerdcore" describes the
anthem.

Call it all foolishness? Mostly wouldn't disagree.
Titanic ego, low self esteem.