Charisma Potion

MC Frontalot

f**k you, look at my cool hat.
I could be you, stat.
I could be anything, anytime,
with the right potion. Invocation: many rhymes
expended in the process.
Compression so fresh, you wonder am I lossless.
Does it cost this too?
Is there any question what I'm willing to do?
Tip the lid off, tilt the flask in hand;
taste like ass but the task is grand.
Been the lastest man picked for the kickball.
Incoordinate: to hit, I miss a brick wall.
That won't help an unpopular pick.
Take a swig, now I'm captaining shit.
And I'm putting legitimate players on duty
to gather them beauties what thought I had cooties.
Is it one attribute you did not roll?
Is it one bottle in the Bag of Hold?
Is it one goal: to pass the stat check?
To sip the extract, you command the respect.
By the CHA on my character sheet,
yes, I pencil a plus; thus, I deem it discrete
from the inked-in single-digit charm that I got
in initial calculations, weighted and fraught
with compromises (not with surprises).
No shock to the misers of points when I'm leveling up,
that the prizes all go in one cup. (Which one?)
INT increased always and didn't start low.
Now it got so high, I get to fake the flow
just by figuring out the simulation and enacting.
I get crafty, take a vial's worth exactly.
Another couple sips, I'm up on top of the world.
Yet another to my lips, the way rhymes get hurled
you'd affix to my person impossible statistic;
a temporary boost, it desists quick.
Yes, you might consider Frontalot an expert in the
subject.
Soaking in the potion such a length, I make a subset
of bath-time wrinkles, devote them to this:
amplification of fabulousness.
Take a stab at a dis, note it doesn't connect.
So buffed, you don't even need to look up the check.
Just hand the dice over, hang the head low.
Don't blame it on the Captivation enchantment on the
robe.
Boots of Beguiling leave a sparkle where I tread.
+8 Helm of Glamour merely flatters my head.
What I said was: the outfit is ornamental.
It's incidental. The elixir's effect is ungentle:
it blends me with confident types.
If I lift a toast to them, am I being polite?
To the kids who arbitrated on the topic of cool:
look at my cool hat and f**k you.

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