

# Nerdcore Rising

MC Frontalot

nerdcore could rise up, it could get elevated...  
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nerdcore used to be just a made-up word (what occurred?)  
MCs shied away from belief; rest assured:  
they sleep hard no longer. We deliver the hits  
that give the kids with the spectacles spectacular fits!

I seen one nerd foam at the mouth in his glee  
It was me, in the mirror, rhyming, brushing my teeth.  
And now the heezy we's off don't babble 300 baud.  
I get no error while compiling my rhyme. the slipshod  
rap stylings of the hip kids continue to vex;  
they get sex, money, power, but their jams are like  
flecks  
of sea foam against the great reef of my boredom.  
I seen 'em trying to act cool; ignored 'em.  
scored some geeked out beats and a mic.  
some jugglers I kick it with don't even know I rap -  
it's alright.  
for soon the whole nerdcore will congregate  
in culmination of the monkey going acaudate.

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oh and wouldn't all of those tough rappers hate it  
if the nerdcore rose up and got elevated?  
we consider the possibleness of this not overstated.

We put our styles in the blender and the tape on our  
spectacles  
We compile the assembler; we'd each make a respectable  
Egon Spengler; your despicable heckling, snide remarks  
make it  
all the more delectable to mark a Jeckyl & Hyde  
departure from the  
Larger norm or previous status quo, the clever dicks  
like us apply the baddest flow to limericks, and that  
is no mere  
Rhetoric. We don't just wreck shop, we mop the shop  
floor  
With rappers who romanticize their third eyes when  
we've got four  
Each, and we exceed your reach, we're world wide  
Webslingers with the combined military might of the  
Girl Guides  
Dead ringers for the Lone Gunmen, or maybe Jonathan,  
Andrew and  
Warren from Season Six of BtVS, we're geniuses and  
we're devious!  
We're seen as fresh on the BBS where we write graf in  
ASCII files  
With nasty styles and blinking blocks, this ain't your  
father's Lincoln Logs!  
The Frontalot ownz j00, and Stephen Hawking r0x0rs  
We're not even talking solely to cats with argyle in  
their sock drawers!

Our styles got the top score spot, yours did not,  
sorry!  
Stick to the shockwave games, lickin' shots at the top  
Forty! . I made my own Doom .wads, dickwad,  
My own sprites and .mus files, I stayed home nights.

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Nerd, when you say it, you'd best say it with awe  
Cause I'm the type of nerd that will bust your jaw  
A nerdcore player, I've payed my dues  
Got large suspension and chromed-out shoes  
Hear ye, hear ye, in case you ain't heard  
Twenty-ought-five be the year of the nerd  
Nerdcore gonna be crazy large  
And in the end, I see, bitch, the nerd's in charge  
We bust more rhymes than Theodore Geisel did  
Got more game than a 2600  
For punk MCs who play or hate,  
We got one word: \*exterminate!\*

Just a matter of time 'fore we're household names  
So you'd best suck up now before fortune and fame  
Put our asses out of reach of your quivering lips  
As we ride to the top on a nerdcore tip.

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and I know that possiblerness is not a cromulent word;  
every syllable injected is intended as the one you  
heard  
(an absurd juxtaposition of mission and goal).  
frontalot: about to roll  
his diploma up tight and smoke it.  
nerdcore's about to sit there unless you poke it.  
you wanna prod it? see if it'll kick?  
while the smart kids calculate the hip-hop shit?  
got a vast network of subversives & criminals  
who sit in front the screens, all heedless of ridicule.  
these days the complexion cleared up but the rhyming  
remains.  
still ain't nobody knows my name  
and I think the same thought with great regularity:  
that I'm the best MC that I can bear to be  
and I'm scared to be either doper or dorkier.  
bound for the high road even if it looks forkier...

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