Lyrical Jester

A rapper panics as he realizes the song he wrote for his anniversary may well backfire on him

Yo, I’m a lyrical jester,
A classical refresher
Just rehashin timeless poems
Droppin a beat and buyin homes.

Globe trottin, rhyme droppin, jaw sockin, first of my kind doing my thing.
I got vision splittin, with it always hittin, and shit . . . I can’t even sing.

Breakfast in Berlin with my kid and his nanny,
Late dinner with my wife tonight in Miami.

My life is good,
Wife is the best
Record execs drool
And my crew always says yes.

Well, I flip old world poetry lines
When I slip new words that’r all mine.

“How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.”
That was some girl’s, yesterday,
I make it mine with a fresh word shotlist:
“Girlie girl, I’m gonna tally up yo hotness . . . “
I list out her skills and shape with dope deep mad chimes

Drop it on a soundtrack and make more dollar signs.

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I got vision splittin, with it always hittin, and shit, I can't even sing.

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My life is good,
Wife is the best
Record execs drool
And my crew always says yes.

I fix up old poems like them dudes that flip crack homes
I take
"She walks in beauty, like the night"
To
"My boo be killin it dark and bright
She struts fire like summer days
Naughty thoughts come from her dwelling place"
I mix my fresh shit with Byron's dusty rhymes
Together they spike as hit single number nine.

I write and rhyme, fierce and bold
"Time drives the flocks from field to fold"
Flips to
"clocks wring the workers back and forth

in the scheme of things it don’t got no worth
As freeways rage and bus stops lay cold
Since I go home to the mate of my soul.”

Globe trottin, rhyme droppin, jaw sockin, first of my kind doing my thing.
I got vision splittin, with it always hittin, and shit boy, yo I can’t even sing.

Breakfast in Berlin with my kid and his nanny,
Late dinner with my wife tonight in Miami.

My life is good,
Wife is the best
Record execs drool
And my crew always says yes.

But today is special, three years with that ring
This year her present is me doing my thing.
A song for you, boo, that’s what I told her
But this world tour is far from over,
Before I know it,
this rap poet
Only got one day to make that recordin for her

I comb through poems, sippin on gin,
nothing fits well.
Then I find it. Write it. Maybe it’ll sell.
Me and the crew roll from the start, I spit from my heart, finish it hard,
lock it up, pop it out and I send it to my girl, across the world.

Marty shakin his head like I did something wrong,

Why? Me and The Bard made my girl a love song.

She gonna love it. (did he say now you done it?)

She gonna Love me.

Want me.

Hate me.

Drop me.

Oh no.

Why didn’t anyone stop me?

(I was drunk).

I wish I could bail.

But I fly panicked, over the Atlantic, cause she gonna be frantic.

When she clicks that email.

(Here’s what happened)

So I finished the gin and sent down for late beers.

Looked up one more by the great Shakespeare.

I hit up Sonnet 130.

And then I kinda did her dirty.

“My mistress’s eyes are nothing like the sun”

Somehow became,

“My baby’s booty, -not that fine.

Crooked teeth peak when she smirks

And that breath ain’t no Bath and Body Works.”

I even kept exactly some of what the Goddamned bard said

Like, “If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.”

If that don’t send her packin up from these zingers,

I said this next part with two girl back up singers:

“She done screech like a rooster

When she yaps about her day

The words don’t even matter

She ain’t never got nuthin to say”

Wait, wait wait - Shakespeare’s poem meant

. . . His average girl

Was his world . . .

And she didn’t need to be pretty

To light up his city . . .

Beauty is on the inside

That’s what I tried,

I love her soul

That’s how I roll,

But now that I’m sober

She gonna be colder

Cause, oh shit, what I voiced . . .

(she’s gonna miss the point)

That song goes on: she’s expectin’ a . . .

Love song, I rhyme up her excema

Diss her boobs,

How she cooks food

and all that make up.

She just gonna wake up and trade up for some other sucker

Cause I slipped up and tripped up like a dumb Mother-

- Globe trottin, rhyme droppin, jaw sockin, first of my kind doing my thing.

I got vision splittin, with it always hittin, and shit boy, yo I can’t even sing.

Breakfast in Berlin with my kid and his nanny,

Late dinner by myself in Miami.

My life was good,

My wife just left

I’m the damn fool

But I still rhyme with the best