

## MC Frontalot "Bizarro Genius Baby"

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I had a dream that I fathered a bizarro genius baby.  
She's out the womb like, "Dood, why'd I get  
expatriated?"

Debated at one month the finer points of a diaper,  
devised a device composed of a hose and a  
windshield wiper.

Grew riper in intellect as the months passed, wore a  
dunce cap ironically,  
got fussy once and she summoned me not sonically  
but through a series of editorials that she authored,  
entitled: "Is MC Frontalot One Of The Worst  
Fathers?"

Oxford, Stanford, Harvard called, she didn't call them  
back.

"Tuition & Housing? I'm holding out for a tenure  
track."

Distracted by her first birthday party, I hardly noticed  
she'd brought peace to the middle east or at least a  
cease-fire with the POTUS.

And no dust had settled when she'd disproved Fermat  
by finding  $A^3 + B^3 = C^3$  and her sadness  
at throwing the field into disarray got assuaged  
by a brand new rattle and a mint parfait.

Bizarro genius baby: at first I was elated, but eventually  
I grew concerned.

Bizarro genius baby: you prove my genes are Grade A,  
but what of when tables turn?

She had to settle for the Fields Medal but didn't settle  
well,

all the while cursing the indiscretions of Madame  
Nobel,

and so well tuckered out was she at this point that she  
napped,

arose with a whole symphony composed in Bb.

"See dad?" Yes dear, it'll go with the other ones on  
the fridge,

in between the two Puccinis you translated & abridged,  
just above 'I love you dad' in macaroni/glitter  
and the 37 villanelles to mom (but I ain't bitter).

And no quitter was she neither when the time it came to

walk:  
built an exoskeleton out of gelatin and chalk  
which allowed her to run thirty miles an hour 'round  
the yard.  
You think that parenting your normal little children is  
hard?  
I got scarred, scared, scampered at by holographic  
artifacts  
that she projected on the scene with a machine that  
automatically  
discerns your worst concerns & makes them visible.  
She deemed it risible. Her glee was indivisible  
from all emanations that the baby would make.  
I had to become less hilarious for all of our sakes.  
I made mistakes, I'll admit it. Dropped the kid on her  
head,  
destroyed the part of her that thought of evil. Or so she  
said!  
Now I bred this thing out myself in part —  
she quoted "reap what you sow

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