

Go With the Flow (Raw Rhymes)

MF Doom

Big up all the Monsta Island massive
And beware before I triple dare you like the last kid
Who asked me what we don't got that you got son
For one, flow that's elementary my dear Watson
Secondly, ever since I was little
Not so much to riddle, least rhyme to the syllable
Keep tracks that make a Arab thief clap
With no hands, I chopped these drums off
Truly Yours, G Rap
Actual fact, relax
In this land of lyrical lost, black
I'm not the cool sleestak
The one who might stop and talk to you
Poisoned a few, niggas who be biting styles I'm like pork to
Ooh, what you got to lose? Let mud fly
When I got blues I chew whole crews that's bud dry
So I ask why the styes from the cess
Shit be fucking with my eye as I pull it to the chest
The super motherfucking villain grip the mic with an iron hand
Throwing emcees to the fire from out the frying pan
It ain't no use in trying, man, son stop crying
Fronting like you death-defying, you need to stop lying
Speak your piece only once you're spoken to first
Now let me hear your verse while I'm choking you
With well refined rhymes like a editor
Throw them to my collection of skulls and spines like Predator
Fuck around, the only niggas who could hear the same sound (who?)
Was Jet Jaguar and James Brown(Yeah, yeah only them two niggas?)
And I'm glad I took the time to write their names down to big 'em up
(True, true)I'd like to say hi
It's Sci.Fly the odd Merlin
That's quick to whip up a script like Rod Serling
Who eye on bad bitch who used to whip the Sterling
Who see God toke but never see God hurlin'
My man Grimm had his little monkey like Space Ghost
Me myself I got flavors that out-taste most
With numb gums, some rhymers is lactose
Back to you MF Doom, you late show host
S to the U to the P E R-uh

Who chronicle these times in a 3-D horror
Thriller porno co-starrer in a realer drama
Who break bread with stingy kin-men, indian borrower
Lone gunman who candidly flip fly flows
Single-handedly with one eye closed
In a fly pose, no shirt AlayÃ©
May see me stack the quarter-mill cash pay
That's in a smash way how he did it
Motherfucker probably couldn't peep it past a minute

Songwriters

DANIEL DUMILE THOMPSONPublished by
Lyrics Â© Peermusic Publishing, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>