

Go with the Flow

MF DOOM

"Yeah, here we go... just go with the flow" (repeats 4 times) Yo, I'd like to check this microphone before I start
right quick

Microphone check 2, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2 [Verse 1]

Big up all the Monsta Island massive
And beware before I triple dare you like the last kid
Who ask me what we don't got that you got son
For one, flow that's elementary my dear Wat-son
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 chop these drums off
Truly yours, G Rap
Actual fact, relax
In this land of lyrical loss, black
I'm not the cool sleet stack
The one who might stop and talk to you
Poison to few, niggas who be bitin styles I'm like pork to
Oooh... 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 style's from the cess
Shit be fuckin with my eye as I pull it to the chest
The super muthafuckin' villain grip the mic wit an iron hand
Throwin emcees to the fire from out da fryin' pan
It ain't no use in tryin, man
Son, stop cryin
Frontin' like you death-defyin'
You need to stop lyin'
Speak your piece only once you're spoken to first
Now lemme hear your verse while I'm chokin' you
With bubbly fine 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)
[Verse 2]
I'd like to say hi
It's {?} fly the odd Merlin

That's quick to whip up a script like Rod Sterling
{?} bad bitch who used to whip the Sterling
Who see God?, never see God earlin'
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 lake toast
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
{?} co-star or in a realer drama
Who break bread with stingy kin-men, indian borrower
Lone gunmen who candidly flip fly floes
Single-handedly with one eye closed
In a fly pose, no shirt {?}
May see me stack the quarter-mill cash pay
That's in a smash way how he did it
Muthafucka probably couldn't peep it past a minute

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