Go With The Flow

MF DOOM

Yeah, here we go, just go with the flow
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Yo, I'd like to check this microphone before I start right quick
Microphone check 2, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2Big 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 WatsonSecondly, 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 offTruly yours, G Rap
Actual fact, relax
In this land of lyrical loss, black
I'm not the cool sleet stackThe one who might stop and talk to you
Poison to few, niggas who be bitin 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 drySo 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' panIt ain't no use in tryin, man
Son, stop cryin
Frontin' like you death-defyin'
You need to stop lyinSpeak 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 PredatorFuck 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 [unverified] fly the odd Merlin
That's quick to whip up a script like Rod Sterling
[Unverified] bad bitch who used to whip the SterlingWho 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 toastBack 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
[Unverified] co-star or in a realer drama
Who break bread with stingy kin-men, Indian borrowerLone gunmen who candidly flip fly floes
Single-handedly with one eye closed
In a fly pose, no shirt [unverified]
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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