

It's Going Down

Midlake

Sit back, close your eyes
Peep back, got you open wide
I'll let you get a taste of me
It's going down in mystery
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It's going down in mystery
Well it's the microphone ripper, party-rockin Gift of Gab
I hit the scene, lift you on my beam
And send you through my high plains
Mind-train shiftin through your migraines
Spit with that I hit with patterns get you twisted sideways
And I'm the head honcho, sport golden tonsils
Inventin new styles all the time like pronto
Four by four, runnin over suckers like a Bronco
Haters say the lyrics ain't Gonzo but they wrong though
We walking up and locking up the game and sparking up the flame
You're not gone' be the same when our flow reach your brain
It's 'bout to bust
Not your crush, show up at our show in a tacky dress
Sparking us, talking 'bout your prowess but we're not impressed
Checkmate, populous crush, monstrous plush
Rhymes that just thrust onto your buck buck
Just rush
Just rushin' like the Nile River, power we deliver
See it's (going down in mystery)
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You know, I know, you know, I know
(It's going down in mystery)
(Gift of Gab won't you learn 'em and assure 'em)
(That the fire that you spit'll burn 'em)
Burning up the track and turning up the action
(Murder one attack him)
Serving what you're rapping
Urban gutter anthems
(Certain of the fact)
Curtains for the wack
Searching for the knack
(You're pervin' off the fatness)
Fury of the rather early mornings after
(Worldly like disasters)
Purely just the baddest, the chief clamp down on 'em
(Like a vice on a melon squeezing tight on your temples)
Feel the bass (as the wind blows)
In your face (and your mental) hear the taste
Instrumentals even break down on you like this
(We surpass your previous standards) drastically
(Mastering bass), setting nights so bright
(Beneath the skylight)
And days (and weeks) and months (go by)
And years (and decades) and we still so fly
(While the others are just fly by night)
And not tight (we keep writing)
Like scribes (but we tight) and so wise (c'mon)
The rhyme historian exploring everything that we got
And even more so we exploring everything that they not
These are the glory days for lyricists, forever we plot
Wait wait wait wait hold on a second bring it back (we plotx4, c'mon)
The rhyme historian exploring everything that we got
And even more so we exploring everything that they not
These are the glory days of lyricists, forever we plot
(It's going down in mystery)
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