

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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>