

Pharoahe Monch f/ MeLa Machinko**"Let's Go"**

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One for the money, two for the show
Three to get it crackin' in the hood
Let's go!

[Verse 1]

My rhymes pop like them nines, that clammy tote
But they rap lackluster shine
My shit busts like Busta Rhymes sniffin' lines of coke,
"Woo Hah!!"
That's all she wrote
On the quest to qualify for these inquisitive quotes
Quirk ass MC's be as Queer as Folk
Talkin' about, "Nigga can rap"
No shit Sherlock, y'all just can't see me like Matt
Murdoch
I'm the pinnacle rhyme kid and any line of mine is
criminal mind
And I blind 'er with original rhyme shit
Fall in line with the sick, cynical grime shit
Clinically approved for you to move your behind with
Timeless are world girls who get inspired with
Pharoahe
Do you need to be reminded now?
Stick 'em up, it's that
Get 'em up, it's that
Put 'em up, it's that
Let's go!

[Chorus]

Get up, how we rock
Don't know how we roll, yeah
Let's go!

Line 'em up
Light it up, fire it up
Wire me up, let it blow
One for the money, two for the show
Three to get it crackin' in the hood
Let's go!

[Verse 2]

They research my step cells, clone ten of me
Send one of 'em back in time just to get rid of me
Stop Pharoahe Monch from having verbal epiphanies
Now that's new definition to "your own worst enemy"
I glisten man, stop snitching man
You use sex to sell, your Nextel to Sprint
Everything you represent is immoral
Cingular, not plural
You and your Sidekick get rid of that whack Trio
I freeze MC's zero degrees below
The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice
You need to get loose, to the heat of produce
From Long Beach to Boston
Your chicks text us like Dallas and Austin
I spark tireless illumination
Fire sixteen bars, wireless communication
Let's go!

[Chorus]

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