

Pharoahe Monch F/ Apani

"Let the Words Flow"

Visit "[Let the Words Flow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm dope, face it, shoot it, freebase it
Pour it in a glass, drink it, chase it
Then chill, flex ,feel the full effect
The impact is similar to a train wreck
It's wack to me when the beat is more hype than the MC
Cause what he's sayin is empty
Dull, void, without substance or content
You need to slow your speed, stop the nonsense
These are words of the rising sun surprising some
Who thought I was just another hum-drum
Average type non-mc
Who found a mic
And thought he was hype
Nah, that's not me
I'll take a page, write a phrase, then rephrase it
Treat it like a national flag and upraise it
So a nation of people can feel proud
About a brother who speaks out real loud
I'm here to rock the show
Clock the dough
And let the words flow
Flow
Flow
Flow

Enough tough talk
As a hunter I must stalk
So each day I prey
On ducks that like to play
Lame games to frame the self-same troop
Then guide em off the stoop and help them to recoup
Stone cold back biters bold wack rhyme writers
Give your little party
And now you don't know nobody
Diabolical fools persuin happiness
Likin finesse I'm left unimpressed
I heard you rhyme a few times, each time you blew it
You're soft, you can't go off, I knew it
Let's be realistic, i'm not egotistic
But you, your crew, just not that artistic
Point blank your song stank

Yo, I know you want the truth, so let's be frank
I been upstartin this art, not known for bein subtle
Patiently I listen to all types of rebuttal
"Don't say this, don't say that
Change your lyrics"
Everybody's a critic
It's gettin kinda hectic
My rhyme is authentic
So it shall remain
My writing exciting, never mondain
In actuality
My personality
Keeps my mentality
Based on real
Life situations
Not speculations
But verbal illustrations
Of how I feel
You have the audacity
To doubt my ferocity
Or to insinuate the G will prevaricate
Your disposition is beyond my recognition
I fail to see the reason for your constant disbeliefin
Why should I lie? What would I gain? Nothin
So when I speak yo, I don't be bluffin
I be puffin on high-powered cess blunts
I don't try to front
Or back away from a challenge, I'm game
You suckers rhymin sound like your lips are lame
You seem to need therapy for you speech impediment
Take this advice because it's for your own benefit
I'm energetic, magnetic, and athletic
One more thing, and it's called poetic
My style's unorthodox, but of course it rocks
And when it comes to styles i'm over-stocked
You might never get to hear my last rhyme
Cause I been writin since you heard me last time
I could go on
The G is strong
I rock the show
I clock the dough
And let the words flow
Flow
Flow
Flow

Visit [Pharoahe Monch F/ Apani](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.