

# Revolve

## Arts The Beatdoctor

Freedom's all lies different walk away  
You gotta hold your tongue you gotta hit it with the right of way  
Maybe I blocked you from your intellectual scene  
In a way insane in a way it's gotta be.  
Red Sister might be choking but I ain't about that kind  
Answer me with the rhythm of a body that was born to lose two times.  
Hey big motor  
He says that I'm a true fortune lie  
Hang my shoulder  
Big broken love, big broken knives

They might try to hide they have to answer mordant sins  
You might be right like a hole in the wind  
Poison daggers for the road mix broke down cross  
Takes your head off the line  
The flavor might be missing he has to cross that anyway  
You can bet you can riddle with the brothers to the power of another day.

Hey big motor  
He says the Night Patrol 49  
Hang my shoulder  
Big broken love, big broken knives

Doing it say I'm meat  
Which one stole my time  
Didn't you say you'd watch it?  
Didn't I?  
Evil stripped in me  
Three more stripped in time.  
Didn't you say you've got it?  
Watch me...Ah!

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