

# Egypt Berry

## Night Beats

You whisper information  
that i hold through the storm  
you got everybody's number  
an equal and a wrong  
you got bad motivation  
lighting up your mind  
you got empty hope and now you know  
your vision set the time  
useless information starts to unwind  
so please stay don't worry  
unless your pulse quickens Your mind is saying something  
but your mouth won't agree  
an expiration very bad formation  
of things you want to be  
you got bad motivation  
toying with your mind  
you got somethin' to prove with all the dodgey moves  
shootin' up your vibe  
you might call me Ceaser  
be a Buddhist in my dream  
it's a new age don't worry  
unless your pulse adheres

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