

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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