I Be the Prophet

Tricky

I can't relax I need to meditate.
Yeah, I'll make 'em wait.
Yeah, I'll make 'em wait.
Time moves in numbers,
I count the summers, direct the drummers.
Tell me you don't feel nothing,
Would you like to ride on my train, or
Would you like to drink from my vein?
My vibe's just a (fuckin') feeling.
I see the ceiling.
And adjust to such a feeling.
I be the prophet, slay me then we'll cross it.I'm already on the other side

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