

Exhibit Diaz

Ibeyi

It's frustrating when you just can't express yourself
And it's hard to trust enough to undress yourself
To stand exposed and naked in a world full of hatred
Where the sick thoughts of mankind control all the sacred

I pause, take a step back, record all the set backs
Fast forward towards the stars and the jetpack
My feet might fail me, my heart might ail me
The synagogues of Satan might accuse or jail me

I've got something to say, oh eyo
Yesterday is gone, tomorrow's on the way

That name on that birth certificate, that ain't the real me
That ain't the real me, the lies can't conceal me
The sunrise and the moon tides and the skies gonna reveal me
My brain pours water on my tear ducts to heal me

I've got something to say, oh eyo
Yesterday is gone, tomorrow's on the way

The message grab ahold to every ears it get whispered in
The waters in the bayous of New Orleans still glistening, yeah
The universe is listening, be careful what you say in it
My grandma told me every bed a nigga make, he lay in it

I've got something to say, oh eyo
Yesterday is gone, tomorrow's on the way

The church you pray in it, the work is on the outside
Staring out the windows, it's for love songs and house flies

I've got something to say, oh eyo
Yesterday is gone, tomorrow's on the way

I've got something to say, oh eyo
Yesterday is gone, tomorrow's on the way