

# Trinity

## Kobo Town

[Verse 1: L-Fudge]I metamorph phrases to glaciers

Have em come together in liquid stages

Then turn down the temperature and have em frozen into a solid foundation

Now added to that this well produced amazement

The crash is enough, to have the world tipped off it's axis a nudge

It'll take the likes of, Jedi Minds to construct new longitude lines

In order to get around but now, you're askin for too much

With minds put together

I'm like an alternative source of energy like, electricity generators

Separators of the wack rap, to the world reknownst individuals

Play the used parts' life's narrators

Rhyme gladiators, is what we're referred as

Food for thought's took'n off your plate, instead you're served trash

Ikon and Logic serve as my accomplices

And bring our own form of trinity to show y'all onto this

Rhyme patterns come across as astonishing

So I have all right to feel myself to the point of genitalia fondlin'

[Hook]We the three emcees that rock that shit

Pick the twelve inch up and knock that shit

"Louis Logic, L-L-Fudge, Ikon the verbal hologram"

[Verse 2: Louis Logic]I spread a rhyme via viral infectious faculties

Applied chiropractically so rappers cannot come back to me

Simply outta respect, or suffer the consequence

the effect of which is that of absent father neglect

Wreakin' havoc, on egos speakin' magic

Castin' the curse on fashion emcees for region fabric

Send 'em wandering through the labyrinth

As far as cuttin' careers short on mics

I'm what the NYPD is to entrapment

Epitome of have been, yet schooled

Engineers peep the structure of my mind

now they wonder how the math went

L was made to ascend, which is evident by my descent

Spreadin east to west like European settlements

Sequence, but even, I'm captured

Self destructive explosive devices reactin' from my mind is everlastin'

Which makes me a Trojan horse of sorts

Drainin' ya plasma until ya rhythm section hold the contorts

My stats in this orator's sport  
Draw more foolish queries than the Warren report  
And the single bullet theory

Hook (x2)

[Verse 3: Ikon the Verbal Hologram] You fuck with me you won't survive

Ikon been live since eighty five  
Monosyllabic characters; tragical crystallized  
Hit them guys, in they eyes with fuckin shrapnel  
Bomb they castle, set fire unto they chapel  
Wrap a lasso 'round rappers who wanna battle  
Hologram with two bare hands, crush you to gravel  
Evil raps'll reverse time and bring diseases  
Christians will worship Allah and Muslims will worship Jesus  
Kill all ya leaders, with my savage lyrical thesis  
Rip out my fuckin' heart and eat it before I'm defeated  
The one who's seated, on the throne within a forcefield  
You'll get tossed and feel lost like Holden Caulfield  
Raw deal, rappers decipher that schism  
Followed Solomon and brought him in at ya baptism  
[Hook]

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