

# Trinity

[myk.](#)

[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 genetalia 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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