Trinity

Margate

[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 longtitude 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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