

Trinity (feat. Louis Logic and L-Fudge)

Jedi Mind Tricks

[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 notch

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

When mines put together

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

Separators of the wack rap, to the world reknownst individuals

Played in deuce parts life's nara-rators

Rhyme gladiators, is what we're referred as

Food for thoughts tooken offa ya plate instead ya serve thrash

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 the right to feel myself to the point of genetelia fondlin'[Hook]

We the three emcees that rock that shit

Pimpin' talk and jump and knock that shit

"Louis Logic, L-L-Fudge, Ikon the verbal hologram"[Verse 2: Louis Logic]

I spread around me a 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

The epitomy 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

While snatchin' a arm in this sport
Drove off on ya squarely, then the warden report
And the single bullet theory
Hook (x2)[Verse 3: Ikon the Verbal Hologram]
You fuck wid me you won't survive
Ikon been live since eighty five
Mine'll still have a carat that's tragical crystallized
Hit them guys, in they eyes wid fuckin' shrapnel
Bomb they castle, set fire until they trapped in
Rap colossal, run rappers who wanna battle
Hologram wid two bad hands force you to grapple
Evil wraps you, reverse time and bring diseases
Christians will worship Allah and Muslims will worship Jesus
Kill all ya leaders, wid my savage lyrical thesis
Rip out my fuckin' heart and eat it before I'm defeated
The one who seen it, on the throne was in a forcefield
You'll get tossed and feel lost like holy god feel
Raw deal, rappers decipher that skism
Followed Solomon and brought him in at ya baptism[Hook]

Songwriters

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