

De Groot Boudewijn

"Trinity"

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[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 taken 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 all right to feel myself to the point of
geneterial 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 thats 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]

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