

## Lavin Christine

### "The Trinity"

Visit "[The Trinity](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

{\*winds blowing\*}

[Intro: Prodigal Sunn (Hell Razah)]

Yeah (yeah yeah yeah)

Many years in this shit (Young Razah)

I'm still here, we still here, SOM (Young Razah 'bout to talk to y'all)

The Sunn stay burnin'

We don't give a fuck about this shit (SunZini yeah)

(Black Satin/60 Sec Assassin)

(Feel the game)

(Bitch yo Knight 'bout to do it)

[Prodigal Sunn]

Camouflaged through the City Lights, I paint pictures

Faint the scripture fascinated with crime, of brutally the liquor

Searchin' for the answers, Arthur feet down died of cancer

The fall and rise of black people, God is your only answer

A little laughter for the good times and bad times

A day of sunshine, purity and deeper of designs

Steeper of minds, keeper of rhymes, my soul reclines

Build a gold mine and see my fam grow with time

Although it may seem, it ain't what it appears to be

I stay sincerely, dearly, see I can feel with relating

Criminatin', interrogatin', God forsaken

I'm on my heart achin', daddy on the block fakin'

Another life taken, caught up in the hands of Satan

Great minds think alike, think Elevation

I shall proceed to teach my seeds

And I guaranteed indeed to blow trees

and I...

[Chorus: Omar Conry]

I'm searchin', I'm circling for the life

I'm searchin', gon' be a fight tonight

I'm seachin', I'm searchin' for the light

I'm searchin', I'm searchin' for the fire



[Hell Razah]

In this hip hop extravaganza, we the answer  
Fuck dancers, pimps, hoes, players and gamblers  
We Black Panthers, bandanas with cock hammers  
Reporters got recorders, your films, tapes and  
cameras  
Analyse this new grammar, you might catch us in  
Atlanta  
We get around like Sel Antanas  
Got rich niggas can't stand us, payin' the banners  
And black ballers, we set up tracks with a chorus  
Get clapped by my rap supporters, catch you borders  
Sleep walkers, get advanced to street orders  
Hell comin', drop the dice, no runnin'  
From here to London, still the snakes stay cunnin'  
Christ descendents, shocked the world with a sentence  
Invade your kingdom, now got the first born Princess  
Give repentance at the heaven's gate entrance  
I rise like a bank interest

Chorus

[60 Second Assassin]

It's goin' on like this one be the site, excite  
Never gives a fuck about hype  
Babies use it for ya rhymes, aight?  
Smoke it for your piece pipe  
TNT outlaw before ya niggas seen it right?  
F.A. Rock, what up big Divine? Yo Shallah!  
Keep them niggas' hands up right  
While I fuck these niggas up right  
Silence your Lamb, it ain't Sam  
I lay dormant in the sand  
Come visit my minute glass of mayhem  
Jesus Christ and foodstamps, better move man  
You stickin' out like a fat ass  
It's a wrap player, I went from pimpin' the skag  
I left shit in the bag, in them pants fool  
Fat like haystack Calhoon, you niggas is a pigeon coup  
I mastered physicals

Chorus

[Omar Conry]

Why we fighting? Fighting for the right  
Aln't no way we can do the fight tonight  
C and them Sunz of Man  
We fighting for our souls  
Te fighting will a plan, it's burning on my soul



