

## Death

### "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  
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  
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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