

# Jedi Mind Tricks, Trinity

[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  
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  
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 genitalia 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 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  
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  
While snatchin' a arm in this sport  
Drove off on ya squarely, then the Warren report  
And the single bullet theory

Hook (x2)

[Verse 3: Ikon the Verbal Hologram]

You f\*\*k 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 f\*\*kin shrapnel  
Bomb they castle, set fire into they chapel  
Wrap a lasso round rappers who wanna battle  
Hologram wid two bad hands force you to grapple  
elo-rapsol, 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 f\*\*kin' heart and eat it before I'm defeated  
The one who's seated, on the throne within in 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]