

Trinity (Interlude)

Slum Village

Yo, 'Tin -
You the old soul in the group - priestly robe
Wrote a scroll on a hoe, glass of Marlot
Chardonnay, Cadillac car, blowed trees on the bus
You was sick on the tour -
Still you moved like liquid, attempt to perform
That's dedication
Judge the days from the life of your son -
Who's the biggest since I last witnessed
Tantra herbs, oil scented
Mixin' Egyptian with the Blue Nile
Livin' description of "inventin' new styles daily"
Trinity's finished - you did it, my nigga
You made the album colorful like crayon that lay on the picture
3!

Yeahhh! He's Elzhi for 7, speaks with mad diction
Words as vivid as a verse from a scripture
He writes with no digits - shit, his mind paints a picture
Known to devour niggas, he's mildly explicit
Lemme take you where we first met - now, WALK WITH US...
'96 in The Shop in the Deuce through Proof
I heard vocals let loose - he was El' fa' re'll
A couple years down the line, he'd joine Slum Vill
Yessuh!

Yes... my nigga 30 kept the self-respect alive
Another diamond in ya crown, for holdin' it down
Now if it wasn't for my nigga Tray -
Shit, wouldn't be words for the soul to reflect -
Perfection on this whole scheme of rap dreams...
Seems nowadays, I guess, it's hard bein' R.L. -
Who never fell from the best of emcees
T3's, you've reached your plat' talk
Thanks for being part of the group - you made it our call
(You made it our call, my nigga!)

Yeah - Slum Village!
Trinity album!
Yeah...
Baa-tizzle!