Trilogy (feat. Mr. Porter, Dwele & Tone)

Pharoahe Monch

I now pronounce you husband and wife
You may now kiss the brideCops comin', shots fired
Babies cry, I cry
Wishin' I, could change what
This is just my lifeGod
Why is my wife bleeding?
Sheet cover her face, paramedics are leaving
Behind her clothes it's apparent she's not breathing
I'm a little confused about what it is I'm seeing
Plus there's a naked man on my lawn
Police in the living room with all of their guns drawn
Out, and the last thing I remember is
Uh, last thing I remember is
I received a text page from Julio who expressed that I left my cell-phone in the studio
Right underneath the disc with the Pro Tools
Next to a six-pack of O'Douls and some soul food
Yeah and I was on my way home
Exit the expressway to use the payphone
But fuck it 'cause my wife isn't back from her trip
I sneak into the house 'cause she'll never expect it
Except
He put the gun in my hand
Told me go take my revenge
Killing him won't make it go away
It's only gon' bring more painI tied his hands behind his back to the night-stand fast
Ropes made bruises on his light-skinned ass
"See, I can play games too"
Yeah, that's what I told him when he came to
Now look, see what the game and the fame do?
Made a deranged mind out of someone in your same crew
Fuck man, we grew up together
Run-DMC, tougher than leather with the same outfits
Forty-deuce, takin' flicks like
Why did you fuck my wife, man?
You shoulda took my life man
I switched the gun into my right hand
The sweat accumulated on his forehead
I saw red, he said...
Now was it worth it man?
Was it everything you imagined, was it perfect?
Took you to be my lawfully wedded wife
To have, to hold, to love, to cherish but

Death till us part
What a coincidence
Now perhaps the police will be convinced that it was an accident
If I'm accurate and careful with the evidence
This mother fucker says passing up my residence
And to believe those vile set a precedence
From the start it should've been obvious it never did
Prevalent, the wicked debauchery and decadence
Was carried out with such masterful excellence
And this is just where you rip my heart
It was natural to transform murder into art
And the weight of my conscience would knowingly carry
Three-sixty-five days to the date that we was married
Thoughts that I would achieve the murder would vary
We're closer than ever
Together we'll be buried causeEvil eyes that bide
How they go you so
Why do we
What do they see?
I just lost control
Had to let you go
I cry 'cause slowly we try
So slowly we dieBuried alive in the grave
Too exhausted to climb out
Before dirt was tossed on me
Come to find out
No friend of mine, she sleeping with committed the crime
In the past three years, switched identities six times
And all the while I'm devoted to love and loyalty
They plotted on my publishing checks and royalties
She's thinking its true love
He's scamming her for the quop
Got in order to devise my own intuitive plot
Put the prose on him
Launched the probe on him
Now harm him, pen him, get him exactly where I wanted him
Cornered him, now his mission is aborted
You are about to be professionally extorted
Guess we all 'bout to murder tonight
Miss pretty brown eyes while she sleeps under the moonlight
Do it and bounce
The keys to the crib you'll find under the mat in the front of the house
Just do it, what out

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