

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

## Pharoahe Monch

I now pronounce you husband and wife  
You may now kiss the bride  
Cops comin', shots fired  
Babies cry, I cry  
Wishin' I, could change what  
This is just my life  
God  
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 pain  
I 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 cause Evil 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 die Buried 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>