

Trauma

Tech N9ne

Welcome to the land of misery
Where my delivery strikes with madness
Hearts explode from a touch of the .44 blastin (Party)
By the killas from the Midwest
You can scream all you want but there's no help
As I see your destiny ends in the hands of me
Black talons rippin through yo body
The sight of a blood scene
Murder is what I fiend
For I saw the darkest hour
The clock ticks twelve
You feel the wrath of my power

What you gon do when all these niggas collide?
I got so many mentalities
I'll show you outside (Deadly)
Clever kill is my fourtay
Cuttin off victim's nipples
My murder is foreplay
Can't even fuck with mine
I'm crazier than Dahmer, Charlie Manson combined (One of a kind)
Diabolic
Shimbolic
Face the infernal
Evil demon
And I can make you eternal

Trauma
Brain I'mma
Inflictin pain on a
Nigga with homa-
Cidal shit me whole persona
Nervous
Lyrics at yo, service
You heard us
Murderous
Demons they comma
When shootin like the chrome llama

An introduction to my murderous plot
I got so many wicked ways
And they start on yo block
(One)
Label you my bitch
(Two)
I let you know
(Three)
Execution
Drag you out yo do'
Nobody to witness
I call it habit
You call it a verbal sickness
Damagin with a quickness
Describe the feelin while I rip you apart
I get evil when the day but even worse after dark
(Murda)

(Murda)
Killin
It just don't stop (Homocidal)
The 12 gauge left you up and down
But another victim called the D-E-A-D
Listen to that underground massacre terror
Seize the streets
Feel my heat (WHOOO!)
The N9ne amira
Killa
Got me goin
Like Donald Owens
The cannabis
Got me deep like the abyss
So I sit back relax
Warm it up like cris
A bruised the fist of fury
When step into me
I 8-1-6 that mothafuckin ass in Missouri
Or should I say the land of misery
Where life's fucked up
Disguise like yo shadow when I buck ya (BLAH! BLAH!)

Ammit, ammit
Trauma, trauma
You's a gonner gonner
Tecca Nina like vaginas, I bring trauma
Make niggas swing on a
Ding-a-ling I'm gonna flunda
Irritable, formitable
Right now, hit em in the middle of Rogue Dog, straight showed y'all
That I'll be game, anyone wanna know what's the deal
The simple fact is that I'll flip ya, flip ya for real
I'm at ya
But when I get rhymer block, I need some ginacock
Right after that fact I'm like a bull in a China shop
Six pluses believe it I'll be the bomb one day
If my shit was droppin in a week, today is Palm Sunday
One week ticket to Necrosis
Focus on music like Mr. Holland's Opus, notice
(I'm)
Still kickin hocus pocus
Witch craft, whiplash, kick ass
Rhyme flows, sign up the timed shows
So I'm not behind hoes
Divine souls, plottin to kill all the demons
In the killa many killins plenty separable pillins
These rappers now (I'll swallow yo soul, swallow yo soul)
This underground (I gotta explode, gotta be cold)
Nina's bold
They couldn't kill me if they sent Dahmer (why?)
Demons they comma when shootin like the chrome llamma