

# 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, formidable  
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 llama