

# Tech N9Ne "Demons"

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(feat. Three 6 Mafia)

[Verse 1]

Welcome to the land of misery  
Where my delivery strikes with madness  
Hearts explode from the 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 into the hands of me  
Black talons rippin through yo body  
The sight of a bloody scene  
Murder is what I fiend  
For I saw the darkest hour  
The clock ticks well  
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 \*\*  
A murderous foreplay  
Can't even come \*\*\* with mine  
I'm more crazier than Dahmer Charlie Manson  
combined (One of a kind)  
Diabolic  
Shimbolic  
Face the infernal  
Evil demon  
And I can make you eternal

[Chorus]

Trauma  
Brain l'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  
Which choosin like the chrome llama

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BLAH!!

[Verse 2]

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 in the day but even worse after dark  
(Murda)

(Murda)  
Killin  
It just don't stop (Homocidal)  
The 12 gauge left you opened up  
Another victim called the D-E-A-D  
Listen to that underground massacre terror  
Seize the streets  
Feel my heat (WHOOO!)  
The N9ne Ameri-Killa  
Got me goin  
Like Donald Owens  
The cannabis  
Got me deep like the abyss  
So I sit back relax  
Warm it up like Chris  
A bruised the fist  
The fury  
When step into me  
I 8-1-6 that mothafuckin Missouri

Or should I say the land of misery  
Where life's fucked up  
Disguise like yo shadow when I buck ya (BLAH! BLAH!)

[Chorus]

Trauma  
Brain l'mma  
Inflictin pain on a  
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BLAH!!

[Verse 3]

Amuart, Amuart!  
Trauma, trauma!  
You's a gonna gonna  
Tecca Nina like vaginas  
I bring trauma  
Make niggas swing on a  
Ding-a-ling gonna flunda  
Irritable  
Formitable  
Right now hit em in the middle of Rogue Dawg straight  
showed y'all  
When 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 a jeah  
But when I get rhymer block  
I need some gynacock  
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 bomb Sunday  
One week to get 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 of the times shows  
So I'm not behind hoes  
Devine souls  
Plottin to kill all the demons  
Any color many killins plenty serable peelin's  
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 comin when shootin like the chrome  
llamma

[Chorus]

Trauma  
Brain l'mma  
Inflictin pain on a  
Liquor with homa  
Side'll shit me whole persona  
Nervous  
Lyrics at yo, service  
You heard us  
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