

Trademark

"Trauma"

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[Verse 1]

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 into 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 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 nipples
My murder is foreplay
Can't even fuck with mine
I'mma 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 I'mma
Inflictin pain on a
Liquor with homa
Side'll 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 have it
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
The 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!)

[CHORUS]

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[Verse 3]

Ammit, ammit!
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 yeah
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 bomb Sunday
One week to get to necrosis
Get to focus on music like
Mr. Holland's Opus
Notice
Still kickin hocus pocus
Witch craft
Whiplash
Kick ass
Rhyme flows
Sign up the timed shows
So I'm not behind hoes
Devine souls
Plottin to kill all the demons
In the killa many killins plenty seperable pillins
These rappers now (I'll swallow yo soul, I'll 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 tha shoots in the chrome
llamma

[Chorus]

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