

# Severe Punishment

## Wu-Tang Clan

I despise your killing and raping  
You're despicable are you, my judge?  
It's just you should be punished  
I'm going to chop off your arm, so are you ready? Yo, yeah, yo, yo, yo, yeah  
Check these high hats sting things moving through the rubbish  
Party robust, rec room style for you brothers  
Time's ticking, eruptments conduct Entering one funk before the drum dry up  
Dial, style, jab vocab slow  
Alphabet run, construction voice might blow  
Tap dance swelling Hemingway novel model For a breather, dirty reefer hide your bottle  
Cut down, come with something that's round and profound  
Blood brothers people of colors we get down  
Watch this fly, force feed things being said  
Nine Diagram acid black evil red left his  
Mic half a dangle, seriously man  
My mic clapper def wish, everlasting plan  
Heavenly God body, know me as the cleaner Night champion, old villain style seem a  
kiss of spider, to God saga why bother  
Godfather talk drama, fly swatters Number two, Chao San Poi This Wu shit be hard to kill and  
full blown  
Rhymes filtered through the net before words hit the chrome  
Pro tools editing tracks that's rough  
'Cause a jam without a live MC isn't enough So we attack this and grab all within' reach  
Throw a scrap back to niggaz perfect your own speech  
Shit is copper, it ain't worth the mic stands  
Used by backup singers in Atlantic City bands  
Niggaz look on and get hooked on this mic line  
Real thin and shift through the pipeline  
LP's delivered with style and potential Niggaz flowin' smoothly in a sequential  
Order, revealin' hidden tape recorders  
Stashed inside pockets of those who lack aura Twist the DAC up, them niggaz with math is  
back up  
Watch he act up, fifty-two block track we slap up  
Playground maneuver, jet to Vancouver like this  
Two Kahluas one chick she's German Luger Get the shit on, light a fresh pack, bust it open  
With the seal on Dunn, deal on this, with the real on  
Next, Rocky, ring, call it to Decatur  
Slang sou fleer home decorator, player Mic immigrants, nine of us formed resemblance  
Somethin' flashy, God dead-armed is nasty  
Peep the ornaments enough to make Shorty-Wop stare at me yo  
He killed the God might as well throw a chair at me Yo MC's wonder what's hip hop thunder  
Tell you the truth it's just one nation under a groove

Gettin' down for the funk of it like Fred Sanford in the biz  
 Yo one held his paraphernalia, a Wu memorabilia  
 Mailed by the fortune teller, tried to tell ya  
 'Bout the group recruit we scoop up cream like Breyer's  
 Then spread across the globe like telephone wires  
 Thirty-six assorted, Shaolin imported  
 Chambers been recorded, you're fuckin' with the loops  
 Time for royalty audit  
 Fabulous establishment metabolism, Blackfoot Indian  
 Cherokee started out smaller than amphibian  
 Then grew to a physical body with five meridians  
 As the pendulum swings closer to the millennium  
 Two thousand, wickedness is spread amongst my citizen  
 I got a muscle the industrial to make a hustle  
 And politic with Leo and Russell  
 When niggaz is still rushin' we'll brush you  
 He's a womanizer  
 But he's an expert at throwing knives  
 Thoughts are contained in the trenches of the brain  
 Ignite, blowin' the mic to Arabian heights  
 As I recite this medley, niggaz couldn't fuck with the  
 Deadly ground I hold down  
 Classical gangland style, shots hit the ceiling  
 Panic and confusion echoes through the building  
 Continuing to build, I strive for perfection  
 Driven by the will to live, glocks I hold  
 Shots I give, while searchers of rescue teams  
 Look for means of survival and who's liable  
 For this harrowing experience  
 You scream for the extreme, fiend for the cap  
 And proceeds of the Wu-Tang Academy  
 To fuck up your anatomy with assault and battery  
 Number two, Chao San Poi  
 Number two, Chao San Poi  
 He's a womanizer  
 But he's an expert at throwing knives  
 Number one, Yen Chang Wa  
 He's an adulterer, don't trust him  
 Number two, Chao San Poi  
 Number two, Chao San Poi  
 He's a womanizer  
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