

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
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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
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