The Punisher

Eric B. & Rakim

Kill him again
Try to identify the man in front of ya
But it ain?t the role, the gear or the money, the
Swift intellectionist with plenty ya
Bite, if it?s dark I?ll spark every one of ya
I throw a mic in the crowd it?s a question
I got the answer it includes directions
Go manufacture a mask show me after
A glass of a master that has to make musical massacre
Attack your wack ?till it?s handicapped
You?ll never hold the mic again, try to hand it back
'Cuz every rapper that comes I cut off his thumbs
Put a record to his neck if he swallows it hums
Slice from ear to ear so till can hear better
Before he bleed to death here, hear every letter
And you can see quick and thick the blood can get
If you try to change the style or the subject
As I get deep in the rhyme I?m becomin? a
Emcee murderer before I?m done, I?m a
Prepare the chamber the torture?s comin? up
Trip through the mind at the end you?ll find
It?s the punisher
Kill ?em again
I hold the mic as hostage, emcees are ransom
Rhymes?ll punish ?em 'cuz they don?t undertsand ?em
I heat up his brain, then explain then I hand him
A redhot microphone that?s how I planned ?em
Rhymes call information unite midnight
Like a platoon putting bullet wounds in the mic
If ya curse me, it ain?t no mercy
Give him a autopsy, killed by a verse of me
I took a kid and cut off his eyelid
Kill him slow so he could see what I did
And if he don?t understand what I said
I?m pushing his eyeballs way to the back of his head
So he can see what he?s getting into
A part of the mind that he never been through

A journey is coming 'cuz ya getting sent to

A place harder to find but it?s all in the mental
I ran a brain scan to locate his game plan
When I?m through with his brain he ain?t the same, man
Did he lose his mind or lost in his mind
But this ain?t the lost and found because ya can?t find
Your foundation coasting, your mind is
Drifting, in slow motion frozen
Looks like another murder at the Mardi grass, B
Too late to send out a search party
Once ya out of ya head then ya can?t get back
I give ?em a map, but he still get trapped, so
Prepare the chamber, the torture?s coming up
Trip through the mind, at the end you?ll find it?s the punisher
Kill ?em again
Dangerous rhymes performed like surgery
Cuts so deep you?ll be bleeding burgundy
My intellect wrecks and disconnects your cerebral cortex
Your cerebellum is next
Your conscience becomes sub-conscious
Soon your response is nonsense
The last words are blurred mumbled then slurred
Then your verbs are no longer heard
You get your lung fried so good you?re tongue-tied
He couldn?t swing or hang so he hung ?till he died
Reincarnate him and kill him again again and again gain and again
I leave him in the mausoleum so you can see him
I got a dead M Cing museum
When I create ?em, I cremate ?em and complicate ?em
You can?t save ?em there?s no ultamatum
Mic?s lay around full of ashes with the victim?s name in slashes
Got a long list and I?m a get every one of ya
Beware of the punisher
Then I?m a kill ?em again
Wake ?em up kill ?em again

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