

# The Punisher

Eric B. & Rakim

Kill him again Try to identify the man in front of ya  
But it aint the role, the gear or the money, the  
Swift intellectionist with plenty ya  
Bite, if its dark Ill spark every one of ya  
I throw a mic in the crowd its 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 its handicapped  
Youll 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 Im becomin a  
Emcee murderer before Im done, Im a  
Prepare the chamber the tortures comin up  
Trip through the mind at the end youll find  
Its the punisher Kill em again I hold the mic as hostage, emcees are ransom  
Rhymesll punish em 'cuz they dont undertsand em  
I heat up his brain, then explain then I hand him  
A redhot microphone thats how I planned em  
Rhymes call information unite midnight  
Like a platoon putting bullet wounds in the mic  
If ya curse me, it aint 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 dont understand what I said  
Im pushing his eyeballs way to the back of his head  
So he can see what hes 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 its all in the mental I ran a brain scan to locate his game plan  
When Im through with his brain he aint the same, man  
Did he lose his mind or lost in his mind  
But this aint the lost and found because ya cant 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 cant get back  
I give em a map, but he still get trapped, so  
Prepare the chamber, the tortures coming up  
Trip through the mind, at the end youll find its the punisherKill em againDangerous rhymes performed like  
surgery  
Cuts so deep youll be bleeding burgundy  
My intellect wrecks and disconnects your cerebral cortex  
Your cerebellum is next  
Your conscience becomes sub-conscious  
Soon your response is nonsenseThe last words are blurred mumbled then slurred  
Then your verbs are no longer heard  
You get your lung fried so good youre tongue-tied  
He couldnt 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 himI got a dead M Cing museum  
When I create em, I cremate em and complicate em  
You cant save em theres no ultamatum  
Mics lay around full of ashes with the victims name in slashes  
Got a long list and Im a get every one of ya  
Beware of the punisherThen Im a kill em again  
Wake em up kill em again

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