

I'll Bust 'em, You Punish 'em

Rakim

Yeah, I bust 'em... you punish 'em
Yeah...let me bust 'em
Naw, I'ma punish 'em
Ra, let me bust 'em
Naw, I'ma punish 'em
Naw, let me bust 'em
Naw, I'ma punish 'em
Come on Ra, let me bust 'em
Yo Bis, I'ma punish 'em

Yo, yo...
Out on the battling shit my verbal lateral grip
Keeps my tongue glued to the A-Dat when I'm trackin' 'em shit
Let my spit lubricate the chap on my lips
And make you rappers have fits 'cause I'm back in the mix
Ffuck a pad and a pen, I write rhymes on an IBM
Ebonics is dead, the binary language is in
Canibus practices in a room wit a thousand candles lit
Meditating on this rapping shit
Because my freestyle reigns sovereign
Wit a deeper conscious than the prophet Muhammad was born wit
My brain cavity is enormous
My left hemisphere alone harnesses all of the 7 chakras
While the right one harnesses darkness
The type of dark that makes a house haunted
The type of dark that niggas get lost in
The type of dark you fear when you're dead in your coffin
I hear you talkin' but I ignore it
Cause you garbage and your rhymes borin'
So keep standin' on the corner,
The thrash-man will collect you in the mornin'
Thug cats frontin'
Wacker than Blinky Blink
On the back of the wack-ass wagon babblin' about - nothin'
Fuck that real rug rats could get it on, black
Meet me at The Tunnel where pussy cats get robbed at
So dark You'll never see the blood splat
And you can't even react
'cause the trunk is where u keep ya guns at
Now you on speed 'cause you too scared to come back
You can't even breathe
The weed sufficates your lung sacks
Fake MCs haul ass like they runnin' track
Where ever Canibus or Rakim is at

Let me bust 'em
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Be ready and at ya best
The celebrity match of death
Heart snatched through your chest, cardiac arrest
Crack your neck while I break your arms, catch your breath
Then I asked the ref, "how many cats is left?"
One on one, who challenging? Come get did
All I have is a pen and punish you kids
Abdomen punctured and look what I did to his wig
Wanna live then I stab 'em in the lung with his rib
Every word I say detach a vertebrae from your spine
Rematch wherever we meet at, any place anytime
Get your snot-box smashed with a 9
Smacked with a rhyme, push your forehead to the back of your mind
Try to explain what it's like seeing your brain
Your insane, soon to be ID'ed as remains
Then I reincarnate 'em and kill 'em again
Again and again, again and again

Yo, yo...
Yo we started to battle with a grapple
That nigga had long hair so a grabbed a hand full
And chopped 'em in the Adams-apple
His partner in back of you tried to attack you
So I'ma twist 'em up like a pret-zel then I'ma tag you

I'm on some stone cold shit
Warn your whole clique
Cartilage get blown until the whole bone split
Who wanna spit, bang quick, strangle 'em wit his lip
He tried to flip but I left his body danglin'

You left 'em danglin'
I can't believe he wanna grapple again
I swung 'em around like I was dancing wit 'em
Put his arms in back of his head and snapped 'em again
Then I grabbed his limbs and put in the figure-"6 subtracted from 10"
(Rakim):
Seven birds, make 'em swerve 'til their vision is blurred
Turn cats that suped from superb to nerds
Just say the word, I'll leave your DNA on the curb
And stick my dick in your ear and fuck what you heard