

# 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, seriouser 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 soufleer home decorater, 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 paraphenalia, 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 millenium  
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  
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