

Wu-Tang Clan, Severe Punishment

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?

[Verse One: U-God]

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, eruptions 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

[Verse Two: The Genius/GZA]

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

[Verse Three: Raekwon the Chef]

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

[Verse Four: Prince Rakeem/RZA]

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
[Verse Five: Masta Killa]
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
Number two, Chao San Poi
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