

Wu-Tang Clan "Severe Punishment"

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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, 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

[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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