

## **Clan Wu-Tang**

### **"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

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