

## **Eric B. & Rakim "The Punisher"**

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Kill him again

Try to identify the man in front of ya  
But it ain't the role, the gear or the money, the  
Swift intellectionist with plenty ya  
Bite, if it's dark I'll spark every one of ya  
I throw a mic in the crowd it's a question  
I got the answer it includes directions  
Go manufacture a mask show me after  
A glass of a master that has to make musical massacre

Attack your wack ?till it's handicapped  
You'll never hold the mic again, try to hand it back  
'Cuz every rapper that comes I cut off his thumbs  
Put a record to his neck if he swallows it hums  
Slice from ear to ear so till can hear better  
Before he bleed to death here, hear every letter  
And you can see quick and thick the blood can get

If you try to change the style or the subject  
As I get deep in the rhyme I'm becomin? a  
Emcee murderer before I'm done, I'm a  
Prepare the chamber the torture's comin? up  
Trip through the mind at the end you'll find  
It's the punisher

Kill ?em again

I hold the mic as hostage, emcees are ransom  
Rhymes'll punish ?em 'cuz they don't undertsand ?em  
I heat up his brain, then explain then I hand him  
A redhot microphone that's how I planned ?em  
Rhymes call information unite midnight  
Like a platoon putting bullet wounds in the mic  
If ya curse me, it ain't no mercy  
Give him a autopsy, killed by a verse of me

I took a kid and cut off his eyelid  
Kill him slow so he could see what I did  
And if he don't understand what I said  
I'm pushing his eyeballs way to the back of his head  
So he can see what he's getting into

A part of the mind that he never been through

A journey is coming 'cuz ya getting sent to  
A place harder to find but it's all in the mental

I ran a brain scan to locate his game plan  
When I'm through with his brain he ain't the same, man  
Did he lose his mind or lost in his mind  
But this ain't the lost and found because ya can't find  
Your foundation coasting, your mind is  
Drifting, in slow motion frozen

Looks like another murder at the Mardi grass, B  
Too late to send out a search party  
Once ya out of ya head then ya can't get back  
I give ?em a map, but he still get trapped, so  
Prepare the chamber, the torture's coming up  
Trip through the mind, at the end you'll find it's the  
punisher

Kill ?em again

Dangerous rhymes performed like surgery  
Cuts so deep you'll be bleeding burgundy  
My intellect wrecks and disconnects your cerebral  
cortex  
Your cerebellum is next  
Your conscience becomes sub-conscious  
Soon your response is nonsense

The last words are blurred mumbled then slurred  
Then your verbs are no longer heard  
You get your lung fried so good you're tongue-tied  
He couldn't swing or hang so he hung ?till he died  
Reincarnate him and kill him again again and again  
gain and again  
I leave him in the mausoleum so you can see him

I got a dead M Cing museum  
When I create ?em, I cremate ?em and complicate ?em  
You can't save ?em there's no ultimatum  
Mic's lay around full of ashes with the victim's name in  
slashes  
Got a long list and I'm a get every one of ya  
Beware of the punisher

Then I'm a kill ?em again  
Wake ?em up kill ?em again

