

Buju Banton

"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 intellect 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 ransome,
rhymes'll punish 'em cuz they don't undersand '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 brainscan 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 Gras, 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 (are) 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...again and again...
I leave him in the mausoleum so you can see him,
I got a dead-MC'ing 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!

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