

# Manslaughter

## [unknown]

Manslaughter

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ManslaughterCode name E D, check on the one, two, three

Black male hard MC

Rap record slave, a brother on the scene

With a machine gun and one magazineWanted, a half a million for the body alone

Two million for the microphone

If you see him, dial five dash slayer

A hot line to the governor and mayorHe's armed with ammo, a weapon that's mine

All black in rap, strap tech nine

Silencer clipped, check the rip on the sneak tip

The boy's about ta flipManslaughter

Manslaughter

They call him manslaughter

ManslaughterCode name MD, rappin' fanatic, rappin' fanatic

No short taken, black Asiatic

Hit man, keeps my belt unbuckled

Book a look on my grill with no signs of a chuckle

Or laughter, 'cause my name ain't Casper the Friendly GhostBut I smoke an MC if I have to

Quick fast like Alakazoo, Alakazam

And I'll be damned, 'cause my rhymes slam like Bam Bam

Rubble, partner code name is E DoubleIt's those hazel green eyes that keep my man in trouble

Girls ride the tip, brothers on his sac

I had to change my name to Bruce Wayne also known as Batman

And grab the bozack with this hand

As I slay ya manslaughterManslaughter

They call him manslaughter

ManslaughterMad man fully strapped and I quote

Don't flex, last chump who did, he got smoked

Undercover, not D T but E D

And wonder why you're spinning my records on thirty threeI'm the original, never did crime, I'm no criminal

No static, pack a forty five automatic

Black cat strapped in rap, holding my Johnson

Walking the streets, a vigilante Charles BronsonAs the beat kick, face his plate on the M1 done

Style's sharper than the blade in Shogun

First suckers disrupt the brain of a sucker MC

That can't count one, two, threeI manage to damage, I roast the whole membrane insane

Like a base head doing cocaine

I kill a farmer plus his daughter

'Cause I'm the E Double and this is manslaughterThey call us manslaughter  
They call it manslaughter

ManslaughterAs I stare deep into the mirror, I could only resort  
To a hardcore gangsta, penile train of thought  
You're stomped out, you're beat down, you go big top shit

Run your trunk jewels or get pistol whipped'Cause I'm too swift to slip or miss a stitch on my rap hit  
Sleep on a sucker and you still can't get with  
Me bro, with this flow and I don't know Judo

Gun flow is my style, say this so that you knowThere's no time to dance or romance with a nuisance  
Play ya like a puppet to put some lead in ya pants  
Then off you go to the rap rat pack

Be stripped of your mic, punk on your head we stamped bozackThat's what the doctor ordered  
Take two of these, dead, manslaughterThey call it manslaughter  
They call it manslaughter  
Manslaughter  
To the farmer and his daughter  
Manslaughter

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