

# Manslaughter

[unknown]

Manslaughter  
Manslaughter  
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 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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