MANSLAUGHTER

Deadbeat

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 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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