

Manslaughter

EPMD

Code 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 magazine
Wanted, a half a million for the body alone
Two million for the microphone
If you see him, dial 5 dash slayer
A hotline to the governor and mayor
He's armed wit 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 flip

Code name md, 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 ghost, but 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-double
It'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 bat-
Man, and grab the bozack wit this hand
As I slay ya manslaughter

Mad 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-three
I'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 bronson
As 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 three
I manage to damage, I roast the whole membrane
Insane, like a basehead doing cocaine
I kill a farmer, plus his daughter
Cause I'm the e-double, and this is manslaughter

As 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, wit this flow and I don't know judo
Gunflow is my style, say this so that you know
There'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 bozack
That's what the doctor ordered
Take two of these, dead, manslaughter

They call it manslaughter
They call it manslaughter
Manslaughter
To the farmer and his daughter, manslaughter