

# EPMD, Manslaughter

[PMD] Manslaughter [x4]

[Verse One: Erick Sermon]

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

Manslaughter [x2]

They call him manslaughter  
Manslaughter

[Verse Two: PMD]

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, cuz 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

Manslaughter

They call him manslaughter  
Manslaughter

[Verse Three: Erick Sermon]

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

They call us manslaughter  
They call it manslaughter  
Manslaughter

[Verse Four: PMD]

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