

Tommy Wright III

"Manslaughter"

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f/ Project Pimp, T-Dawg, Tini

Hook: Tommy Wright

Get that motherfucka, get that motherfucka get him

Get that motherfucka, get that motherfucka get him

Get that motherfucka, get that motherfucka get him

Get that motherfucka, get that motherfucka, get his
busta ass get him

Dump him in my trunk, drag him to the river

Dump him in my trunk, drag him to the river

Dump him in my trunk, drag him to the river

Dump him in my trunk, drag him to the river

[Tommy Wright III]

Wakin' up early in the mornin', straight up joanin'

Gotta get full ah them drugs, leavin' them nigga wid
slugs

Couple ah Memphis two faced nigga that thug

It ain't no love, I told you before,

So lemon ass niggas get filled up wid lead

Get caught by surprise, come duck and be tried

They instantly die, bullet one to the head,

Blood gotta shed when I load up my rifle

a sniper deliverin' lead to your dome,

Shot been inflicted wid doses of pimpin'
I hang in South Memphis but hell is my home
Home wid them killas my nigga cap peelers
gravediggas remember my temper is short,
Snortin' cocaine, it's fuckin' up my brain
My mind is maintained by devious thoughts,
Keepin' a weapon of any ill threat
that's for suckas who stampin' and pluggin' that hole
My roadie be killin' cap peelin', dog dealin',
two villain, no feelin' for snitches who noseay,
Givin' out clout to them clock of a dolla straight bought
'em
I saw them wid triggas I sawed 'em,
No mercy for niggas I'm out to make figgas
I'm leavin' 'em in rivers so bodies gettin' hotter,
I thought of a plan, to murder a man,
and get away clean wid the money and dope
The tradegy I will leave will be like fatally
tied the two to the tree put 'em up in my smoke
Full ah that fuckin' blow, rippin' a forty-four
Chief as I cough and throw up on them mega blunts
Niggas who flodgin' get broke when I'm robbin'
So suckas start dodgin' or get put up in my trunk
Hook
[Project Pimp]
Pistol grip forty-four in my hand, ten wanted men got a

masta plan

Chasin' that bitch till he run outta breath,

Bullets don't stop he gon' meet his damn death,

Put him in a ditch, deep in the ground,

Burnin' the mug, you got some gas,

Smackin' him with that forty-four bitch

Finger on trigger keep tellin' me blast

Nuthin' but this thang, everyday thang,

Killin' niggas, doggin' hoes

Ten wanted men once again wid a bang

Project Pimp I'm shootin' them tones

Hangin' out at the door wid the dope forty-four pistol

and vamp wid the gin on the seat and I'm pullin' the
triggers

that leave his ass cuz, Project Pimp ah psycho thug

[T-Dawg]

Man T-Dawg in the joint once again

for the nine-six Street Smart bumpin' that shit,

Leavin' these niggas fucked up, whopped up wid that
thirty R six bitch

Cappin' and snatchin' these killas drug dealers cap
peelers

We out for your gravy hoe,

Ten wanted men on a mission wid murder shit

That bitch got your classy hoe,

Creepin' slow, on the floor, on a hoe

lookin' for the trick, wid the riches up in this thang

Strapped like Jack wid a click in my back

in the getaway van, ready to blast

Body bags, on the ground, I'm leavin' these niggas for
them folks

Man T-Dawg I'm outty five but another nigga classy
clothes

Hook

[Tini]

Creepin' to the scene in a glimpse, never seen,

Disappear, like a ghost in the wind it's me

T to the I to the N to the I to the M-A-I-N-E, Tini

Pockets feelin' broke so I gotta make a stang

On a lemon man that's got me fucked up the game

Comin' from the dark so I bust your heart

wid the seven Jason masks gimme all the cash hit the
gas,

Smack and kick your bitch up the side her head then
cuff her

time to gag her wid the Tommy Hilfiger that I snatched
up off yo bitch,

Tie your hands behind your back,

Get the oxy vogues from the window out the 'Lac,

Chiefin' on another sac I got another plan,

Hit the stach pot cheese and dope,

His bow was in the blow, we left him on the floor,

Smack him one more time before we go,

Hopped into the Chevy thang let me throw up again,

As the green, let me think, Tini five, no I strive

How that like that ain't no way that ain't no good

But I can't afford to make no losses Jason mask ain't
this a bitch,

Millimetre jealous so they scopin' me, bloody glock is in
my hand

Perry Ellis smellin' like a lucci, quarter ounce a dope is
in the air

brothers can't stand the truth playa robbers creepin'
from the east

prepared,

Glock seventeen lookin' mean, as release, cock it back

Spin rounds over the side to the ground,

Did ya, did ya get him?, yes I got him,

As I tired ah bustin' scatter creep ya knees to the back
sippin' Crown

Thinkin' of a scheme it's a dream it's for real lay him
dead

Mr. Tini maine ya shouldn'ta crossed me out

Forty-five Gs, six kill a pound a weed, two other trees

Manslaughter, Tini five I'm in the house

Hook (1x)

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