Late Night Arrival

Ghostface Killah

[Wigs]Yeah, son, it's the Einstein Theodore theory, street philosphy
Step foot on our block, there's no way possibly
Guns too big for you, to ever try stoppin' me
Talk out your mouth, you better speak properly
[Trife Da God]Aiyo, first of all, you ain't worth to brawl
And my fifth, call it the gift, when I curse you all
See I'm a soldier, look at my ranks
On the block, we got that water bubblin' like we cookin' up franks
This is Trife Diesel, get familiar with the name
I'm here, to stay for a while, so steel it in your brain
My guerrillas'll bang, we are the Planet of the Apes
Clips as long as bananas, throw them hammers in your face
[Solomon Childs]From the land of the pushers, hustlers and handlers
With military, heavyweight standers
Cameras on the cannons, move amongst hoes and gamblers
Empties on my project balconies
My guns vow for me, my bitch count for me

I'm royalty, motherfucker gon' bow to me
20-04, vampires that'll rip off your neck
And eat your garlic, murder, from New York to Charlotte
It'll beat a nigga down like Sonny Carlton, when he ran through a gauntlet
[Ghostface Killah]Yo, my plate never pork, I sink deep into minds where you can't talk
Cough it up, bitch, I shine like Chinaware
Shine like the box in the live ball player amped
Fuck Mike Jordan, it's P-Tone in the air
Pullin' over NARCs with mad coke stashed in the spare
Guns and all that, the NARCs said, why you dipped in all black
Said, I'm comin' from a funeral, y'all boys can fall back
[Wigs]It's Wiganomics, I drop like a brick in the third
And y'all fruit cake niggaz think my style's absurd
Only the birds I blow back, Staten Island super gat
Talk is pork, I get that money then stupid stack
Theodore, we state of the art, you wanna keep that
Chain around your neck, you better play your part
Cuz ain't a damn thing sweet, like the Wonka Factory
This the Enterprise/Theodore shit, you no match for me

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