Return Of Theodore Unit

Ghostface Killah

[Intro: (Trife Da God) Ghostface Killah]
(Uh what you got here, is your approach)
Your approach gotta more guerilla on 'em
KnowImean? Just to make it sound official (uh)
Yeah.. yo.. (it's the realest niggas on this shit, go in)[Ghostface Killah]
Left the buildin on start up, heavy
Niggaz couldn't take the chain, it's too heavy
Word to mother, I was swingin that Shaolin Style machete
Now when I come through it's "What up Ghost?", my folks throwin confetti
My gear is the world premiere, ox yeah, now I'm dickin down Heather Locklear
Rubber glock in the glove box, Benz drop yeah
Hit the mall in Long Island, they got hens out there
I'm not a sex symbol, gangsta or activist
I just bubble like acid in a glass of Cris'
My pen's is Illmatic, plush robes drag across the floor
Gun hand is sore from choppin the raw
And when the jet land smoked up just look right under ya
The aircraft carry back half of Colombia
Yeah, separate the rubble
Stay beatin niggaz brains out with the God broke belt buckle
Jewels, pay respect to my larynx
My bird blew niggaz away like a clarinet
My hoes, they so happy I ain't married yet
And I still walk down the aisle with a plastic Tec
Haha..[Interlude: Trife Da God]
Uh, that's what I'm talking bout nigga
That's some real words right there
So you know, we just gon' keep this shit rolling
Theodore, they know how we do it
Straight up and down, introducing
One fourth of the squad, Wiganomics
Uh, hit 'em nigga[Shawn Wigs]
Yo son I smack bitches, make 'em say "Yes, Wiggatry"
Smoke out ya room like I'm cookin up hickory
Dickory dock, my glock tucked by the scrotum
It's Theodore, our chips' all in, you can't hold 'em
Cuz the Pips be stinky like Pepi LePew
And my style's so sick, son, they call it the flu
Influenza, top contender

Had ya girl head-noddin leavin marks on my Swollen Member
I remember them days when the Stat was my home
Now we hop state to state, flyin in and out of zones
Had to put down the heat, picked up the microphone
Started payin off the jewelers and flossin in stones
Chunky and I ain't talkin chicken noodle soup
Got a V for Vendetta this year and need to recoup
That two point five million'll slice a Sicillian
Next year we want the whole fuckin pie we makin a killin[Interlude: Trife Da God]
Uh, that's right nigga
'06, bout to take us into '07
The years is ours, from here on out
Theodore, straight up and down
Word up, introducing next
You know, acknowledge the great
My muthafuckin' man J-Love[J-Love]
Aiyo, I come through like a Chicago Bears linebacker
Call me Brian Urlacher, straight up attack you
Then I backslap you, yeah, ya niggas get flipped
Son, I've never been a punk faggot ass idiot
Get snatched in all letters, Puerto Rican bitch fetish
Call me the streets, or the mixtape terrorist
I get respected, like a Pride Fighter champion
Out in Japan, I was ready to smash one
It's real, son, I hold down my squadron
Ghostface and Life scared Madison Square Garden
Is the next destination hip hop preservation?
Theodore Unit on an ill ass invasion
Kid Crooklyn style, Premo production
The greatest men walking, fuck all them their assumptions
Yo, call me the king, the presence of greatness
Often imitated, but you can't duplicate this[Interlude: Trife Da God]
Haha, no, next up, the man who needs no introduction
Muthafuckin' New York's Backbone, take it home[Trife Da God]
Aiyo, I roll like a bat out of hell, something swell
With the money green Balley's and the chunky gazelle's
I'm an explorer like Dora, nigga, check out my aura
On the block, I assist quarters, but I'm really a scorer
Place your order, place your bets, I'll erase your set
Puncture your lung and inflate your chest
I keep killas on mountain tops, plotting on housing cops
While I'm in the spot, bagging up rocks, I'm counting knots
I got the eye of an eagle, ride for my people
These bars of life dope, and I supply you that diesel
I'm a needle in the haystack, laid back in Maybach

Slay phat, cuz he spray gats, try to escape that
Gray slacks for, all my Compton killas
Casket fillers, armed gorillas, who bomb for skrilla
Staten Island's most wanted, the backbone of the city
The rapper killings, niggas get slapped silly, you feel me?

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