Return Of Theodore Unit

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)

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..

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

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

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

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

Haha, no, next up, the man who needs no introduction Muthafuckin' New York's Backbone, take it home

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?