

Theodore

Ghostface Killah

Generals on deck, what's up, son?
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, come on!)
Salute this (Library shit)
(Rock the belt, uh-huh, you know what time it is)
They understand and support us
(I ain't goin' out) Theodore (Uh-huh!)

Eh-yo!
Stark edition, rock Christian's
The crystalized rock got the big jury dealers on a mission
Slick taste of lace, I done smacked New York City
The four-fifty went poppin' when he tried to dip me
Balled out in bingo halls, reported skied out in jury duty
Judge Judy, big groupie bitch blew me, Beigen rush Cuffies
Blast the last Uzi, ship me to Africa, right? I share rubies
Due to the night up on my behalf
I threw the shotti in the glass so I could have a double bash
Duffle pass, couples, teamed with the knuckle clash, fast
Rain, hail, snow, sleet, still bust that ass
Uppercut, bad, you in the grass slumped out and ya faggot-ass man hauled ass
Slammed body in the G-Y-M, G-Y-N'
Love Doctor in the hood, fucked bitches, all their friends
So, yo

Party people, you're the reason we're here
Cuz we love the game and our music is projects
So, so, yo, hello! Makin' sure y'all still there
On stage here tonight be the almighty Theodore Click

Yeah! Yeah, yo!
I'm a little dude but I hold guns the size of Europe
Y'all niggas is sweet like pancakes with extra syrup
Whatever y'all put up, I double that
Stapleton is where I hustle at, 2-12 is where I bubble at
Yeah, I'm talkin' money-wise, you funny guys
I'm quick to yolk you up like eggs that's cooked sunny-side
Catch me at the honey hive, runnin' the strip
Gun on the hip, posted for hours, slingin' dope and power
Culture power, throwin' nitros, lettin' the pipes blow
Got remote control cars and they're not made by Tyco
This the Theodore, drunk off Smirnoff
Bit ya ear off, therefore, the drama is what I'm here for
From the block to the stage
I represent for those, locked in the cage
'Til I'm dropped in the graves, every line I spit, is like a, shot from the gauge
Move accordingly, even when I'm actin' disorderly

Who you wit?
See? See? Yo!
I'm a Don, dead form, look upon Ezekials
To the generals in my click, there'll be no sequels
Them hot ones'll crease, the vultures'll feast you
The loved ones will shiest you, gorillas will beast you
Just served fiends walkin' up the block yawnin'
Late night game, damn, forgot I got a warrant
Got in, laid down, then start snorin'

P-O kickin' ya door in, for in the mornin'
You blockin' my lane-lane like John Stockton
With the uttermost disrespect just like, Bernard Hopkins
Simply, it's PC within the verse
See we could be peoples later, in business, Money Comes First (First)