

# Ghostface Killah, Theodore

(feat. Trife, Twiz)

[Intro: Twiz (Ghostface Killah)]

Generals on deck, what's up, son?

(Yeah, yeah, yeah... come on!)

Salut 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!)

[Ghostface Killah]

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...

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah (sung)]

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

[Trife]

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

[Chorus - minus last 2 lines]

[Twiz]

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, 4 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)

[Chorus]