

# Ghostface Killah "Return Of Theodore Unit"

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**(feat. J-Love, Shawn Wigs, Trife Da God)**

*[Intro: (Trife Da God) Ghostface Killah]*

(Uh what you got here, is your approach)  
Your approach gotta more guerilla on 'em  
Knowlmean? 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 Sicilian  
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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