

## Theodore Unit

### "Smith Brothers"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Uh huh, ba-by, ba-by, uh, it's goin' down  
This is that muthafuckin' nigga (off the sound)  
Yeah, uh, bulletproof muthafuckin' geese outdoors  
For all the streets, all the dusts in the streets  
(Let me get a sip of that, let me get a sip of that)  
Rusty projects and all that, the radiators is bulletproof  
Yo, yo, come on, ah yo yo

[Ghostface Killah]

What up cousin, this is most high wizardry  
Got's to watch niggaz, so I stay on my grizzly (uh)  
These young boys comin' at me (yeah)  
Lookin' at these faggots, like yeah, you get amped off  
of Pepsi  
Damn, what kind of cards you delt  
Does your elevator go up? (Nope) You ain't rap too tight  
Right, you can tell me, G-H to O-S-T  
Two hundred Bees'll get you killed by coke head Skeet  
This is murder, you can get it, if my fam don't eat  
And, we slam niggaz, like we Lil' Malik  
We want that Powerball money, Easter bunnies, Wool-  
light money  
Hey dunny, we rock a half of mill and look bummy  
And bounce to the projects, pop Becks, cop Tec's  
Top wrecks, execs got next, what the heck  
I'm fed, you'se dead, that's said, no more wet  
The cameras is rollin', bitch, quiet on the set

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

You can never front on, jump or you get lumped on  
Burners in your face, don't you get nervous on me  
We got so many gats, and them big Mac's  
Somebody get the boy, I get the wildin' on black  
Tell 'em, we will, we will, rock you, pop you  
We will, we still, got you, got you

[Trife Da God]

Aiyo aiyo, it ain't a game (nah)  
This kid is serious about his change (uh-huh)  
Ya'll a bunch of wacko jacko's, amped off your names

Call me Sugar Ray, the way I dance on you lames  
My right hand'll sting you and ding you, leave stamps  
on your brain  
I got, out of state of niggaz that'll kill for beers  
Cuz you, easy to pop like balloons filled with air  
I dare ya'll faggot asses, punch niggaz with glasses  
Back in my third grade classes, squeezin' asses  
My niggaz is never over, understand  
I'm a 2Pac fan, this is the realest shit I ever wrote  
Butter soft, lead the coke, matchin' my kicks  
So make sure, you get my sneakers when you snappin'  
that flick  
And I advise you, to carry that Bible for survival  
Surprise you, return like Jesus, without the costume  
Come on young'n, you dumbin'  
I've been doin' this shit since King Culling, cookin'  
grams in the oven

[Chorus 2X]

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