

## Late Night Arrival

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, son, it's the Einstein Theodore theory, street philosophy  
Step foot on our block, there's no way possibly  
Guns too big for you, to ever try stoppin' me  
Talk out your mouth, you better speak properly

Aiyo, first of all, you ain't worth to brawl  
And my fifth, call it the gift, when I curse you all  
See I'm a soldier, look at my ranks  
On the block, we got that water bubblin' like we cookin' up franks  
This is Trife Diesel, get familiar with the name  
I'm here, to stay for a while, so steel it in your brain  
My guerrillas'll bang, we are the Planet of the Apes  
Clips as long as bananas, throw them hammers in your face

From the land of the pushers, hustlers and handlers  
With military, heavyweight standers  
Cameras on the cannons, move amongst hoes and gamblers  
Empties on my project balconies  
My guns vow for me, my bitch count for me  
I'm royalty, motherfucker gon' bow to me  
20-04, vampires that'll rip off your neck  
And eat your garlic, murder, from New York to Charlotte  
It'll beat a nigga down like Sonny Carlton, when he ran through  
a gauntlet

Yo, my plate never pork, I sink deep into minds where you can't  
talk  
Cough it up, bitch, I shine like Chinaware  
Shine like the box in the live ball player amped  
Fuck Mike Jordan, it's P-Tone in the air  
Pullin' over NARCs with mad coke stashed in the spare  
Guns and all that, the NARCs said, why you dipped in all black  
Said, I'm comin' from a funeral, y'all boys can fall back

It's Wiganomics, I drop like a brick in the third  
And y'all fruit cake niggaz think my style's absurd  
Only the birds I blow back, Staten Island super gat  
Talk is pork, I get that money then stupid stack  
Theodore, we state of the art, you wanna keep that  
Chain around your neck, you better play your part  
Cuz ain't a damn thing sweet, like the Wonka Factory  
This the Enterprise/Theodore shit, you no match for me