

Thief's Theme

Nas

One, two
Check, one, two
One, two, who got more style, the son do
One, two
Check, one, two
One, two, who got more style, the son do
Check, one, two

Yo I'm hot like 95 Fahrenheit
On a summer night, tight spot where bodies rot
Rats drink from water drops, in the streets niggaz
Little kids scared cops, wit red dots
Philosophical gangsta, where violent priors
Goin back like black and white TV's wit pliers
Leanin on broke down cars, wit flat tires
Flash iron, or anybody tryin on the blocks I'm supplyin on
Mighty call, my peeps, tie ballons up
And swallow 'em and the penal got goons, lots of 'em
Cops see them and run, don't want no drama
Certain parts of the streets, the beast don't want a part of
Mortar, hood haunted like the Dakota
Where John Lennon was shot up, but he sang for peace
He begged for freedom, hanged wit wild Jamicians
From Kingston, who drink Irish Moss
Listenin to Peter Winston, Machintosh
Lightning hits the top of the church steeple
When I'm writin, semi-automatic no hyphen
It's frightening....
The thief's theme, play me at night, they won't act right
Understandable smooth shit, that murderers move wit
The thief's theme, play me at night, they won't act right
Understandable smooth shit, that murderers move wit
The thief's theme, play me at night, they won't act right
Understandable smooth shit, that murderers move wit
The thief's theme, play me at night, they won't act right
Understandable smooth shit, that murderers move wit

I take summers off, cause I love winter beef
Started '87, wit the shotty in the sheet
Three-quarter length beige, dressed to kill
Bust a shell at the ground, pellets hit the crowd
Nobody like a snitch, everybody shut they mouth
Rule which car heart, gun powder stains
Smellin like trees, set some mill on the brain
Skeemin on ya girls, bamboozled on ya chain
Got ill up on the train, twistin off a cap
Of a English in my vain, might of pushed you on the tracks
Death crack fiends, who can't speak, scream noises
Cause you bought a drummer sooked, from one of my boys, it's
.... Just another day in the hood
And I'm, wit some wild brothers, up to no good
We saw the movies, like Tony Montana, and 'em
But our style was let them piled in, we robbin 'em
Money dudes, make 'em come up out they shoes
Run they jewels, word is bond, where my man Nino goin
And I had to make a song, speakin on my old life
For the thief's who come out at night

The thief's theme, play me at night, they won't act right
Understandable smooth shit, that murderers move wit
The thief's theme, play me at night, they won't act right
Understandable smooth shit, that murderers move wit
The thief's theme, play me at night, they won't act right
Understandable smooth shit, that murderers move wit
The thief's theme, play me at night, they won't act right
Understandable smooth shit, that murderers move wit

One, two
Check, one, two One, two
Check, one, two
One, two, who got more style, the son do