

Thief's Theme

Nas

One, two
Check, one, two
One, two, who got more style, the son do
Check, one, twoYo, 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 balloons up
And swallow 'em and the penal got goons, lots of 'emCops see them and run, don't want no drama
Certain parts of the streets, the beast don't wanna 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 Jamaicans
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 frighteningThe 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 witI 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 upon a train, twistin' off a cap
Of a English in my vain, might of pushed you on the tracksDeaf crack fiends, who can't speak, scream noises
'Cause you bought a drummer soap, 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 nightThe 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 witOne, two
Check, one, two
One, two
Check, one, two
One, two, who got more style, the son do

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>