

# Thiefs Theme (Cookin Soul Remix)

Nas

[Intro]

One, two

Check, one, two

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

{\*rewind\*}

One, two

Check, one, two

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

Check, one, two[Verse 1]

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 bread dotsPhilosophical 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 onMighty 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 ofMortar, 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 MossListenin' to Peter Winston, Machintosh

Lightning hits the top of the church steeple

When I'm writin', semi-automatic no hyphen

It's frightening.... {\*scratches\*}[Chorus]

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

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The thief's theme, play me at night, they won't act right

Understandable smooth shit, that murderers move wit[Verse 2]

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 crowdNobody 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[Chorus][Outro]

One, two

Check, one, two {\*echoes\*}

One, two

Check, one, two

One, two, who got more style, the son do {\*echoes\*}

{\*explosion\*}

Songwriters

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