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
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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 chainGot 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 'emMoney 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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