

# Thieves In The Night

## Blackstar

"Give me the fortune, keep the fame," said my man Louis  
I agreed, know what he mean because we live the truest lie  
I asked him why we follow the law of the bluest eye  
He looked at me, he thought about it, was like, "I'm clueless, why?"  
The question was rhetorical, the answer is horrible  
Our morals are out of place and got our lives full of sorrow  
And so tomorrow coming later than usual  
Waiting on someone to pity us while we finding beauty in the hideous  
They say money's the root of all evil but I can't tell  
You know what I mean, pesos, francs, yens, cowrie shells, dollar bills  
Or is it the mindstate that's ill?  
Creating crime rates to fill the new prisons they build  
Over money and religion there's more blood to spill  
The wounds of slaves in cotton fields that never heal, what's the deal?  
A lot of cats who buy records are straight broke  
But my language universal they be reciting my quotes  
While R&B singers hit bad notes, we rock the boat of thought  
That my man Louis' statements just provoked  
Caught up, in conversations of our personal worth  
Brought up, through endangered species status on the planet Earth  
Survival tactics means, busting gats to prove you hard  
Your firearms are too short to box with God  
Without faith, all of that is illusionary  
Raise my son, no vindication of manhood necessary Not strong (Only aggressive)  
Not free (We only licensed)  
Not compassionate, only polite (Now who the nicest?)  
Not good but well behaved  
(Chasing after death, so we can call ourselves brave?)  
Still living like mental slaves  
Hiding like thieves in the night from life  
Illusions of oasis making you look twice  
Hiding like thieves in the night from life  
Illusions of oasis making you look twice Yo, I'm sure that everybody out listening agree  
That everything you see ain't really how it be  
A lot of jokers out running in place, chasing the style  
Be a lot going on beneath the empty smile  
Most cats in my area be loving the hysteria  
Synthesized surface conceals the interior  
America, land of opportunity, mirages and camouflages

More than usually, speaking loudly  
Saying nothing, you confusing me, you losing me  
Your game is twisted, want me enlisted in your usury  
Foolishly, most men join the ranks cluelessly  
Buffoonishly accept the deception, believe the perception  
Reflection rarely seen across the surface of the looking glass  
Walking the street, wondering who they be looking past  
Looking gassed with them imported designer shades on  
Stars shine bright, but the light rarely stays on  
Same song, just remixed, different arrangement  
Put you on a yacht but they won't call it a slave ship  
Strangeness, you don't control this, you barely hold this  
Screaming "brand new", when they just sanitized the old shit  
Suppose it's, just another clever Jedi mind trick  
That they been running across stars through all the time with  
I find it's distressing, there's never no in-between  
We either niggas or Kings, we either bitches or Queens  
The deadly ritual seems immersed in the perverse  
Full of short attention spans, short tempers, and short skirts  
Long barrel automatics released in short bursts  
The length of black life is treated with short worth  
Get yours first, them other niggas secondary  
That type of illing that be filling up the cemetery  
This life is temporary but the soul is eternal  
Separate the real from the lie, let me learn you  
Not strong, only aggressive cause the power ain't directed  
That's why we are subjected to the will of the oppressive  
Not free, we only licensed, not live, we just exciting  
Cause the captors own the masters to what we writing  
Not compassionate, only polite, we well trained  
Our sincerity's rehearsed in stage, it's just a game  
Not good, but well behaved cause the camera survey  
Most of the things that we think, do or say  
We chasing after death just to call ourselves brave  
But everyday, next man meet with the grave/Great  
I give a damn if any fan recall my legacy

I'm trying to live life in the sight of God's memory like that y'allA lot of people don't understand the true  
criteria of things

Can't just accept the appearance, have to get the true essence  
(They ain't looking around)Not strong (Only aggressive)  
Not free (We only licensed)  
Not compassionate, only polite (Now who the nicest?)  
Not good but well behaved  
(Chasing after death, so we can call ourselves brave?)  
Still living like mental slaves

Hiding like thieves in the night from life  
Illusions of oasis making you look twice  
Hiding like thieves in the night from life  
Illusions of oasis making you look twice  
Stop hiding, stop hiding, stop hiding yo' face  
Stop hiding, stop hiding, cause ain't no hiding place

Songwriters

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Song Discussions is  
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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