

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

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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
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