

XTC

"Thief's Theme"

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[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 red dots

Philosophical gangsta, wit violent priors

Goin back like black and white TV's wit pliers

Leanin on broke down cars, wit flat tires

Flash iron, anybody tryin on, the blocks I'm supplyin on

Madison, my peeps, tie balloons up

And swallow 'em and the P now 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
of

Martyr, 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 Malts

Listenin 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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[Verse 2]

I take summers off, cause I love winter beef
Started '87, wit the shotty in the sheep
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
Woolrich, Carhart, gun powder stains
Smellin like trees, sensimille on the brain
Skeemin on ya girls, bambooze or 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
Deaf crack fiends, who can't speak, scream noises
Cause she bought a jum of 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 pile then, 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*}

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