

Nas f/ Rising Son "Thief's Theme Remix"

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[Intro - Rising Son]

Yo

Ha, Ha, Ha

DPP

Check, one two, one two

Who got more style than Son do?

None do (that's official)

Yeah, this is history right here (history)

Yo, Nas, Rising Son

Queensbridge to London

Let's go..

[Verse One - Rising Son]

Yo, Yo

This is the Thief's Theme

For the underground criminal street teams

Street dream chasing young hungry thugs that seek
cream

Crack fiends and hatch schemes, knife-point robbery

Broad day blindeys, night-time thuggery

Sun down shinanigans, move without shadow...

...like ninjas, cat burglars, no fiasco

No commotion, make moves like locomotion

Crack-sport ambush, get the man bringing the coke in

Warehouse crime rate, mans throw they vans up

Bang job, "Freeze, everybody put your hands up"

Cash is nightmare, gun in ya faceplate

"It's not even ya money, don't make me put one in ya
face, mate"

Thieves running this place, world trade, eight fare

Slave rift flashbacks; Bush killer, hate Blair!

Wish Mars was a mile away, cos I would escape there

On a Skyway railroad, to stick you from my tray fair,
bitch...

Yeah, you know like when you kill somebody in Street

Fighter

Uah, uah, uah, uah (fades)

[Re-Intro, Nas]

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 2 - Nas]

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
Understandable smooth shit, that murderers move wit
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
Understandable smooth shit, that murderers move wit

[Verse 3 - Nas]

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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