Nas f/ Rising Sun

"Thiefs 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 shinanigins, 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
Madicon, my peeps, tie ballons 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
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The thief's theme, play me at night, they won't act right
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[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*}
1a36