

## **Mos Def & Talib Kweli "Thieves In The Night"**

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Yo Dee  
(What?)  
Come on  
(Yeah)  
What? What? Come on  
(Yeah)

"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 comin' later than usual

Waitin' on someone to pity us  
While we findin' 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 mind state 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 recitin' 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, bustin' 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  
Chasin' after death

So we can call ourselves brave?  
Still livin' like mental slaves  
Hidin' like thieves in the night from life  
Illusions of oasis makin' you look twice  
Hidin' like thieves in the night from life  
Illusions of oasis makin' you look twice

Yo, I'm sure that everybody out listenin' agree  
That everything you see ain't really how it be  
A lot of jokers out runnin' in place, chasin' the style  
Be a lot goin' on beneath the empty smile

Most cats in my area be lovin' the hysteria  
Synthesized surface conceals the interior  
America, land of opportunity, mirages and  
camouflages  
More than usually, speakin' loudly, sayin' nothin'

You confusin' me, you losin' 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 lookin'  
glass

Walkin' the street, wonderin' who they be lookin' past  
Lookin' 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

Screamin' brand new, when they just sanitized the old  
shit  
Suppose it's, just another clever Jedi mind trick

That they been runnin' across stars through all the time  
with  
I find it's distressin', there's never no in-between  
We either niggaz 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 niggaz secondary  
That type of illin' that be fillin' 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 excitin'

'Cause the captors, own the masters to what we writin'  
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 chasin' after death just to call ourselves brave  
But everyday, next man meet with the grave  
I give a damn if any fan recall my legacy

I'm tryin' to live life in the sight of God's memory  
Like that y'all

A 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 lookin' around

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Only aggressive  
Not free

We only licensed

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Now who the nicest?  
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Hidin' like thieves in the night from life  
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Hidin' like thieves in the night from life  
Illusions of oasis makin' you look twice

Stop hidin', stop hidin', stop hidin' yo' face  
Stop hidin', stop hidin' 'cause ain't no hidin' place

Stop hidin', stop hidin', stop hidin' yo' face  
Stop hidin', stop hidin' 'cause ain't no hidin' place

Stop hidin', stop hidin', stop hidin' yo' face  
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[Unverified]

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