

Nas "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, 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 ballons up

And swallow 'em and the penal 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

Mortar, 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 Moss

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 2]

I 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
Woolrich, carhart, gun powder stains
Smellin like trees, set some mill on the brain
Skeemin on ya girls, bamboozled on 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
Death crack fiends, who can't speak, scream noises
Cause you bought a drummer sooked, 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 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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