

## Levy Grover

### "Stole"

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[Thirstin Howl III]

Thirstin Howl, LoLife Founders  
And to be a deck of eight, spit shine my throne  
I make a cell, look like home  
Suave wrath, and all that  
Came home, wearin corp craft  
Stayed clean, started bidden as a baby  
Sewed a Polo patch on my stay-greens  
In the yard, don't matter who didn't like me  
Wore Polo frames on my Riker's Island I.P.  
Strip search - watch  
Where you hide your ox when you buttnaked in the box  
Keep locked music, segregated housing units  
Don't carry the icepick if you ain't gonna use it  
Jail, manners, homemade, magnums  
Where you thugs become homo madams  
Robbed at random  
In the court pins with me, sneakers my size you ran  
them  
Handle beef by the pound, I ain't loud  
I'll wait to stab you 'til we line up for chow

[LoLife Founders - different member on each line]

LoLife Founders!  
Thou shalt not steal but I - STOLE!  
Ran up in Sac's with two gats that I - STOLE!  
Snatch Kangols, bankrolls, gold - STOLE!  
Crashed a car on the FDR that I - STOLE!  
Sixty 'Lo hats, fifty slacks I - STOLE!  
Always had a welfare ho that - STOLE!  
The same day I came from jail I - STOLE!  
On Park Ave. in a Jag I - STOLE!  
Knocked out the guard by the door when we - STOLE!  
We took a dollar van on the rush when we - STOLE!  
Civilians cameras watch me but I still - STOLE!  
See me on the train witcha chain I - STOLE!  
In New York we - STOLE! New Jerz we - STOLE!  
N.C. we - STOLE! Philly we - STOLE!  
D.C. we - STOLE!

[Thirstin Howl III]

I'll break your jawbone  
Got the fast hands; take all Guess and Polo we - STOLE!

Before drama, whatever we end this as  
My pride ain't in my pocket, it's in this bag  
Whether guns or pussy, I KNOW WHEN TO PULL OUT  
My Puerto Rican hair never needed Nu Nile  
If you could walk in my shoes, you could sleep in my  
grave  
My Brooklyn style, Big Daddy Kane, Dana Dane  
If I was jumped, by niggaz thirty deep  
I'll grab one, and make sure they MURDER me  
Only death is promised, as you know  
But all my baby mothers, fightin at the funeral  
Keep the beef, in Brooklyn, for Biggie  
If Ms. Wallace tell us we'll burn down our city!  
Drank Old Gold, for breakfast, with disco  
Timberland boots, bring back forty pillows  
You not a thug or a murderer - MURDERER  
Only a big baller - if you got a hernia!  
It's bout the, DOLLA, it's not an, OPTION  
Too official to wear Troop or CapOne  
Snatched by his throat, choked  
Slapped Freddy Kruger, cause his sweater, wasn't 'Lo  
Forty-two steep - sound like, thousand feet  
Threw empty forty ounces off a, balcony  
Understanding, knowledge, wisdom  
Hold up Puerto Rican flags - in the name of BIG PUN!

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