

Coolio, It Takes A Thief

One dark night I need some ends
I got a spot cased out I'm breakin in
I gotta cutter that'll cut thru ya window like butter
Suction cup, window up
Now I'm on the inside lookin for some loot
38 special I don't wanna have to shoot
I ain't no young, raw fresh recruit, uhh
Steel tote boots, black khaki suit
A real quick search and nobody's home
just like I planned, now I'm home alone
I hope ya don't mind if I use tha phone
and fix me sometin to eat before I'm gone
I got the servant and the china, deuce-five and the 9
Rolex off the desk so I can tell the time
No one knows where the flow goes when the 'dults crow
you better take some no doughs
Now I'm out tha back with a sack fulla goods
throw it in the truck, take it back to the hood
Let me be brief, I'm on the creep
I stole the sounds out'cha jeep, it takes a thief

Chorus:

Oh yeah! It takes a thief
Yeah yeah! It takes a thief
It takes a motherfuckin thief! It takes a thief
Keep both eyes open when you go to sleep
Oh yeah! It takes a thief
Yeah, yeah! It takes a thief
It takes a motherfuckin thief! It takes a thief
Keep ya hand on your gun when I'm on the creep

I need a lick real quick-like
My mind ain't wrapped tight
I scale like Mike Tys so call this fright night
You don't wanna see me comin down the street when I'm broke and it's dark
So run your motherfuckin pockets 'fore they find your ass dead in the park
Put your hands behind your head and interlock your fingers
No I ain't the cops, I just want your rings
and your wallet and your watch and your fat gold chain
Don't try nuttin strange or I'm blowin out'cha brains
I rob from the rich so I can get rich
I ain't got shit so I take what I can get
I need my mail, my snaps, my dollars, my ends
my grip ain't high enough so I'm robbin on my friends
Somebody out there's out to get me
The smaller the nigga, the bigger the gat be
I don't give a fuck about your pain and your grief
You shouldn't of fell asleep, it takes a thief

Chorus x 1/2

There's a buster on the West Side, I heard he gotta grip
and he's outta town on business so I'm schemin on his shit
I heard he got kis and Gs and deeds
and guns and big trash bags full o' weed
I stole a brand new fresh shaft telephone van
so now I guess I'm the telephone man
The bathroom window ain't got no alarm
I gotta skelton brick that works like a charm
It didn't take long to find what I was lookin for
I was damned near finished when I heard a key in the door
I jumped in the closet and checked my clip
Pulled my ski mask down, I can't believe this shit

I counted to five and the front door opened up
I counted three more and the front door was shut
I counted five more to give me some space
then I jumped out the closet and bucked him in the face
I loaded up the van in broad daylight
cos Looky Lou's have their high beams on at night
I take the backstreets to avoid the heat
and never let em see me sweat, it takes a thief

Chorus

Outro:

Oh yeah!
Yeah yeah!
Hey yeah!
Just a reminder to let you know
there's motherfuckers out there that want your shit
So you better watch out, better watch your back
Can't be goin to sleep, protect your shit
Know what I'm sayin?