

# Thief

## Looptroop

I Gotta say piece to the thieves  
Looking over their shoulders when they're walkin down the street  
We've got to even out the worlds economy (How we do that!?)  
With a little bit of larceny  
(2x)

Push up five fingers in the air if you're down with five finger discount  
Hold up Embee let me just count, one, two, three, four... plus some more  
Thieves down we're running from the man-made law  
If laws make man then I'm not human, run over animal beat-boxes  
Big up people sleepin in boxes in the concrete jungle, to get my shit in a bundle  
No time to make mistakes no time to fumble  
You gotta plan your racking-mission with precision  
Recognition is no good in this business  
Listen, equipment depends on what the situation requires  
You gotta be able to shoplift in any attire  
My personal favourite though is my specially designed jacket  
With two big pockets on the inside, summertime means bad business for petty crimes  
Might only wear a t-shirt still have to rack in your waistline  
This great rhyme you heard from the great vine  
If they're askin you for names don't you dare to say mine  
Say word, I hear ads tellin me to join the retail-revolution, fuck that I stick to boastin  
All my way out to Dj Erase in Fittja, listen in da sizzla  
Telling the store-owner to tell it some more  
Youth man-hungry time to settle the score, that's why...

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(time to dress up in our best rackin-clothes) from Promoe's "Spraycan stories"  
(you can catch me in the store rackin up) from Promoe's "Poor lonesome homeboy"  
(I'm just tryin to live and get my cut) from Looptroop's "Biggest Hustle"

It all started with spraycans defacing the community  
A can is ten or fifteen bucks they wanna ruin me  
If somebody sues me after this song I'll laugh  
You ain't got shit on my ass, not even half  
To steal, you gotta have nerves of cold steel  
Gotta know when to move, gotta know when to hold still  
You know chill wait for the right moment

Gotta learn to separate the cool ones from the informants  
With the store-owners you don't want eye contact  
In the worst case you might have to put the stuff back  
Fuck that, it's kind of rough to rack  
But Im'a keep use of my hands 'til they cuff them back  
Stop my shirt in my pants and strap the belt tight  
Big coat on top of that fill my back with all I might  
Hopefully I'm alright no alarms I beg  
If everything else fails I got a good pair of legs

You heard that in spraycan stories but here's another one  
Nothing spectacular, a daily operation  
We went inside the store, rather big mall  
Rolls of films, batteries, spraycans I took it all  
Headin' for the exit but something wasn't right  
So I turned to my man and was like:  
Let's drop this shit, it ain't worth the risk  
What do you know they called the coppers that later came to frisk  
Us, but now we had nothing on us  
They press charges but they got nothing on us  
Still, shit like this might make me a bit shaky  
But at the end of the day I gotta say peace

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(and go shoplifting 4x)

(time to dress up in our best rackin-clothes)  
(you can catch me in the store rackin up)  
(I'm just tryin to live and get my cut)

One more story I don't hesitate to glorify  
Rule number one: you gotta learn how to lie  
Deny everything 'cause the best evidence  
Actually comes from your own statements so,  
Stick to friends with the same mind frame  
Or they might rat you out and you take the whole blame  
Like me, got busted when I was just a minor  
Two cases of liquor the kids I rolled with was vagina  
They dropped the dime and I had no experience  
Cried after the hearing though they had no evidence  
But ever since that only once I got caught  
Running from cops instead of playing sports  
That ain't something I'm proud of that's just something I do  
I don't really have to justify my actions to you  
But go ahead cast the first stone  
Then when your glasshouse has shattered leave me alone  
But check it, I take from the rich give to myself  
To me it's property, that's the greatest theft  
Cause I don't rack up and stack up in a big warehouse  
Trying to make a profit sellin in out  
I just take what I need to make it through the week  
But it don't matter what I say so I won't speak no more,  
Trying to convince you of my innocence  
I'll just stick to being a thief.. Forgive my sins

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