

# It Takes a Thief

Coolio

One dark night I need some ins  
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

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

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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

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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?