

Kleptomaniac

MC Chris

I got your lighter, man
I got your flame
I'm a kleptomaniac
Kle-kleptomaniac
I got your lighter, man
I got your flame
I'm a kleptomaniac
Kle-kleptomaniac

Before there was bar stool
There was art school
Part worst part of my life
Also part cool

I like finger biting
Writing for the screen
But i must have been miffed
Cause I'd lift magazines

It became a habit
Almost over night
Shoplifters of the world
Time to reunite

I am not the first
to [?] the purse
Least I'm not a serial killer
Really it could be worse

Somewhere deep inside
Must have felt deprived
Sneak in on the sly
You'd become alive

With the stolen goods
with this [?] act
Maybe what was taken from me
Would be back at last

Known as dine and dash
Out the door I'd book
[?] overlook
Got me hooked

[?] now
I need knick and knacks
All my emptiness
Remains defiantly intact

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Did I fail to mention
Though I'm willing to work
Everybody was jerks
(They'd rub my dick in the dirt)

Read an issue of Rolling Stone
Said Tisch was the shitter
I transferred in the winter
So you can call me a quitter

All I needed was a spark
And I finally felt united
But your issues will come with you
Even though they aren't invited

You can roam, You can ramble
From location to another
Brother let me warn you
Being a burglar is a bummer

They said I'd go far
now I'm stealing postcards
My conscience says fail
then flails with both arms

No one tried to stop me
Oddly I wanted more
Stole a broom in broad daylight
Out of a grocery store

Something out of every interior
I would walk inside
Microscopic and meaningless
In my hand I would hide

I got busted for robbing
Some Robitussin a lot
A lady came up crying
Trying to give me a five

Said, 'I'd be so sad
If my daughter was sick
And I had to steal medicine'
My addiction was licked

No more tempting the fates
No more retail revenge
No more stealing from my fellow man
Because I'm upset

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Starting smoking weed

(A muslim taught me bonging)
Stop talking
Or I'm a Oklahoma bombing

[?] fat kid in class
(all about glass)
We watched 90210
Almost smoked the dro fast

Every time I pass
Every single (site)
I find something in my pocket
From my musical life

Now I'm a klepto with zippos
I got a bevvv of bics
Hold on to your lighter
Or get the five finger diss

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