

# 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 bevvvy of bics  
Hold on to your lighter  
Or get the five finger diss

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