

# Night Job

Bas

I won't let it out until you let me know if you love it  
Aye baby, I'm a take it low

I'm on my night job, my niggas riding my city understand us  
See a hundred bandits, each put a hundred bands up  
They can't call us bandits no more  
Same hood, same corner store  
But them same old hoes ain't wearing panties no more  
I'm on my night job, slim waist with them fat thighs  
Never been baptized, but she soak me all in her holy water  
I'm one of five, she the only daughter  
She ain't used to sharing, I ain't used to caring  
Let's play truth or dare  
Cause lately my lifestyle's like dynamite  
I'm a go lights out like dynamite  
Smoke one, that I might  
I'm on my night job, always knew how to play these cards of mine  
Fuck rap, we seen harder times  
Jump back like Vinny Carter prime  
I'm on mine

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Aye baby, I'm a take it low

I'm on my night job, y'all niggas jivin', I'm back up in position  
Earnhardt, I'm a catch some nigga slippin'  
Burn hard on a track and get to whippin'  
I'm on my night job, why is it always blacks that get detention?  
For my nigga with the pass to get the flip in  
Boy that trap is a accurate description  
I'm on my night job, finally got Bassy off the corner  
'010 niggas thought he was a gonner  
He ducked shots, now it's "Bas we gotta phone her"  
I'm on my night job, flew the posse out to Rome and  
Won't tell you 'bout no Basquiats don't want 'em  
Nigga word to Selassie, I'm zonin'  
I'm on my night job

Got old niggas tryna bite cause they can't capture  
The feeling from days 'fore the game passed 'em  
Niggas out here lookin' like a bunch of Dame Dash's  
Nicorette, that's patchwork  
That ain't better than your last work  
Cigarette, let the ash burn  
Omen said don't worry 'bout the last word  
I'm a hit the gas swerve on 'em, Skrrr

Too high to riot, that's my best excuse for being lazy  
Being an artist, that's the best excuse for being crazy  
I've been so infatuated, went to Clark and graduated  
Now she on my face time and my nigga she just masturbated

Fuck a album release party, I'm out in the streets shawty  
How many rappers I killed, counted at least 40  
Nah I ain't God, but shawty down on her knees for me  
I'm horny like that Coltrane album  
A Love Supreme, that's cold fame album

Lately I've been dancing like a Soul train album  
Lately silly making songs talking bout how they hate me  
They've been loving me this whole time  
My only adversary was my own mind  
Killed my ego now I'm snappin' like it's '09  
With a gold mine of inspiration for y'all  
Fuck your co-sign, that nigga can't fuck with Cole neither  
Don't ask for a feature, We bring a whole liter of Ether to eat ya  
We got heat for niggas, keep reachin'  
If these bullets was heat seeking they wouldn't even reach you niggas  
I'm on mine