

Nightshift

Lil Tjay

Only 5 PM, I'm coolin', lightin' doinkies in Jamaica
Put a doinky in my mind, I think these doinkies make me greater
Reminisclin' 'bout my past, it was rough, I ain't no faker
It was rough, but ain't no bluff, you think you tough, I'm gettin' pa
per

Mind expanded, know I'm trained to go
Get more rocks, shit like the figure-four
Easy, I molded like snow, always on go, I was just under, below
Niggas was hatin' on me, patiently, I made it here, it was slow
Couple niggas would've called it fast, I was on a mission for the das
h

Humble nigga, I know how it feel, I was just havin' no cash
I was just havin' no bag, dead broke, standin' in the rain
Youngest nigga puttin' in the pain, now we screamin' money ain't a th
ing
Chillin', but it's savage in my veins, I'ma keep on comin' with the f
lames

They already labeled me elite, so if I lose, then I'm the one to blam
e

Really, I got pain in my heart, if you tryin' gang, gotta be smart
I stay in my lane, play my part, but when it come to gang, you get sp
arked

Really, though, I ride for my brothers, started as a promise to my mo
ther

Yeah, I know exactly where I'm headed, it be too much on my mind when
I stutter

I don't wanna see nobody suffer, everybody eatin', call it supper
Really, though, I made it out the gutter, Lil Tjay the one and only,
ain't no other

Now everybody love me, ain't no lover, they tryna throw they face on
the scene

There ain't no motivation in the hood, we livin' with no escape, what
I've seen

I had to march and pace for the green, I know I couldn't wait for thi
s dream

I'm tryna get this cake, gotta elevate, pop out drippin' Dior to Celi
ne

Rollin' that Russian Cream when I hit the scene, you could tell a you
ngin livin' his dream

Dead like I'm off of a bean, millionaire teen, now you can search me
up on Bing

Now these bitches wanna fuck, fuck or it's up, I could use two or thr
ee nuts

Ain't got no money to hush, it's up and it's stuck, you pull up, you
suckin' or what?

Big VVS's on the gold, made it out the trenches ten toes

Shout out to my niggas in the can that always stood official, didn't
fold

Shout out to my label for the deal, shout out to my fans, man, for re
al

Big Cuban link, I got it rose, we ain't into stressin' over hoes

Every day, I wake up gettin' rolls, every day, I wake up on the road
Truly honest, life too fast, I'ma let it sit up 'til I'm old
Look how many records I done sold, woke up, I feel like a pot of gold
How it happened, I don't even know, I saw my lane and all I know is g
o
Big 'Miri denim for the feets, big Richard Mille, this ain't cheap
I ain't into beefin' through the tweets, just live with me, then leav
e it in the streets
Real nigga, that's just how it is, ain't nobody stoppin' how I live
Early twenties, coppin' out on cribs, I started off with nothin' in t
he fridge
Imagine what be runnin' through my dome, goofy niggas blowin' up my p
hone
Groupies comin', they won't leave me 'lone, I know they wouldn't be h
ere if I wasn't on
Just because that, I be in my zone, mama raised me solid to the bone
Reminiscin', I sit up and stone like, "How the fuck you got it on you
r own?"