

Night Shift

Styles P

J. Carter, what up my G?

S.P the Ghost, D-Block

Yeah!

Money come, pride'll go
Niggas start to snitch, then the honor go
Bring my gun everywhere the drama go
Homicide, robbery, none of this could bother me
I didn't make it rapping then this would be a job for me
My niggas like the mob for me, shoot for 'em, kill for 'em
Niggas know to count on me, shit is dead real for 'em
Money come and go, love don't, it just stay there
Niggas act up, back up, I'mma spray there
Heard they gettin' money over there, let's put a K there
I.L.O, Polo for the day gear
Fatigue in the night time, money in the pipeline
Fuck with S.P., then you wasn't in your right mind

Late nights, early mornings getting to the bag
This rush hour traffic got me reaching for the mag
Some reaching for the dash
Catch a nigga slippin', and I'm right up on his ass
Nigga, for the cash the flash from the muzzle be the last thing
a nigga see
You leakin' all your tea, the color of cranberry Hennessey
And I don't give a fuck if a nigga is some kin to me
Nigga, for the cream I put the beam to your newborn
You don't wanna choose wrong, fuck is you talkin'?
You done put some shoes on, you knew you couldn't walk it
It's a slow death if I introduce the hawk in
And they won't find a body if I gotta do some talkin'
Toetag the body and feed you to the gators, nigga