

# Lil Tjay, Nightshift

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' paper

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 dash  
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 thing  
Chillin', but it's savage in my veins, I'ma keep on comin' with the flames  
They already labeled me elite, so if I lose, then I'm the one to blame  
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 sparked  
Really, though, I ride for my brothers, started as a promise to my mother  
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 this dream  
I'm tryna get this cake, gotta elevate, pop out drippin' Dior to Celine  
Rollin' that Russian Cream when I hit the scene, you could tell a youngin 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 three 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 real  
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 go  
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 leave 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 the fridge  
Imagine what be runnin' through my dome, goofy niggas blowin' up my phone  
Groupies comin', they won't leave me 'lone, I know they wouldn't be here if I wasn't on  
Just because that, I be in my zone, mama raised me solid to the bone  
Reminisclin', I sit up and stone like, "How the fuck you got it on your own?"