

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?"