Radiohead "The Nightshift"

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(Intro)

You look so fucked up You look so fuck up breddren Yo g, I've been bleaching for days Haven't slept, haven't eaten, know what I mean I'm just trying to make this money you know what I mean

People at home have to eat rude boy, straight up

(Jugganot)

Yo, after midnight, nigga's don't want to been seen in the streetlight

The street life is toxic to your body and the heat might Cause a nigga that you always thought would be tight To ROB you cause you made too much money last night When it gets dark outside, nigga's get dark inside And when stressed, some how well put one in your moms chest

But lets not forget the five-o

cause if your heart says no tell the rock head to blow Cause they will smoke that shit to make the charge stick

Half of them smoke shit anyway

All y'all nightshift nigga's know who I'm talking about The shady figures strangling nigga's and yelling, "Spit it out"

(Get on the fucking floor)

The heats so high you have to chip it out

Rap it individually and keep it in your mouth

But we still poor and we still survive

And we still chop non-stop until the sunrise

G home get something to eat, take a load off my feet

I'll probably only get four hour's sleep

Cause my phone only chooses to blow up when I'm tired as fuck

Now they got me asking myself, what's worth more my health or the money?

Asking myself these things as I go to chop my rusty My mom says I'm gonna die quick if I don't stop selling shit

But every time that I try to quit

I have visions of my moms eating dog food and shit Yo, on the nightshift…nightshift Its not happening, huh, straight up

Chorus (x 2)

Yo on the nightshift, its just you against the cops A war over rock, the battleground is your block On the nightshift, you'll see evil at its purest Make money, stay low, and never touch the surface

(Jugganot)

Up on the nightshift, smoking my spliff, flaunting my gift

You got to be swift, your lack of reflexes is gonna get your wig twist back

Were not the only ones to walk with gats Its just that, were busting after the first word You're waiting for the fourth word

We kill nigga's, I know you heard But you're afraid to admit the fact that you're weaker I'm like a walk-in sound, you're like a jail radio speaker I'm an Erikson phone, you're just a cash money beeper

See the comparison, there is none

You walk with knifes, I walk with big guns

Kidnap your son and kill him after I collect the ransom Its not done, I kick you in your throat

make you choke on your own tongue, it's job done All you hear is BROM, BROM, cause when we bust, we bust more than one

Even if you got your vest on, you can't regard this We do dirt and beat the charges, my nigga's try they hardest

To harness, the quality to make us the largest Enemy and nemesis you dealt with Your compulsion to talk shit will be the death of your click

We make money, legally or illegally But feasibly, it's all economically

you

Fool proof security 100% criminal quality

Means no apology, my philosophy is thug technology

Cripped out wallabies, I try to leave but the streets keep calling me

Some times I feel they trying to swallow me Don't follow me, cause I wont lead you and don't need

But if you're willing to die for my cause I'm gonna feed you

I'm too big to be eaten, to quick to kill to be beaten DGK's defeated any enemy for any reason Scholastic movements leave a small margin for improvement

Crip nigga's prove shit, remorseless and ruthless Friending me up is useless, actually You make it easier for me to take you and your family I'm taking you for three out of the six in a diss On the nightshift, know this (nightshift, nightshift)

Chorus (x 2)

Make money, make money, make money

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