

Night Job (feat. J. Cole)

Bas

[Intro: Jeremih]

I won't let it out until you let me know if you love it

Aye baby, I'ma take it low[Verse 1: Bas]

I'm on my night job, my niggas riding my city understand us

See a hundred bandits, each put a hundred bands up

They can't call us bandits no more

Same hood, same corner store

But them same old hoes ain't wearing panties no more

I'm on my night job, slim waist with them fat thighs

Never been baptized, but she soak me all in her holy water

I'm one of five, she the only daughter

She ain't used to sharing, I ain't used to caring

Let's play truth or dare

Cause lately my lifestyle's like dynamite

I'ma go lights out like dynamite

Smoke one, that I might

I'm on my night job, always knew how to play these cards of mine

Fuck rap, we seen harder times

Jump back like Vinny Carter prime

I'm on mine[Break: Jeremih]

I won't let it out until you let me know if you love it

Aye baby, I'ma take it low[Verse 2: J. Cole]

I'm on my night job, y'all niggas jivin', I'm back up in position

Earnhardt, I'ma catch some nigga slippin'

Burn hard on a track and get to wippin'

I'm on my night job, why is it always blacks that get detention?

For my nigga with the pass to get the flip in

Boy that trap is a accurate description

I'm on my night job, finally got Bassy off the corner

'010 niggas thought he was a gonner

He ducked shots, now it's "Bas we got a phone up"

I'm on my night job, flew the posse out to Rome and

Won't tell you 'bout no Basquiats don't want 'em

Nigga word to Selassie, I'm zonin'

I'm on my night job[Verse 3: Bas]

Got old niggas tryna bite cause they can't capture

The feeling from days 'fore the game passed 'em

Niggas out here lookin' like a bunch of Dame Dash's

Nicorette, that's patchwork

That ain't better than your last work
Cigarette, let the ash burn
Omen said don't worry 'bout the last word
I'ma hit the gas swerve on 'em, Skrrr[Verse 4: J. Cole]
Too high to riot, that's my best excuse to being lazy
Being an artist, that's the best excuse for being crazy
I've been so infatuated, went to Clark and graduated
Now she on my face time and my nigga she just masturbated
Fuck a album release party, I'm out in the streets shawty
How many rappers I killed, counted at least 40
Nah I ain't God, but shawty down on her knees for me
I'm horny like that Coltrane album
A Love Supreme, that's cold fame album
Lately I've been dancing like a Soul train album
Lately silly making songs bout how they hate me
They've been loving me this whole time
My only adversary was my own mind
Killed my ego now I'm snappin' like it's '09
With a gold mine of inspiration for y'all
Fuck your co-sign, that nigga can't fuck with Cole neither
Don't ask for a feature, We bring a whole liter of Ether to eat ya
We gotta eat for niggas, keep reachin'
If these bullets was heat seeking they wouldn't even reach you niggas
I'm on mine

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