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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