

Nightshift

Inspectah Deck

* appeared on promo (radio) copies of "uncontrolled substance"

"children grow and women produce,
And men go work, and some go stealin,
Everyone's got to make a livin"

Yo, yo, murderous specialist tactics
In effect y'all, in effect y'all
In effect y'all, yo, yo
Yea, it's all about, it's all about
It's all about how you live it
It's all about how you live it
How you live it...

Yo, a big time slinger named ty from bed-stuy
Had all the drug blocks locked on the westside
Nickels and dimes, sellin drugs of all kinds
But never seen on the streets in the day time
When it gets dark and the clock strikes six
If you standin on the block, you gots to face the click
Prepare to be stuck, young buck, you wanna gamble?
Got to pay dues if you plan to scramble
Ty has spots, glocks, knots in the web for throwin away cops
He had a piece named alice, she was no joke
Quick to wet a nigga who tryin to cut throat
But, yo, ty was no new jack, he knew that
He was marked for death 'cause niggaz had contracts
He had mad uzis in his crib
He paid 300 g's in the boondocks in jersey
And at his lab was the '98 lex with the rag
He never drove 'cause he moves in cabs
A veteran in art of drug peddlin
No one could stop him or knock him 'cause he's headed in
The direction that gets his click filthy rich
For gettin paid on the night shift

"everyone's got to make a livin" (x4)

On the shadowy midtown streets, there's a hooker
Crafty-ass hoe by the name of brown sugar
Large as a blimp, mad miss wearin garments
Like mink coats 'cause she cut her pimp's throat
The ordinary prostitute, she got the power u
Made niggaz come back, spendin mad loot
Her style's wild with the blade in her purse
Slice her twice before you feel the first
Sweatin madison avenue high-class bars
With plenty of broadway stars and fly cars
Swingin her back to the labs that they rest at
Hittin her off with stacks for her sex acts
And all types of expensive merchandise
Diamonds, gold, whatever fits the price
Yo, she didn't need no man, she had the upper hand
Walkin around with grands wrapped in rubber bands
For real, she was colder than blue steel
Millitant bitch with a switch and high heals
Daylight strikes, yo, the hoe was out of sight quick

And at night, she's back on the strip for the night shift

"everyone's got to make a livin" (x4)

Yo, a kid named keith, he's a professional car thief
Cops give him props, his pops is the police chief
Model citizen, no jail convictions
Night time, flippin on a stolen car mission
Roll up in parkin lot, find a dark spot
Grab the screwdriver, pop the car lock
One hand pose, layin by the windows
Tryin to get the dough before the chop shop close
No acs, no macks, no jeeps and cheddars
Benzes, lexes, 50 grand and better
Tenants organized to stop his ball
But he gots the fall to get paid and make a pocket full
Early am, he's at it again
Pop the trunk, snipped the alarm and made his way in
Then make his way out without a doubt
On a route to get hit, with a nice large amount
For the night shift

"everyone's got to make a livin" (x4)