

# 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)