

# My Jam (feat. Jeremih & Zendaya)

## Bobby Brackins

Made another hit for the radio station It's alright  
Ooh baby it's alright  
Do it, move it like a long flight  
Turn up, yeah I just might  
Get it poppin' I'mma have some fun  
Yeah baby think you are the one  
On repeat like my favorite song  
Do you, don't take too long  
I was mobbin' to the bay with my Jays on  
Vibing to the beat, I'm in my zone  
Movin' it like it was a dance song I think I hear my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
This my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
I hear the 808 kicking in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa  
This my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
(Yeah that's my shit) Made another hit, this way past the sequel  
Catch me in traffic turnin' up with my people  
Maybe in the East End, double dutch regal  
She wanna find me, she ain't trippin' off Nemo  
Base run that, I built the new bridge  
Take you to the crib, show you how a boss live  
Go on stay mobbin' with a Fairfax bitch  
Turn up, boo thang 'cause that's my shit  
I was mobbin' to the bay, A's hat on  
Vibing to the beat, in my zone  
Mobbin' hard, yeah I get my jam on  
Turn up I think I hear my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
This my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
I hear the 808 kicking in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa  
This my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
(Yeah that's my shit) It ain't loud enough, I wanna hear my jam bang  
Keep it on blast, don't you think about changing

Still growing hard darling, please be patient  
More slaps coming and they all as amazing  
Meet me at the function, I'll play slaps to stay in  
Hotel, motel, or the Holiday Inn  
Girl keep my jams on heavy rotation  
Made another hit for the radio station I was mobbin' in LA in my Lambo  
Vibing to the beat in my zone  
Swaggin' out like it was a dance song I think I hear my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
This my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
I hear the 808 kicking in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa  
This my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
(Yeah that's my shit) Oh, yeah that's my shit  
Sittin' shotgun yeah that's my chick  
Leave it out front, don't move my whip  
Oh, I just raised my price  
Hands in the air I just raised my ice  
Looking for a young Holly, I just spend one night I was mobbin' in LA in my Lambo  
Vibing to the beat in my zone  
Swaggin' out like it was a dance song I think I hear my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
This my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
I hear the 808 kicking in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa  
This my jam coming in  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa,  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

Songwriters

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