

# In My Zone

J Young

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In My Zone

I started on the booze then ended on patron

She rollin on a molly  
I'm blowin on a strong  
Them voices in my head  
Won't leave me alone  
And if you feeling gone  
Then this yo fuckin song

Say

I'm in my, I'm in my zone (5x)

And I'm so fuckin gone

I'm in my, I'm in my zone

Uh huh

Man, you ain't been this high

You ain't never been the sky

You ain't never been this fly

You ain't shopping at Y

You ain't never been to Dubai

You ain't been hot as July

You ain't never been faded

Pop champagne when you made it

Fuck every girl that you dated

You ain't never been hated

By them so called friends saying that

Were saying they're happy you made it

Well fuck it I'm on, I'm in my zone

I'm at the top, right where i belong

I'm on the goose, and she on patron

Ya girl on my dick, while I'm on my phone

Prefer to come in, I'm taking her home

And giving her molly she giving me dome

And after I'm done I'm making her moan

We did what we did  
Man fuck it we grown  
Said I'm twisted, I'm fuckin twisted  
Now I could pay for bottles but I still can't pay attention  
I'm ballin like I'm pippin, I'm ballin like a piston  
I'm smokin and I'm drinkin  
Think I need an intervention  
Maison Margiela's on my feet and did I mention  
You ain't gotta be no Christian to walk inside these Christians  
As far as competition, there is no competition  
See ima new invention  
Yeah I'm so fuckin different  
These shoes, margiela  
This shirt, margiela  
I see the freshest nigga when I'm lookin in the mirror  
They think I pitch birds  
Tell them cops I'm not a stealer  
I murder pussy and I murder beats  
Ima killa  
I started on the booze then ended on patron  
She rollin on a molly  
I'm blowin on a strong  
Them voices in my head  
Won't leave me alone  
And if you feeling gone  
Then this yo fuckin song  
Say  
I'm in my, I'm in my zone (5x)  
And I'm so fuckin gone  
I'm in my, I'm in my zone  
Uh huh  
Man you ain't been this drunk  
Spent two weeks at the Trump  
You aint put a engine in ya trunk  
You ain't fuckin' no hoes  
You ain't got sold out shows  
Boy I'm on the road for a month  
You aint got no shine  
Got a rolex like mine  
Just for you to tell time  
You ain't fuckin no dimes  
Cant fuck with my rhymes  
And man i aint even tryin  
Fuck it I'm back, I'm on the map  
This how I sound when I'm on a track

The king of the jungle  
And I'm on attack  
Ya girl on my sack  
I don't wanna chat  
She give me left top like I'm on a mac  
I'm Rosa Parks  
I'm in the back  
Rumors is rumors  
Facts is facts  
I took my shirt off  
I'm showing my tats  
I said I'm faded, I'm fuckin faded  
You don't know what that means  
That mean I'm too intoxicated  
Album in stores and I know you niggas hate it  
Before I Go Hollywood  
I'm feeling like I made it  
I started on the booze then ended on patron  
She rollin on a molly  
I'm blowin on a strong  
Them voices in my head  
Won't leave me alone  
Man if you feeling gone  
Then this yo fuckin song  
Say  
I'm in my, I'm in my zone (5x)  
And I'm so fuckin gone  
I'm in my, I'm in my zone  
Uh huh  
I'm in my zone (6x)  
I'm so fuckin gone, I'm so gone  
I'm in my zone (2x) e

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