

My Jam (feat. Zendaya Jeremih)

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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