

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'ma have some fun

Yeah baby think you are the one

On replay 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 wana 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
(Yeah that's my shit)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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