

N My Zone_ Mask Off

Royce da 5'9"

The separation of talent and skill is one of the greatest misunderstood concepts for people who are trying to excel, who have dreams, that wanna do things. Talent you have naturally. Skill, is only developed by hours and hours and hours of beating on your craft

I've been killing microphones, killing microphones
I've been killing microphones, killing microphones
Nigga, I've been killing microphones, killing microphones
Killing microphones, killing microphones

I been like the zone
When you talk to me minimize your tone
Take some of that bass out your voice
Don't go and put your energizer on
With this beat I'm going all the way
I don't mean to the end of night, come on
I mean I'mma take it to the grave, until I end your life it's on
I'm talking about cracker-
jacking these niggas 'till their whole enterprise is gone
I'm talking about clapping at these niggas with some shit that's gonna feminize you strong
I'm talking about tenderize the bone
I ain't talking about weird science though
When I say that my ceiling is probably gone
I'm talking about villainizing your home
Nigga, I been in like the zone
I'm looking like Rambo in this bitch
But nigga, I ain't feeling like Stallone
Feel more like I'm in a heist alone
Look, I don't like to aim my shit at any artist
When I'm writing I'm just generalizing
How am I gon' take a shot at something I can't even fucking identify with?
I'm feeling like the long days away from feeling my Patrón
Used to have the coldest bitches waiting for me chilling by the phone
Used to do donuts on the grass, now I'm just feeling like a drone
'Cause even though I'm sitting high somewhere I'm still spinning by your home, bitch

I've been killing microphones, bitch, killing microphones, bitch
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This a new life, who this?
This a new phone, who this?
I'm in a new zone, who this?
This ain't no Redbone and who this
I'm sorry, my top is unavailable right now, my roof gone, who this?
Nigga, my taste amazing, my chick look like the waitress from Hooters
And she about to fix me dinner
She independent, but she into niggas that's big spenders
And I'm into fitting this dick in her
And she into fitness like Brittany Renner
I used to chase the liquor with the Guinness
Move-making, nigga, with the business
With the winners in the bed with two majors
I still wake up feeling independent

I'm a savage, on top of that I'm a reckless product of D&D
Stop critiquing me, my detractors just couldn't sell a record to the DMV
I'm somebody, ain't nobody better than
My precise knowledge and intelligence
Well advanced, I swipe a knife across your white collar like a cheddar scam
I put your lights out like Edison
Ain't nobody out there ready for him
My blood type B positive, your type O like the credits wrong
I'm immune to all medic-on, blue Ferrari head is gone
Went from palladiums to colosseum stadiums, you perform in the Reddit forum
I spot a bitch nigga like Cyclops on Santa Monica
Got a model blowing my mind, my new Monica's blowing my Monica
The car odometer is on the bottom of all the numbers like you dial star pound
d
Or put the car around white walls, call 'em Fire marshals to come and shut the party down
I'm the leader of CMB, doing 52 over speed bumps
In front of your table with TMZ doing interviews while you eat lunch
I deal with mics real Kendrick-like, I'll kill a mic
Cash rules everything around me until I die
Looking right into the vanilla sky
I'm funny acting "who this?"
You owe me money, run me that or do this
Get a running start, jump into a hole, take a hole in that beluga
I act like them older cats with moola
Dragging motorcycles past the light
With Kodiak on that Patrón, I'm hot and on cognac, I'm cooler
And I'mma show no reaction to your rollie flashing like my zodiac a jeweler
Ain't nothing but a dead something, I be headhunting, yeah, I'm going for the
at medulla
Boo-yah, don't be acting foolish
Baby, this a new phone, you yapping "who this?"
Maybe everything I'm gon' say from here on then is gon' be on the behalf of
"who this?"
(Hello) This a new life, who this?
I'm on a roll like two dice moving
I'm on a boat in Dubai fooling
On the moped flute-by shooting
I'm an unapologetic work in progress
Product of a hard-working dedicated father with shortcomings
Praying all his sons make it farther
People say that it make you softer to raise a daughter, but it made me harder
Smarter with the way I make dollars just to make sure she stay a baby baller
The way I zone is like the AC on
I play like KC and KG, you can't even cage me
I be using Windows like I'm on a HP
Just look around, I don't own a thing that ain't in HD
I ain't interested in the crown that don't belong to Wayne, Shady or Jay Z
That's a opposite
You don't like your life, how about death?
You don't like to fight, how about sex?
You don't like the kind of car you drive, okay, how about Bow Wow's jet?
I got the kind of flow that destroy the place though
How about you take your shot at Rihanna like I did when I said "hi"?
Or how about with Soulja Draco?
How about I come through and paint the floor with your whole crew?
How about the coroner come through and tell you go get Maaco
How about I don't give a fuck about burning bridges?
How about I walk through the fire 'cause I'm hot and I got the golden gate flow?
How about I box?
How about like Argyle

I sock niggas and give 'em disease like a irock
How about I hop out the Maybach and challenge every living emcee?