

## Lost In My Zone

Lil Wyte

I get drunk and I pop pills.  
I can show you, but I can't tell you how it feels.  
This a complicated life, the one that I live.  
I don't give a shit bitch, it is what it is.  
I'm own my own shit, own shit, lost in my zone shit.  
Own shit, own shit, lost in my zone shit.  
I'm own my own shit, own shit, lost in my zone shit.  
Lost in my zone shit, lost in my zone shit.

Two crazy baby mamas, two daughters, too little time.  
It's hard for me to address my true feelings in the rhyme,  
I try and try and just keep coming up with empty lines.  
Billions of thoughts creep around the outer edges of my mind.  
And I'm intelligent but use alcohol and drugs as a crutch,  
For some reason when I'm high and drunk, I don't feel the pain  
that much.  
So I just put some more OG, and another blunt,  
Bottle up my problems to keep my eyes face to the front.  
Head in the sky, always high, never looking down,  
And if I don't plan to land, then I don't never have to see the  
ground.  
Captain of the plane and all the bullshit, fuels the tank,  
And right before we boarded, we cleaned out all of the Memphis  
bank,  
Money train or money jet, we gonna get that money bet.  
Don't anyone know what we doing, look at all the phony sweat.  
Can't tell you where I'm going, at or even were I was,  
If something goes wrong tonight, then I'll just say it was beca  
use:

I got a career that held on somehow for now well over a decade,  
And still get shows every weekend with no fucking radio play.  
I guess I'm ahead of my time, or even walking the perfect line.  
But I still can't get no sleep, cause my hours are fucked from  
driving and flying.  
That's part of the game, I know that so I deal with it.  
Crack the crown open I wash it down and take some pills with it  
.  
That's the only way I'm getting rest in Memphis ten,  
Call me what you wanna call me, you don't know where I have bee  
n.  
I've seen my homies die, watched my child get took in court,  
Plus my pop is dead I no longer have that father support.  
You think it's easy being me? I got as many problems as you,  
And that was a few that bothers me, keyword: 'was a few',  
Listen I've walked roads ride bikes and drove up this road,  
And I'm gonna keep it 150 miles per hour on this ho.  
Tires will never gonna blow,

Engines never gonna explode,  
I'm W-Y-T-E I don't care what you think of me,  
Just so you know.