

# 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 t  
he 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 th  
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 harde  
r  
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 f  
low?  
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?