

# Lyrics

## [Spicy Filters from BeWellPlayed.com](http://BeWellPlayed.com)

The sun is goin' The sun is goin' The sun is goin'  
down The city late at night, hit a pinnacle Shinin' on  
'em, I rather trip alone Put those on game, who didn't  
know the true form Of pure evil, so visible, so I keep a  
lot of vision Every night I try to read your mind and  
see what's in your eyes Let me catch up, I won't  
waste your time 'Cause all I'll ever know is In the  
zone, in this life, arms open wide In the zone, caught  
off and I'm floatin' by In the zone, in this life, arms  
open wide In the zone, let's go up Baby, yeah we can  
go up Feelin' just don't stop it now **Niggas** tryna hate  
on us (mmm) Ain't worry 'bout a thang Since I'm  
strong enough The feelin' just don't stop it now Baby,  
yeah we can go up (mmm) Baby, yeah we can go up  
(yeah) I see the light in you, stay strong Don't worry,  
we'll follow you back home Since I've seen space, it's  
been too long That's why I stargaze in my room Bite  
the dust, I don't know Venus We ran off with  
diamonds The media mislead us True wealth is  
knowledge They gon' try to hold you down But we  
gon get back up right now They gon' try to mute this

sound But just know that you got that power In the zone, in this life, arms open wide In the zone, caught off and I'm floatin' by In the zone, in this life, arms open wide In the zone, let's go up Baby, yeah we can go up Feelin' just don't stop it now **Niggas** tryna hate on us (mmm) Ain't worry 'bout a thang Since I'm strong enough The feelin' just don't stop it now Baby, yeah we can go up (mmm) Baby, yeah we can go up (yeah) I found Eden, between the Euphrates and the Tigris I'm not dreamin', **smokin'** J's on 'em now This is why, why we came Think I'm dumb with the hybrids I don't like how they speakin' They just talkin' about us (talkin' 'bout us) ERYYS I seen Cudi in a mall (whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa) Them kids go hard (them kids go hard) Chain disco ball (like disco ball) Saw someone in the stars Whole different Galaxy on my Atari They tryna copy my walk Handcuff, wrist rock I don't listen when they talk, 'cause I heard enough Whoa, I wish, I wish, I wish I could get a hundred mil' for the wrist I wish I could get that **high** rise on my neck Wish I didn't have to hide it when I walk, and I wish, I wish, I wish that I didn't have to flex like this I wish that I was a paramedic with the whip I wish that I was bein' honest with the drip, ohh I wish, I wish I'm thinking 'bout you when I'm **dying** like this I'm thinking 'bout

you when I get like this, oh