The Race

Wiz Khalifa

The World turning, the weed burning
Them haters talking, I keep earning
Know some will say that life's a bitch
Well I'ma flirtin and fuck that bitch for the money and Louie V purchases
Old folks jock my car cause they know just what this is
Niggas felxin' hard with no bars, they got weak servants
Keep verses, Mortal Kombat
Look at my ring, if I ain't ballin' then what you call that
Nothing but net, ain't back cause i never left.
I did everything right nigga better yet
Rolling bomb for the niggas that's around us
Something like a contractor building from the ground up

Now just

Twist up this weed

Realize that you are in the presence of a G Don't fuck up my paper meaning my cheese Or the ones I use to roll up my trees

Fuck it, you know what I mean

I'm riding round, smoking good, music so loud Kinda do my thing, no disrespect to the niggas before me Some smile up in your face but then they don't on the low

Now I just stunt on my own

Now I just stunt on my ownI'm in a race, and taking the winners place

No foot on the brakes

One the best, homie that's what they call me It's lonely at the top, got no company so Now I just stunt on my own

Now I just stunt on my ownSee me, when I'm alone, wishing they could fuck with me My ex calling my phone, wishing she could stunt with me

But I'm just riding dog, doing a buck fifty

Stunting like Jet Li, boat houses and Jet Ski's

Thirty on the flight, ice like the Gretsky's

My dime piece only recognise the best tree's

Treat 'em like I don't need 'em boy, you best believe

You in her face. I let her breath

From debated on, to waited on

From hated on, to the nigga they put cake up on

Cause we are, Young Movie stars

Cause we are, Young Movie stars I'm riding round, smoking good, music so loud Kinda do my thing, no disrespect to the niggas before me Some smile up in your face but then they don't on the low Now I just stunt on my own

Now I just stunt on my ownI'm in a race, and taking the winners place

No foot on the brakes

One the best, homie that's what they call me

It's lonely at the top, got no company so

Now I just stunt on my own

Now I just stunt on my own(Ooooooh, oooh, ooo-oo-oooooh)

(Oooooh, oooh, ooo-oo-ooooh)

(Ooooooh, oooh, ooo-oo-oooooh)O-ooo-oh, now I just stunt on my own

Bitches ain't say shit to me but now they won't leave me alone

Used to walk the other way

But now they all come to my home

And they calling my phone, cause my paper was looning

Nothing, they ain't singing my song

Get hired up, if they want than I bring them along

We flying up, now you want me to take it all off

Want me to take it all offTell a bitch I'ma ball and I'ma buy a new crib for my niggas n all

Cause I remember days we'd sit and picture it all

Nigga swear I'd leave or pictured I'd fall

Counting reasons why they hate, your bitch think I'm a star

Cause we are, young, gifted, not to mention out here making muthafucking millions

Yeah, I said it, muthafucking millions

Got my money up, I'm in the buildingI'm riding round, smoking good, music so loud

Kinda do my thing, no disrespect to the niggas before me

Some smile up in your face but then they don't on the low

Now I just stunt on my own

Now I just stunt on my own

I'm in a race, and taking the winners place

No foot on the brakes

One the best, homie that's what they call me

It's lonely at the top, got no company so

Now I just stunt on my own

Now I just stunt on my own

Lyrics provided by https://www.omusic.in/