

The Race

Wiz Khalifa

[Verse 1]

The world turning, the weed burning
Them haters talking, I keep earning
Know some who say life's a bitch
Well I'mma keep flirting
Fuck that bitch for the money and Louis V purchases
Old folks jock my car cause they know just what this is
Niggas flexin' hard with no bars, they got weak service
Keep verses, Mortal Kombat
Look at my ring, if I ain't ballin' bitch 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 contracto,r built it 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

[Hook]

I'm riding round, smoking, my music up loud
Gotta do my thing, no disrespect to the niggas before me
Some smile up in your face but then they hate 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 winner's place
No foot on the brakes
One of the best, homie that's what they call me
It's lonely at the top, ain't no company so
Now I just stunt on my own
Now I just stunt on my own

[Verse 2]

See 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 dawg, doing a buck fifty
Stunting like Jet Li, boat houses and jet skis
Thirty on the flight, ice like the Gretzky's
My dime pieces only recognize the best trees

Treat 'em like I don't need 'em boy, you best believe
You in her face, I let her breathe
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

[Hook]

I'm riding round, smoking, good music aloud
Gotta do my thing, no disrespect to the niggas before me
Some smile up in your face but then they hate on the low
Now I just stunt on my own
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[Bridge]

(Ooooooh, oooh, ooo-oo-oooooh)
(Ooooooh, oooh, ooo-oo-oooooh)
(Ooooooh, oooh, ooo-oo-oooooh)

[Verse 3]

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 is looong
Nothing, they ain't singing my song
Get hired up, if they want then I bring them along
We flying up, no you won't need a ticket at all
Need a ticket at all, tell a bitch I'ma ball
And I'ma buy a new crib for my niggas and all
Cause I remember days we'd sit and pictured 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 muthafuckin millions
Yeah, I said it, muthafuckin millions
Got my money up, I'm in the building

[Hook]

I'm riding round, smoking, good music aloud
Gotta do my thing, no disrespect to the niggas before me
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