

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 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 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 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 own I'm in a race, and taking the winners place
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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)
(Ooooooh, oooh, ooo-oo-oooooh)
(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 looong
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 off Tell a bitch I'm a 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 building 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 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
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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