

Rob Rock, Rat Race

Like the movers and the shakers, I can feel the pressure burn
Like you, I'm caught up in the race
I'm addicted to the rush, under stress, a prisoner
And I don't even know my name

Sometimes I feel like I've been wasting precious time
Life passes by when you're slaving to the grind
What really matters when I cross the finish line
Am I wasting my life?

When I'm reaching for the answers I can never trust my lust
I'm only reaping what I sow
If I'm a lover of the money, I will never have enough
Can't take it with you when you go

Right now I feel like I've been wasting precious time
Life passes by when you're slaving to the grind
What really matters when I cross the finish line
I know I'm wasting my life

Caught up in a rat race, playing in the devil's game
Living in the fast lane, and I'm burning the flame
Caught up in a rat race, playing in the devil's game
Living in the fast lane, and I'm feeling the strain
On my life, my life, on my life!

I can't take it any longer
I can not take much more, oh, no!
I won't waste it any longer
My life is mine no more

I'm caught up in a rat race, playing in the devil's game
Living in the fast lane, and I'm burning the flame
Caught up in a rat race, playing in the devil's game
Living in the fast lane, and I'm feeling the strain

I'm caught up in a rat race, playing in the devil's game
Living in the fast lane, and I'm burning the flame
Caught up in a rat race, playing in the devil's game
Living in the fast lane, and it's time for a change
In my life, my life, in my life!

Rat, rat, rat race!
Caught up in a rat race