

# Wiz Khalifa, The Race

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 contractor 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

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

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

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

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