The Race

John G. Sutton

The world turning, the weed burning
Them haters talking, I keep earning
Know some who say that life's a bitch, well, I'ma keep flirting
And fuck that bitch for the money and Louie V purchases
Old folks jock my car 'cause they know just what this is
Niggas flexing hard with no bars, they got weak service
Keep verses, Mortal Kombat
Look at my ring, if I ain't balling bitch, then what you call that?
Nothing but net and 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 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
Kinda do my thing, no disrespect to the niggas before me
Some smile up in your face but then 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 winners 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 dog, doing a buck fifty
Stunting like Jet Li, boat houses and jet skis
Thirty on the flight, ice like the Gretsky's
My dime piece only recognize the best trees
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, my music up loud
Kinda do my thing, no disrespect to the niggas before me

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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
Oh, 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 long
Running up and they singing my songs
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 muthafucking millions
Yeah, I said it, muthafucking millions
Got my money up, I'm in the building
I'm riding 'round, smoking, my music up loud
Kinda do my thing, no disrespect to the niggas before me
Some smile up in your face but then hate on the low
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