

# The Race

## Thirty Seconds to Mars

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

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  
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  
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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>