

# Rat Race (feat. Jon Bellion)

Andy Mineo

Tell 'em we don't wanna play, yeah, yeah  
We're so okay with last place  
We already won the game, yeah, yeah  
No, we won't run your rat race This is so disrespectful  
I'm sorry that I didn't do it sooner  
They talkin' that manure  
Snakes comin' for my head, that's Medusa  
But watch how I maneuver  
I ain't fly, man, I'm lunar  
I got no time for high opinions with them low commitments  
I hear that chatter from a distance, I don't ever listen  
'Cause art critics just artists that never made it  
What I care what you sayin', I'm too busy creatin'  
I could tell that ya' some crabs, hatin' on the low  
Tryna shoot my dream down, cause you never chase your own  
I think I struck a nerve, matter fact I hit a bone  
I got a word for them rappers who swear that they on the throne  
Oh, so you the king of rap, where your kingdom at?  
I got a queen, a fly one, sittin' on my lap  
You bought the lie them rappers told ya, I bring it back  
That's all I gotta say  
Roof your ball, I don't wanna play Tell 'em we don't wanna play, yeah, yeah  
We're so okay with last place  
We already won the game, yeah, yeah  
No, we won't run your rat race It's so disrespectful  
Hip-hop raised me, I'm talkin' back to my parents  
I dropped that Never Land, yo, I still haven't landed  
Look mama, you don't gotta drop it low if you raise your standards  
Raisin' this banner, mama raised me with manners  
Couldn't put me in a box, how I'm raisin' this brand  
It's hard to stay focused with standin' in front of cameras  
But they don't understand it, they don't see that from my vantage  
All glory to the Most High all the praise be  
Got them other rappers sweatin' like they need the AC  
It ain't all 'bout who you know, Bleek knew Jay-Z  
If it you ain't HOT 97, bad idea tryna play me  
I know dudes with so much money that it ain't funny  
Type of money make you laugh at jokes when it ain't funny  
Type of money, go outside lookin' bummy

Still bag a supermodel, they don't care if he ugly  
It's politics in this game, but ain't no politicians  
And I ain't tryna be another one of fame's victims  
Make a name for myself but never make a difference  
Now, that's all I gotta say  
Roof your ball, I don't wanna play

Songwriters

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