

## **Pusha T**

### **"Till I'm Gone"**

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Feat. Wiz Khalifa, Pusha T & Jim Jones

[Chorus Wiz Khalifa:] I grew tired of the same, then one night  
Packed my things, told the one I love  
I'll be back one day  
Through the fight, through the pain  
Booked a flight, took a plane  
Told her not to cry  
I'll be back one day

Remix

Been dreaming this since I was young  
So baby girl I'll be going til I'm gone (gone)  
Til I'm gone (gone)

[Verse 1 Tinie Tempah:] Can't see me bitch,  
I'm something you will never know  
I'm a star you need a muthafucking telescope  
Doing numbers, punching in the telephones  
I give em line after line like I'm selling coke  
I'm well connected like a nigga with a modem  
And these bitches know I ball that's why these bitches  
on my scrotum  
Flying right across the ocean bumping Frank and Billy  
Ocean  
On a private jet, they let a nigga smoke, think I'm joking

Come and play, pour out another bottle  
Bring your girls round and let's turn my apartment to a  
brothel  
I do this shit for real, blowing up the clubs  
And when they see the bottles then them bitches know  
it's us, muthafuckers

[Chorus Wiz Khalifa:] I grew tired of the same, then one night  
Packed my things, told the one I love  
I'll be back one day  
Through the fight, through the pain

Booked a flight, took a plane  
Told her not to cry  
I'll be back one day

Been dreaming this since I was young  
So baby girl I'll be going til I'm gone (gone)  
Til I'm gone (gone)  
Til I'm gone  
But I won't be gone for too long

[Verse 2 Pusha T:] Yeah, you see I'm back like I never  
left  
The haters stay, see they never left  
I'm selling doup over treble clef  
Wrist looking like a treasure chest  
Hella pads and hella jets  
We fly, back seats we drive  
Hotels attire, next stop Dubai  
Tell home "bye bye"  
We getting at this money at the moment  
Drop SLS is just a bonus  
Push with Tinie Tempah, better watch ya temper  
The holder of that gun, got a heart like December  
So roll with the winners or move out the way of the  
storm  
Cause I'm coming for all crowns till the day that I'm  
gone  
Never gone.

[Chorus Wiz Khalifa:] I grew tired of the same, then one  
night  
Packed my things, told the one I love  
I'll be back one day  
Through the fight, through the pain  
Booked a flight, took a plane  
Told her not to cry  
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[Verse 3 Jim Jones:] Spent summers, Harlem world,  
spent summers in Miami  
Atlanta stripper girls got my gun up in the Grammys  
And I be buying time, just like my automo  
You catch us flying by inside the foreign cars  
My sneakers from uptown, my diamonds from the  
district  
You wanna be uptown, you know I got the biscuit  
So crack another bottle, light another blunt  
Mommy looking good, see that ass from the front  
She going to the back, but that's not the trunk  
She had some Louie luggage, put your bags up in the  
front

You catch us in the kitchen, and we be cooking powder  
These niggas ain't freshen if you put 'em in the shower

[Chorus Wiz Khalifa:] I grew tired of the same, then one  
night

Packed my things, told the one I love

I'll be back one day

Through the fight, through the pain

Booked a flight, took a plane

Told her not to cry

I'll be back one day

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