

# Tinie Tempah "F\*\*k It I'm Gone"

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Kick back, sippin' a corona by the poolside  
Bumpin' Graduation, welcome to the Good Life  
F-ckin' with the baddest chicks  
Rollin' with the coolest guys  
Only three words that I live by: do or die  
When everybody making money  
Everybody gettin' on  
All my niggas sellin' drugs  
I'll be happy selling songs  
Life came at a price, I put my money on  
And did it til it's going going gone ma'f-cka

[Chorus - J. Warner]

I was working never knowing at the graveyard shift  
Congratulated me with a paid hardship  
Was it hard, did I fall, baby I did  
But I got the scars that made me this rich (Yeah)  
And all I'm doing now is giving you a page of my life  
(yeah)  
So you can tell before you hold it  
F-ck it, you can do whatever you like  
Someone tell 'em I'm gone  
Eh, someone tell 'em I'm gone  
If you're not down, you'll be missing this life  
And if you with me, see you on the other side  
someone tell 'em I'm gone

[Tinie Tempah - Verse 1]

Somewhere on the Cayman Islands  
I'mma have Rihanna's listening to Razor light  
Feisty Swedish girls suggesting she should take a  
flight  
I made it this far, can't be afraid of heights  
Unimportant calls are costing me a pound a minute  
The jurisdiction's England but I'm never in it  
German Autobahns my life that's why me no limits  
I mastered P but I aint with No Limit  
Ibiza on pj's, M.I.A for those Heat games  
Might have your favourite European DJ at my B'day  
We party hard on them weekdays  
And then party harder on them weekends  
Still tryna sleep with my ex-girl

But she adamant that we be friends

And I'm too smart for these dumb bitches  
Too young for these grey hairs  
Too immature for these fast cars  
I push a button, shit change gears  
And I'm twisted offa them Martini's  
Faded off that Mai Tai  
Why the hell should you be sober when you've been  
living that high life

[Chorus - J. Warner]

[Verse 2 - Tinie Tempah]

How you supposed to feel when every door is open for  
you  
All your Polish chauffeurs never ever spoken to you  
I step on stage, I set the pace  
Done a couple girl songs to set the record straight  
Ask GQ and Q Mag  
I'm too cool for these douchebags  
My wardrobe got a bandana on it  
Cause my is 2pac  
The weeds good, I have 2 drags  
Mamma told me don't do that  
Old money mentality  
For every single bit of this new cash  
And this new cash for me and all my niggas  
Big money, footballer figures  
Now I'm tryna f-ck every girl in the world  
Every supermodel and all the singers  
We all the rage we're the latest goss'  
Bitch, no tequila I call the shots  
My bank balance like Tic Tac Toe  
Shit loads of noughts and crosses  
I work my socks off, you niggas better pull 'em up  
I've got the baddest bitches thinking they aint good  
enough  
My accountant saving money while we getting wasted  
Told them bitches life is sweet then let 'em taste it

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