

Tinie Tempah

"Fuck It I'm Gone"

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Kick back, sippin' a corona by the poolside
Bumpin' Graduation, welcome to the Good Life
Fuckin' 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'fucka

[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
Fuck 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 ain't 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 fuck 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 ain't good enough
My accountant saving money while we getting wasted
Told them bitches life is sweet then let 'em taste it

