

Till I'm Gone (remix)

Tinie Tempah

[Wiz Khalifa - Chorus]

I grew tired of the same, then one night
Packed my things, told the one I love
Iâ€™ll be back one day
Through the fight, through the pain
Booked a flight, took a plane
Told her not to cry
Iâ€™ll be back one day

(Remix)

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

[Tinie Tempah - Verse 1]

Canâ€™t see me bitch, Iâ€™m something you will never know
Iâ€™m a star you need a muthafucking telescope
Doing numbers, punching in the telephones
I give em line after line like Iâ€™m selling coke
Iâ€™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 Iâ€™m joking

Come and play, pour out another bottle
Bring your girls round and lets 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 itâ€™s us, muthafuckers

[Wiz Khalifa - Chorus]

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Packed my things, told the one I love
Iâ€™ll be back one day
Through the fight, through the pain
Booked a flight, took a plane
Told her not to cry
Iâ€™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

[Pusha T - Verse 2]

Yeah, you see I'm back like I never left
The haters stay, see they never left
I'm selling [?] over treble
Wrist looking like a treasure chest
Hella pads and hella jets
We fly, back seats we drive
Hotels attire, next stop Dubai
Tell a bitch "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 [?], 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.

[Wiz Khalifa - Chorus]

[Jim Jones]

Spent summers, Harlem world, spent summers in Miami
Atlanta stripper girls got my [?] in the Grammys
And I be buying time, just like my Audemar
You catch us flying by inside them foreign cars
My sneakers from uptown, my diamonds from the district
And when I be uptown, you know I got the biscuit
So crack another bottle, light another blunt
Mommy looking good, see that bitch 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

[Wiz Khalifa - Chorus]

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