

Mosh Pit

Tinie Tempah

Yeah, all my gually guap shit, I think I lost it
I be what they talking about and why they gossip
This for them ghetto kids and them posh kids
I make them turn us because I'm up a couple notches
Them Jordans sneaks up in my feet looking spotless
I be on that heavy metal wave and that rock shit
Bitch, I'm 30 000 feet, meet me in my cockpit
I be in the middle of a motherfucking mosh pit
Living kinda lavish, fashion week in Milan, fashion week in Paris
Every day I'm fucking someone different on my mattress
I be one night standing, not tryna be romantic
Get it tiny Tinie but I'm 'bout to be gigantic
It's a madness every single time, I'm landing back and spastick
A thing about the Ritz and now I'm nagging at the Grammy
Good music I be mashing like I'm angry

MIND OVER MATTER, you ain't need to know
My life with you don't even matter
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