

Not for the Radio

Tinie Tempah

Yeah, yeah

They may not play this on the radio
So I'm gonna make them sure
This is the realest shit I ever wrote (that I ever wrote)
So hear my spirit grow
Grow free in myself
Feel my humanity
Kill this, it's a felony
I'll make sure you remember me
I'll make sure you remember

Uh, climbin' high to a brand new grounds
Got a new crib and you can't come round
This year, haters gonna pick me up
This year, no one's gonna hold me down
Yeah, I'm the shit, yo, word to my bowels
I wear snapbacks, y'all wear crowns
Crisis rich if I wasn't this big
Crisis big if I wasn't this proud
Yeah, 8 year sittin' on top
Yeah, I been there, done that, had that what
'Fore I did rap, had two, two jobs
Hip-hop, grime and then I went pop
Trade your life for my life, let's swap
Go clean in my dad's old shop with a mop
Where man knew if I wasn't gettin' money on the ends
I used to wear Lyle and scott
Used to love hoes, now I want bae
Used to want dough, now I want change
Used to be wilder, now I'm more tame
Used to be crazy, now I'm insane
Yeah, I'm insane, yeah
Talkin' to the mirror like, "How did I get this fame?"
TBT '07 and 8
Me a rich like how we gonna get this play
I was like, mate, uh

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Yeah, uh, I think she in love with a married man
I fell in love with a married chick
Sometimes I run to a random place
Sometimes I'm scared of not havin' shit
Sometimes I fear I might lose it all
It's such a crazy world, law of averages
I don't know how Drizzy manages
I don't know how he manages
Nearly fell apart in the first year

Didn't think that I could handle it
Rude time, climb, grab a pit
We smellin' like we sellin' cannabis
Who in the fuck do they think they are?
Hope they don't think I'm just any guy
Hope they don't think I'ma let it slide
I got every single line memorised
Love letters to the city, city, city
Love letters to my city
Thank you for fuckin' with me
I know the mayor, I know the nitties
Lost some papers but I gained the masses
Wrote my world before I made a classic
Take a pill and let 'em chase the magic
Fuck whoever tryna hate on Patrick

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This is love, love letters to the city, city, city
Love letters to my city
Love, love, love thank you for fuckin' with me
Thank you for fuckin' with me
We bring the stars out
We bring the whole Geordie Shore cast out
Got a mandem, but it's all wild
Been drivin' round, we fast now
I ain't even tryna gloat
We only that boy skiin' on slopes
Where there is only roach
This the realest shit I ever wrote, uh

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I'll make sure you remember me
I'll make sure you remember me
Said you'll remember me
Always gon' remember, always gon' remember me

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Crisis big if I wasn't this proud, yeah