

# Not For the Radio (feat. MNEK)

## 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  
So hear my spirit grow  
Grow free in myself  
Feel my humanity  
Kill this fright, guess 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 [?]  
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  
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  
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  
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  
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  
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 me

Said you'll remember me

Always gon' remember, always gon' remember me

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>