

# All You (feat. G Frsh & Wretch 32)

## Tinie Tempah

Uh, it's how I'm feeling  
Messing with the vibe, fucking with the mood  
I got the paper and the baccy and a lighter too  
Never seen a pair of these Nike shoes  
And she says she's scared of heights, but she likes the view  
Ooh, tell me this is all you  
Ooh, tell me this is all you  
Say the legend and the myth is all true  
Tell me this is all you, ooh  
[?] getting 80 for a medley  
I've got eyes way bigger than the belly  
Try so hard, give a celebrity a semi  
Stars in their eyes, Matthew Kelly  
Yeah, by any means necessary  
I'm elite, I'mma leave enemies dead and buried  
Down the beach, Tenerife, got my Jeep in a ferry  
I was famous in my college, and a G in secondary  
Getting workloads  
Yeah, I hustled down a workload  
Grind house, Kurt Russell on a dirt road  
In the kitchen scraping resin off of burnt toast  
If Mum'd ever catch me raving in my church clothes  
Had me rocking bargains and sales  
Now it's Tom Ford and Prada and Karl Lagerfeld  
Tell 'em bonjour, ça va and au revoir as well  
They gon' smile when you win and they gon' laugh when you fail, nigga  
I told her from long time, yeah  
I'm only here one night, yeah  
I'm in Room 222  
If you want it, I got it, it's all you  
I told her from long time, yeah  
I'm only here one night, yeah  
I'm in Room 222  
If you want it, I got it, it's all you, yeah  
This is all you, I tell 'em this is all you  
I tell 'em this is all you, yeah  
This is all you, I tell 'em this is all you  
I tell 'em this is all you, yeah  
This is all you, I tell 'em this is all you  
I tell 'em this is all you, yeah  
This is all you, I tell 'em this is all you  
Baby, it's all you

Even when I lie, baby, I'm the truth  
Posh ting, hate my trackies but she likes my suits  
Told me that her dad's some rich tycoon  
Well, tell him this nigga ain't shining shoes  
It's all you, baby, this is all you  
Baby, this is all you  
See, I'm Ric with the flair, got my Roley in the air  
Ahh yeah, I got finger force too, I got figures for you  
I ain't no four-figure nigga  
Growing up I had a score nigga, nigga  
Then I took the two 0s out the poor nigga, nigga  
And I got white money, don't call me a nigga, no way  
Tell a man run that  
99 probs, bring the one back  
I bought a Céline for a scumbag  
Told her bring a friend but they're only getting one back  
I ain't on a play ting  
No talking in my ears when I'm raving  
Some 'Can you listen to my mixtape?' ting  
Just another light skin nigga on a Drake ting  
See everything I do big, even Burberry check the pattern  
See, it wasn't in my genes to be shopping over Hatton  
Told the fed I can't breathe, and the copper pulled the baton  
The shit we go through, man, you wouldn't even fathom  
I told her from long time, yeah  
I'm only here one night, yeah  
I'm in Room 222  
If you want it, I got it, it's all you  
I told her from long time, yeah  
I'm only here one night, yeah  
I'm in Room 222  
If you want it, I got it, it's all you, yeah  
This is all you, I tell 'em this is all you  
I tell 'em this is all you, yeah  
This is all you, I tell 'em this is all you  
I tell 'em this is all you, yeah  
This is all you, I tell 'em this is all you  
I tell 'em this is all you, yeah  
This is all you, I tell 'em this is all you  
Baby, it's all you, yeah  
One of you can have it  
Uh, uh, as long as I can grab it  
But I don't know how you're gonna manage  
Cuh you're probably gonna fall, baby I ain't into catching  
Listen, ease up  
One of you can have it  
Uh, uh, as long as I can grab it  
But I don't know how you're gonna manage  
Cuh you're probably gonna fall, baby I ain't into catching

Listen, ease up  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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