## **Amine - Caroline**

Tom: C Listen man What's up? I heard you done got you a dime piece, man Hell naw, man One of them Beyoncé, Meagan Good types, man Nah. nah, nah Is that true, man? I just wanna know Probably not I mean, shit to be honest with you, man, she's a Cm E G Bad thang, fine as hell, thick as fuck Cm E Oh my god, that's my baby G Cm Caroline, you divine Mighty fine F Shawty really blow the pipe (that's true) G Like a pro Aha, fuck you thought? Cm Holy shit, I'm really lit Cm G It's looking like it's 'bout time to fuck it up Cm G Caroline, listen up, don't wanna hear F About ya horoscope or what the future holds Shut up and shut up and Cm Let's get gory, like a Tarantino movie Don't wanna talk it out, can we fuck it out? Cm Cause we gon' be up all night, fuck a decaf Cm You say I'm a tall thug, guess I'm a G-raffe If ya want safe-sex, baby use the knee pads Cm Freaky with the sticky icky Baby give me kitty kitty Killa, westside nigga Cm Boy you like 98 degrees G And I'm 300, nigga keep ya feet runnin' Cm I chief keef keef when I eat these beats G Better boy get scurred F Cm Don't run up in my lane, I don't want you in my lane G You a lame, get swerved Cm Cause great scenes might be great G But I love your bloopers Cm And perfect's for the urgent G Baby I want forever Caroline, don't you see that

## I want you to be my F Cm Bad thang, fine as hell, thick as fuck Cm Oh my god, that's my baby G Cm Caroline, you divine F Mighty fine G Shawty really blow the pipe (that's true) Like a pro Aha... what? Cm Holy shit, I'm really lit F G Cm It's looking like it's 'bout time to fuck it up G Cm Caroline, listen up, don't wanna hear F G About ya horoscope or what the future holds Shut up and shut up and Cm F Let's get gory, like a Tarantino movie G Don't wanna talk it out, can we fuck it out? Cause we gon' be up all night, fuck a decaf Cm You say I'm a tall thug, guess I'm a G-raffe Cm If ya want safe-sex, baby use the knee pads Cm Freaky with the sticky icky Baby give me kitty kitty Killa, westside nigga Cm Boy you like 98 degrees G And I'm 300, nigga keep ya feet runnin' I chief keef keef when I eat these beats G Better boy get scurred Don't run up in my lane, I don't want you in my lane G You a lame, get swerved Cm Cause great scenes might be great But I love your bloopers Cm And perfect's for the urgent Baby I want forever Cm Caroline, don't you see that I want you to be my F Bad thang, bad, bad, bad, bad thang, thang, thang, thang, thang Cm Bad thang, thang, bad, bad, bad, b-b-bad, thang, thang Cm

Bad thang, thang, thang, bad, b-bad, bad thang, thang, thang

Bad thang, thang, bad, bad, b-b-bad

## Acordes

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