

Amine - Wedding Crashers

Tom: D

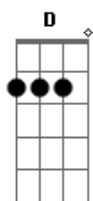
A Bm
I was duped, didn't know the truth
A Bm
Got rid of my old flame, now I got a boo
A Bm
And now I'm feeling cool, I'm feeling brand new
A Bm
I would pay a lot to be the nigga in my shoes (Who this for?)
A Bm
This is dedicated to my ex lovers
A Bm
Hope that you hear this, never find another
A Bm
Me and my friends, we don't worry or pretend
A Bm
Hope your playdate's at your wedding
Bm
Yeah, the one I won't attend
A Bm
This is dedicated to my ex lovers
A Bm
Hope that you hear this, never find another
A Bm
Me and my friends, we don't worry or pretend
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Hope your playdate's at your wedding
Bm
Yeah, the one I won't attend (Sike)
A Bm
Vultures at the altar tell the pastor to watch his back
A Bm
My girl said she wanted change and then she got a quarterback
A Bm
Well, damn, I ain't no football player
A Bm
But I hit it harder than a football player
A
The girl of my dreams just became a girl
Bm
And well, we can talk about that later
A Bm
Honeymoon in your hometown, bitch, you broke now
A Bm
Your mama ask about me almost every week
A Bm
He can speak in tongue, talkin' bout "Forever hold your peace"
A Bm
I said peace, please hurry up and kiss so I can eat
A
Tootsie roll and your tippy toes
Bm
So much soul that my soul got soul
A
Your auntie and uncle, they love me
Bm
All your bridesmaids wanna fuck me
A Bm
Your groom look like a broom and it make me "hahaha"
A Bm
Girl, I coulda been your Pap and you be my Remy Ma
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Yeah, the one I won't attend (Sike)
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Yes, I've been balling, yeah
Bm
Maybachs to Lambos and 'Raris, yeah
A
Fresh in that Cartier
Bm
Take off your clothes, we get naughty, yeah
A
Whole party lit, bad bitches everywhere
Bm
Gang in this bitch, nawfside extraordinaire (gang!)
A
Pipe up the city, the diamonds gon' light up the city
Bm
I got your girl on the low
A
I slide in it, and then I'ma dodge in it
Bm
I got her selling her soul
A
Pick up five bags in a row
Bm
White diamonds look like the Pope
A
Gucci Python on the loafers
Bm
Yeah, my pinky look just like the ocean
A
It's colder, North Dakota
Bm
From the bowl to the chauffeurs
A Bm
Having fun in a Rollster, in Milan copping Goyard
A Bm
Now that I'm taking over, your hand out, but I don't owe ya
I came from the dirt, soil
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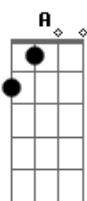
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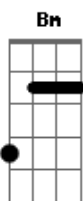
Acordes



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