

## Bebe Rexha - F.F.F (feat. G-Eazy)

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I got success, it's not a sandy beach chair
Intro: F Gm Am Gm
                                                                Be careful with the people you meet here, I'm sayin'
Verso 1:
                                                                Uh. veah
Friends come and go, friends come and go
                                                                Pré-Refrão:
Go like the seasons
                                                                Is there anybody real out here?
I never know, I never know
                                                                Got my middle middle up
What to believe in
                                                                While I'm singing (Uh)
And It's getting old, it's getting old
                                                                Refrão:
But no hard feelings
                                                                Fuck fake friends, we don't need 'em
'Cause friends come and go, friends come and go
                                                                Only thing they're good for is leaving
Without a reason
                                                                Fuck fake friends, we don't need 'em
And I, I've been in L.A. for way too long
                                                                I've had it up to the ceiling
Can't get this air inside my lungs
                                                                Fuck fake friends, we don't need 'em
It feels like I'm suffocatin' from
                                                                Only thing they're good for is leaving
All the lack of the realness here
                                                                And I ain't got the time, money on my mind
Pré-Refrão:
                                                                I'll say it to your face, fuck fake friends
Is there anybody real out here?
                                                                                   Am Gm
                                                                 (We don't need 'em)
Got my middle middle up
While I'm singing
                                                                N.C.
                                                                And I ain't got the time, money on my mind
Refrão:
                                                                N C
                                                                Say it to my face, don't pretend
Fuck fake friends, we don't need 'em
                                                                And I ain't got the time, money on my mind
Only thing they're good for is leaving
                                                                I'll say it to your face, fuck fake friends
Fuck fake friends, we don't need 'em
                                                                And I ain't got the time, money on my mind
I've had it up to the ceiling
                                                                Say it to my face, don't pretend
Fuck fake friends, we don't need 'em
                                                                And I ain't got the time, money on my mind
Only thing they're good for is leaving
                                                                I'll say it to your face, fuck fake friends
And I ain't got the time, money on my mind
                                                                Pré-Refrão:
I'll say it to your face, fuck fake friends
                                                                Is there anybody real out here?
Verso 2:
                                                                Got my middle middle up
And lately I've been dealin' with mad stress
                                                                While I'm singing
Comes with the territory of a Hollywood address
                                                                Refrão:
Is anybody real here, I need some fact checks
                                                                Fuck fake friends, we don't need 'em
I need more realness, need you to act less
                                                                Only thing they're good for is leaving
'Cause they deserve Oscars, so many imposters
                                                                Fuck fake friends, we don't need 'em
What's up with guest lists, can I come to your concerts?
                                                                I've had it up to the ceiling
We all got demons, I'm dealin' with monsters
                                                                Fuck fake friends, we don't need 'em
I've taken every picture, signed titties and signed shirts
                                                                Only thing they're good for is leaving
But at the same time I know I'm blessed to be here
                                                                And I ain't got the time, money on my mind
So let's just be clear, how many kids wish they had this spot
                                                                I'll say it to your face, fuck fake friends
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## Acordes

