

Chris Brown - No Guidance (feat. Drake)

Tom: **A**

Before I die I'm tryna fuck you, baby

Hopefully we don't have no babies

I don't even wanna go back home

Hopefully, I don't leave you on your own

[Primeira Parte]

A
Ayy

Trips that you plan for the next whole week

Dbm
Bands too long for a nigga so cheap

And your flex **OD**, and your sex **OD**

A
You got it, girl, you got it (Ayy)

Dbm
You got it, girl, you got it (Yeah)

Pretty lil' thing, you got a bag and now you wildin'

You just took it off the lot, no mileage

B
Way they hittin' you, the DM lookin' violent

Talkin' wild, you come around and now they silent

Flew the coop at 17, no guidance

You be stayin' low but you know what the vibes is

Dbm
Ain't never got you nowhere bein' modest

Poppin' shit but only 'cause you know you're poppin', yeah

[Refrão]

A
You got it, girl, you got it (Ayy)

Dbm
You got it, girl, you got it

[Segunda Parte]

Lil' baby in her bag, in her Birkin

No nine to five, put the work in

B
Flaws and all, I love 'em all, to me, you're perfect

A
Baby girl, you got it, girl, you got it, girl (Oh-oh)

Dbm
You got it, girl, you got it, girl (Ooh)

[Pré-Refrão]

I don't wanna play no games, play no games

B
Fuck around, give you my last name (Oh)

Dbm
Know you tired of the same damn thing

That's okay 'cause, baby, you

[Refrão]

A
You got it, girl, you got it (Ayy)

Dbm
You got it, girl, you got it

[Terceira Parte]

You the only one I'm tryna make love to, pickin' and choosin'

They ain't really love you, runnin' games, usin'

Dbm
All your stupid exes, they gon' call again

Tell 'em that a real nigga steppin' in

A
Don't let them niggas try you, test your patience

Tell 'em that it's over, ain't no debatin' (Uh)

Dbm
All you need is me playin' on your playlist

You ain't gotta be frustrated

[Quarta Parte]

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I don't even wanna go back home

Hopefully, I don't leave you on your own

[Pré-Refrão]

I don't wanna play no games, play no games

B
Fuck around, give you my last name (Oh)

Dbm
Know you tired of the same damn thing

That's okay 'cause, baby, you

[Refrão]

A
You got it, girl, you got it (Ayy)

Dbm
You got it, girl, you got it

Dbm
Freaky (Freaky)

I can learn a lot from you, gotta come teach me (Woo, woo)

Dbm
You a lil' hot girl, you a lil' sweetie (No, sweet)

B
Sweet like Candy Land, sweet like Peachtree (Like that)

Dbm
I can tell you crazy, but shit kind of intrigue me (No, yeah, I like that)

(I don't wanna, I don't wanna)

Seen it on the 'gram, I'm tryna see that shit in 3D, mami

Dbm
I know I get around 'cause I like to move freely

(I don't, I don't)

B
But you could lock it down, I could tell by how you treat me

(I don't, I don't)

Dbm
I seen how you did homeboy, so please take it easy (No, yeah)

A
Good to have me on your side, I ain't sayin' that you need me (Yeah, yeah)

Dbm
Six God talk but I ain't tryna get preachy (No, no, no)

B
I seen how you did homeboy, please take it easier on me

Dbm

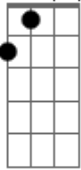
'Cause I don't wanna (No) play no games, play no games(I don't, I don't)

(I don't wanna, I don't wanna)I don't, I don't

I don't wanna play no games, play no gamesNo

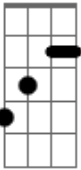
Acordes

A



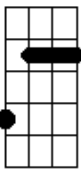
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B



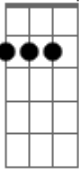
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Dbm



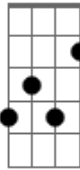
© ukulele-chords.com

D



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Abm



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