

Juice Wrld - Blood On My Jeans

tom:
 A (forma dos acordes no tom de G)
 Capotraste na 2ª casa
 Intro: A

Dbm
 Damn, I tried to stop
 B
 Oh baby
 A
 Baby (baby)
 A
 Baby
 Dbm
 Babe (you literally are?my?everything)
 B

[Refrão]

A
 Baby, I've been on the run?
 A
 But I would never run from your love
 Dbm
 If you feel on my dick, there's a gun
 B
 Not right there, just a little above
 A
 I value my relationship, it's forever
 A

But I've been cheatin' on the drugs
 Dbm
 Broke up with codeine, need a new plug
 B
 Hit up Hot, raw pints, I need two of 'em
 A
 Huh, lean
 A
 Huh, Put Biscotti in my
 Dbm
 Lungs, I'm smokin' green
 B
 Chopper on me, I don't
 A
 Talk, I just up the beam
 A
 Huh, let my gun bust a nut, then leave
 Dbm
 (Yeah)I ain't leave a clue on the scene
 B
 Close range, so I got blood on my jeans

[Primeira Parte]

A
 Saints Row cup, ain't no red in my lean
 A
 Bankrolled up, I been swimmin' in green
 (Dbm)

B
 Still a blue face king
 A
 Benjamin Franklin come dirty and clean
 A
 I know my haters hate to see me succeed
 Dbm
 If they get the chance, they'll end up murderin' me
 B
 That shit got me laughin', haha
 A

Acordes

Kel-tec get to rappin', grrah, grrah
 A
 Fuck nigga, I'm your father
 Dbm
 Don't matter if you older
 B
 They say age is just a number
 A
 If that's the case, I'm way over
 A
 Than who? These niggas

And these bitches that think that they get it
 Dbm
 For a backstage pass, she'll suck the dick
 B
 Bitch, I got a bitch, better get you a ticket
 A
 Walk through the night with my gun like a creep
 A
 On my shirt Maison Martin, my shoes double-C
 Dbm
 I don't know what it's gonna take you to believe
 B
 I ain't goin' nowhere, I ain't gon' leave you
 A
 (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
 A
 I ain't goin' nowhere, I ain't gon' leave you
 Dbm
 You stuck with me
 B
 Apologies for my fuckery

[Refrão]

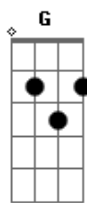
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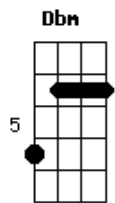
[Final] A Dbm B
 A Dbm B
 A Dbm B
 A Dbm B



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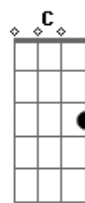
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