

Juice Wrld - Empty

| tom: | F From the unknown |
|--|---|
| C C | Am7 Gadd9 F I ran away, I don't think I'm coming back home |
| [Refrão] | Am7 Whoa - whoa - whoa - whoa - whoa |
| From the unknown | Gadd9 F Like a crawlspace, it's a dark place I roam |
| Am7 Gadd9 F I ran away, I don't think I'm coming back home Am7 | Am7 Ain't no right way, just the wrong way I know |
| Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa Gadd9 F | Am7 My world revolves around a black hole |
| Like a crawlspace, it's a dark place I roam <mark>Am7</mark> | Gadd9 F The same black hole that's in place of my soul, uh |
| Ain't no right way, just the wrong way I know Am7 | Am7 Gadd9 Empty, I feel so goddamn empty |
| My world revolves around a black hole | I may go rogue |
| Gadd9 F The same black hole that's in place of my soul, uh Am7 Gadd9 | Don't tempt me, big bullet holes Gadd9 |
| Empty, I feel so goddamn empty | Tote semi-autos |
| I may go rogue Am7 | [Segunda Parte] |
| Don't tempt me, big bullet holes Gadd9 | F I ain't suicidal |
| Tote semi-autos | Am7 Gadd9 F Only thing suicide is suicide doors |
| [Primeira Parte] | Am7 Fight for survival |
| F Huh, yeah | Gadd9 F Gotta keep hope up, rolling good dope up (Uh) |
| I'm keepin' it real, real <mark>Am7</mark> I'm keepin' it real, uh, yeah | Am7 Hold my hand, through hell we go Gadd9 F |
| Gadd9 F Life gets tough, shit is getting real (Yeah) | Don't look back, it ain't the past no more |
| I don't know how to feel | Gonna get to the racks, all them niggas want war Gadd9 F |
| Am7 Swallowing all these pills | Yeah, I was put here to lead the lost souls Am7 |
| Gadd9 Numb my real feels, uh | Exhale depression as the wind blows Gadd9 F |
| Devil standing here | These are the laws of livin' in vogue Am7 |
| Tryna' make a deal, uh | We're perfectly imperfect children Gadd9 F |
| Am/ It ain't no deals Gadd9 | Rose from the dust, all of us are on a mission Am7 |
| Feel like I'm going crazy but still took a lot to get me here | Never gave a fuck, really came from rags to riches Gadd9 F Now we live it up, driving with the rooftop missin' |
| Losing my sanity up in a house in the hills, hills, hills Am7 Gadd9 | Am7 I don't give a fuck, really came from rags to riches |
| F I ain't have anything then and I still don't have anything | Gadd9 F Now I live it up, driving with the rooftop missin' |
| still, still, still, uh | [Refrão] |
| Bein' me, I rock, PnB <mark>Am7 </mark> | F |
| These hoes actin' like gossip, TMZ F | From the unknown Am7 Gadd9 F |
| These drugs acting like | I ran away, I don't think I'm coming back home Am7 |
| Mosh pits squishing me Am7 Gadd9 F | Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa Gadd9 F |
| Oh my, oh me, how they kill me slowly Am7 Lonely, I been getting no people. | Like a crawlspace, it's a dark place I roam Am7 |
| Lonely, I been gettin' no peace Gadd9 F OD, feel like overdosing | Ain't no right way, just the wrong way I know Am7 |
| Am7 Low key I been looking for the signs | My world revolves around a black hole Gadd9 F |
| Gadd9 F But all I can find is a sign of the times | The same black hole that's in place of my soul, uh Am7 Gadd9 |
| [Refrão] | Empty, I feel so goddamn empty F |
| | I may go rogue |

Oferecimento Lojalele.com.br

Gadd9 Tote semi-autos

Acordes

