

# Juice Wrld - Empty

tom:

[Refrão]

F  
From the unknown  
Am Gadd9 F  
I ran away, I don't think I'm coming back home  
Am  
Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa  
Gadd9 F  
Like a crawlspace, it's a dark place I roam  
Am  
Ain't no right way, just the wrong way I know

My world revolves around a black hole  
Gadd9 F  
The same black hole that's in place of my soul, uh  
Am Gadd9  
Empty, I feel so goddamn empty  
F  
I may go rogue  
Am  
Don't tempt me, big bullet holes  
Gadd9  
Tote semi-autos

[Primeira Parte]

F  
Huh, yeah  
I'm keepin' it real, real  
Am  
I'm keepin' it real, uh, yeah  
Gadd9 F  
Life gets tough, shit is getting real (Yeah)

I don't know how to feel  
Am  
Swallowing all these pills  
Gadd9  
Numb my real feels, uh  
F  
Devil standing here

Tryna' make a deal, uh  
Am  
It ain't no deals  
Gadd9  
Feel like I'm going crazy but still took a lot to get me here  
F  
Losing my sanity up in a house in the hills, hills, hills  
Am Gadd9  
F  
I ain't have anything then and I still don't have anything  
still, still, still, uh

Bein' me, I rock, PnB  
Am Gadd9  
These hoes actin' like gossip, TMZ  
F  
These drugs acting like

Mosh pits squishing me  
Am Gadd9 F  
Oh my, oh me, how they kill me slowly  
Am  
Lonely, I been gettin' no peace  
Gadd9 F  
OD, feel like overdosing  
Am  
Low key I been looking for the signs  
Gadd9 F  
But all I can find is a sign of the times

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[Segunda Parte]

F  
I ain't suicidal  
Am Gadd9 F  
Only thing suicide is suicide doors  
Am  
Fight for survival  
Gadd9 F  
Gotta keep hope up, rolling good dope up (Uh)  
Am  
Hold my hand, through hell we go  
Gadd9 F  
Don't look back, it ain't the past no more  
Am  
Gonna get to the racks, all them niggas want war  
Gadd9 F  
Yeah, I was put here to lead the lost souls  
Am  
Exhale depression as the wind blows  
Gadd9 F  
These are the laws of livin' in vogue  
Am  
We're perfectly imperfect children  
Gadd9 F  
Rose from the dust, all of us are on a mission  
Am  
Never gave a fuck, really came from rags to riches  
Gadd9 F  
Now we live it up, driving with the rooftop missin'  
Am  
I don't give a fuck, really came from rags to riches  
Gadd9 F  
Now I live it up, driving with the rooftop missin'

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Gadd9

## Acordes

