

Lil Wayne - Drop The World

Tom: **Ab**

(com acordes na forma de **G**)
Capostrate na 1ª casa
(capo 1ª casa)

(intro) **Em Em G D**
Em Em G C

Em
I got ice in my veins, blood in my eyes
G D
Hate in my heart, love in my mind
Em
I seen nights full of pain, days of the same
G C
You keep the sunshine, save me the rain
Em
I search but never find, hurt but never cry
G D
I work and forever try, but I'm cursed, so never mind
Em
And it's worse, but better times seem further and beyond
G C
The top gets higher the more that I climb
Em
The spot gets smaller, and I get bigger
G D
Try'na get into where I fit in, no room for a ngga
Em
But soon for a ngga it be on, mu?fcka
G C
'Cause all the bullshit, it made me strong, mu?fcka

(refrão)
Em C
G D
So I pick the world up and I'ma drop it on your fckin' head
yeah

Em C
G C
Bitch, I'ma pick the world up and I'ma drop it on your fckin' head
yeah

Em C
D
And I could die now, rebirth motherfcker, hop up in my
spaceship and leave Earth, motherfcker
Em C G C
I'm gone, motherfcker, I'm gone uh

Em
I know what they don't wanna tell you
G D
Just hope you're heaven-sent, and you're hell-proof
Em
I-I walk up in the world and cut the lights off
G C
And confidence is the stain they can't wipe off
Em
Huh, my word is my pride
G D
But wisdom is bleak, and that's a word from the wise
Em
Served to survive, murdered and bribed
G C
And when it got too heavy I put my burdens aside

(refrão)
Em C
It hurts, but I never show this pain you'll never know
G D
If only you could see just how lonely and how cold
Em C
And frostbit I've become, my back's against the wall
G C
When push come to shove, I just stand up and scream 'fck 'em
all?

Em C
Man, it feels like these walls are closing in, this roof is
caving in
G D
Up its time to razor-thin your days are numbered like pagens
and
Em C
My book of rhymes, got 'em cookin', boy this crooked mind of
mine got 'em all Shook and
G C
Scared to look in my eyes I stole that fckin' clock I took the
time and I

Em C
Came up from behind and pretty much snuck up And butt-fcked
this game up

G D
Better be careful when you bring my name up fck this fame,
that ain't what

Em C
I came to claim but the game ain't gonna be the same on the
day that I leave it
G C

But I swear one way or another I'ma make these fckin' haters
believe that

Em C
I swear to God, won't spare the rod I'm a man of my word, so
your fckin'

G D
Heads better nod Or I'ma fck around in this bitch and roast
everybody

Em C
Sleep on me, that pillow is where your head'll lie
permanently, bitch,

G C
It's beddy-bye this world is my Easter egg, yeah, prepare to
die

Em C
My head is swole, my confidence is up this stage is my
pedestal

G D
I'm unstoppable, incredible hope you're trapped in my medicine
ball

Em C
I could run circles around you so fast your fckin' head'll
spin, dog

G C
I split your cabbage and your lettuce and olives I'll fckin'

(refrão)

(**Em**)

Acordes

