

Linkin Park - Numb / Encore

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Tom: A
                                                                Look what you made me do, look what I made for you
Composição: Jay-z / Mike Shinoda / Chester Bennington
                                                                Knew if I paid my dues how will they pay you?
Intro:
                                                                When you first come in the game they try to play you
                                                                Then you drop a couple of hits-look how they wave to you
                                                                From Marcy to Madison Square
Thank you, thank you, thank you
                                                                To the only thing that matters in just a matter of years
You?re far too kind
                                                                (yeah)
Haha
                                                                As fate would have it Jay?s status appears
Uh, yeah
Ready?
                                                                To be at an all-time high-perfect time to say goodbye
Let?s ao
Can I get a encore? Do you want more?
                                                                When I come back like Jordan wearin? the four-five
Cookin? raw with the Brooklyn boy
So, for one last time, I need y?all to roar
                                                                It ain?t to play games with you
Now, what the hell are you waiting for?
After me, there shall be no more
                                                                It?s to aim at you-probably maim you
So, for one last time, nigga, make some noise
                                                                If I owe you I?ll blow you to smithereens
Get ?em, Jay
                                                                Cocksucka?, take one for your team
 Gbm
Who you know fresher than Hov? Riddle me that
                                                                And I need you to remember one thing (one thing)
The rest of y?all know where I?m lyrically at
                                                                I came, I saw, I conquered
Can?t none of y?all mirror me back
                                                                From record sales to sold-out concerts
Yeah, hearin? me rap is like hearin? G. Rap in his prime
                                                                So mo?fucka?, if you want this encore
Gbm
                                                                                Db
I?m young H.O.: Rap?s Grateful Dead
                                                                I need you to scream ?til your lungs get sore
Back to take over the globe-now break bread
                                                                 I?m tired of being what you want me to be
I?m in Boeing jets, Global Express
                                                                 Feeling so faithless, lost under the surface
Out the country but the blueberry still connect
                                                                 Don?t know what you?re expecting of me
                                                                 Put under the pressure, of walking in your shoes
On the low but the yacht got a triple deck
But when you young what the fuck you expect? (yep, yep)
                                                                 Caught in the undertow / We?re just caught in the undertow
Grand openin?-grand closin?
                                                                 Every step that I take is another mistake to you
God damn, your man Hov cracked the can open again
                                                                 Caught in the undertow / We?re just caught in the undertow
                                                                            Gbm
Who you gon? find doper than him with no pen?
                                                                 And every second I waste is more than I can take
Just draw off inspiration
                                                                 I?ve become so numb, i can?t feel you there
Soon you gon? see you can?t replace him (him)
                                                                 Become so tired, so much more aware
With cheap imitations for these generations
                                                                 I?m becoming this, all I want to do
                                                                                 F
                                                                 Is be more like me, and be less like you
Can I get a encore? Do you want more?
Cookin? raw with the Brooklyn boy
                                                                I?ve become so numb
So, for one last time, I need y?all to roar
                                                                Can I get a encore? Do you want more? (more)
Now, what the hell are you waiting for?
                                                                I?ve become so numb
                                                                So, for one last time, I need y?all to roar
After me, there shall be no more
                                                                One last time, I need y?all to roar
So, for one last time, nigga, make some noise
                  Α
What the hell are you waiting for
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Make some noise

Acordes

