

Lucas Inutilismo - 2020 Em Uma Música

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From the plane to the fuckin' helicopter, yeah {\color{red}C} {\color{red}Db} {\color{red}C}
                                                  tom:
                                                                                                                 Cops pullin' up like I'm givin' drugs out, nah, nah
                     Bom, fim de ano chegou
                                                                                                                 I'm a popstar, not a doctor
                                                                                                                                          Db Db
É hora da gente olhar pra trás
                                                                                                                 Ayy, shawty with the long text, I don't talk, ayy
                                                                                                                   Db Db
E relembrar de tudo o que aconteceu!
                                                                                                                 Shawty with the long legs, she don't walk \begin{tabular}{ll} \b
Mas como seria o ano de 2020 em uma música?
                                                                                                                 Yeah, last year, I kept it on the tuck, ayy
Db Db C
Intro: Fm Cm Eb Bb
                                                                                                                 2020, I came to fuck it up, yeah
I've been tryna call
                                                                                                                 I want a long life
I've been on my own for long enough
                         Eb
                                                                                                                       E E E
Maybe you can show me how to love, maybe
                                                                                                                 A legendary one
                                                                                                                    G Gb E C C C
I look around and
                                                                                                                 I want a quick death, and a easy one
                                                                                                                   B D E
Sin City's cold and empty
                                                                                                                 I want a pretty girl
                                                                                                                    F F F
No one's around to judge me
                                                                                                                 I would've stayed at home
                                                                                                                 G Gb E
'Cause I was doin' better alone
I can't see clearly when you're gone
Fm Cm
I said, ooh, I'm blinded by the lights
                                 Cm
                                                                                                                    \mathsf{C} \; \mathsf{C} \; \; \mathsf{C}
                                                                                                                 But when you said: Hello
No, I can't sleep until I feel your touch
                                                                                                                 I know that was the end of it all
                                                                                                                      E E E
          Fm
                          Cm
I said, ooh, I'm drowning in the night
                                                                                                                 I should've stayed at home
Oh, when I'm like this, you're the one I trust
                                                                                                                 'Cause now there ain't no letting you go
                                                                                                                 Am I falling in love
(Hey, hey)
                                                                                                                             D
(Fm Cm Eb Bb)
                                                                                                                 With the one that could break my heart?
                                                                                                                 E E G Gb E
                                                                                                                 Oh no, I was doin' better alone
                                                                                                                          EEE
Tastes like strawberries
                                                                                                                 But when you said: Hello
      Am
On a summer evenin'
                                                                                                                 I know that was the end of it all
                                                                                                                       E E E
And it sounds just like a song
                                                                                                                 I should've stayed at home
Breathe me in
                                                                                                                      G
                                                                                                                 'Cause now there ain't no letting you go
Breathe me out
                                                                                                                 Am I falling in love
                                                                                                                       D
I don't know if I could ever go without
                                                                                                                 With the one that could break my heart?
                                                                                                                 (Oooooh) Break my heart
Watermelon sugar high
                                                                                                                   E G C
Watermelon sugar high
                                                                                                                 (Oooh) Break my heart
Watermelon sugar high
                                                                                                                 (Oooh) Break my heart
Watermelon sugar high
                                                                                                                 Am I falling in love
                   D
Watermelon sugar high
                                                                                                                 With the one that could break my heart?
Watermelon sugar high
                                                                                                                 I'm not your friend or anything, damn
Watermelon sugar high
                                                                                                                 You think that you're the man
Watermelon sugar high
                                                                                                                 I think, therefore, I am
Bitches callin' my phone like I'm locked up, nonstop
                                                                                                                 I'm not your friend or anything, damn
                                                                                                                 You think that you're the man
From the plane to the fuckin' helicopter, yeah
Cops pullin' up like I'm givin' drugs out, nah, nah
                                                                                                                 I think, therefore, I am
I\,{}^{\backprime}\text{m a popstar, not a doctor}
                                                                                                                 Stop
                                                       Db
Bitches callin' my phone like I'm locked up, nonstop
                                                                                                                 Pullin' out the coupe at the lot
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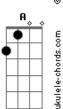
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Told 'em fuck 12, fuck SWAT
                                                               (There's some hoes in this house)
Bustin' all the bells out the box
                                                                          C
                                                               Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I just hit a lick with the box
                                                                                    Db
                                                               Yeah, you fucking with some wet-ass pussy
Had to put the stick in a box
                                                               Bring a bucket and a mop for this wet-ass pussy
Pour up the whole damn seal, I'ma get lazy
                                                               Give me everything you got for this wet-ass pussy
I got the mojo-deals, we been trappin' like the '80s
                                                               Now from the top, make it drop
She sucked a hold in soul, gotta Cash App
                                                               That's some wet-ass pussy
                      Ab
Told 'em wipe a freaking nose, say slatt, slatt
                                                               Now get a bucket and a mop
I won't never sell my soul, and I can back that
                                                               That's some wet-ass pussy
                     Ab
And I really wanna know, where you at, at?
                                                               I'm talking WAP, WAP, WAP
Workin' on the weekend like usual
                                                               That's some wet-ass pussy
Way off in the deep end like usual
                                                               Macaroni in a pot
They can swear they passed us, they doin' too much
                                                               That's some wet-ass pussy
Haven't done my taxes, I'm too turnt up (hey)
                                                               Eb Eb Eb Eb
Bitch, this is fame, not clout
                                                               Ho-ho-ho-how you like that?
                                                                                    Eb
I don't even know what that's about, watch your mouth
                                                               You gon' like that, that-that-that, that-that-that
                                                                                                         E Eb
Baby got a ego twice the size of the crib
                                                               How you like that? (Bada-bing, bada-boom-boom-boom)
I can never tell her shit, it is what it is
                                                               You like that, that-that-that, that-that-that?
Said what I had to and did what I did
                                                               Look at you, now look at me
Never turn my back on FBG, God forbid
                                                               Look at you, now look at me
Virgil got the Patek on my wrist doing frontflips
                                                               Look at you, now look at me
Giving you my number, but don't hit me on no dumb shit
                                                               How you like that?
                                                               Look at you, now look at me
Woo, hunnid thousand for the cheapest ring
                                                               Look at you, now look at me
On a his finger, lil' bitch, woo
            Em
                                                               Look at you, now look at me
I done flew one out to Spain to be in my domain
                                                               How you like that?
            Em
And Audemar'd the bitch, woo
          Em
Dropped three dollars on a ring
                                                               Your girl need it all and that?s a hundred
Call it Bentley truck, lil' bitch, woo
                                                               Baek gae junge baek nae mokseul weonhae
I was in the trap serving cocaine
                                                               Karma, come and get some
          Em
I ain't been the same since, woo
                                                               Ttakajiman eojjeol su eopjana
         Em
Granny, she was standing right there
                                                               What?s up, I?m right back
While I catch a play on a brick, woo
                                                               Bangaswereul cock back
I make them lil' fucking go haywire
                                                               Plain Jane get hijacked
                                                               Don?t like me?
Taliban
                                                               Then tell me how you like that, like that
I said, certified freak
Seven days a week
                                                               É o Niack chega, embraza
                                                               E dá choque no seu sistema
Wet-ass pussy
              Gb
                                                               Hoje eu te levo pra casa
Make that pull-out game weak, woo
                                                               Só não me arruma problema
(B C Db)
                                                               Tu pediu pra eu te botar
(There's some hoes in this house)
                                                               E eu boto com pressão
(There's some hoes in this house)
                                                               Então vai, já se prepara
(There's some hoes in this house)
                                                               Na raba toma tapão
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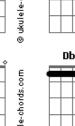
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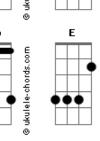
Se-pre se-pre se prepara, na raba toma tapão	Parte 4 De 4
Se prepara para para, na raba toma tapão	
Oh, Juliana	Pa pa pa pa pa pa pa
O que tu quer de mim?	Pa pa pa pa pa pa
Já falei que eu passo o rodo E não caio em qualquer papim	Pa pa pa pa pa Sobe, desce, para, depois joga na minha cara e faz
Eb Oh, Juliana Db	[Tab - Riff]
O que tu quer de mim?	Parte 1 De 4
Já falei que eu passo o rodo	
E não caio em qualquer papim	Parte 2 De 4
Então desliza, desliza	
Vem jogando esse bundão	Parte 3 De 4
Prepara, pode pá	
Vai ser só colocadão	Parte 4 De 4
Vai Luan	
Vai Luan	Pa pa pa pa
Pa pa pa pa pa pa pa	Pa pa pa pa
[Tab - Riff]	Pa pa pa pa
Parte 1 De 4	Pa pa pa
Parte 2 De 4	Bbm Fm Só basta você me ligar Ab Eb Que eu vou correndo te encontrar Bbm Fm
Parte 3 De 4	Só basta você me ligar Ab Eb Que eu vou correndo te encontrar
Parte 4 De 4	Bbm Fm Ab Eb Eu já te superei, certeza eu superei Bbm Fm Mas não manda mensagem outra vez
Pa pa pa pa pa pa	Ab Eb Senão recairei
Pa pa pa pa pa pa	Cadd9 Am E agora eu vou fazer uma máquina do tempo
Pa pa pa pa pa pa (gravou)	Em Vou encher ela de boldo
Pa pa (hey)	G Cadd9 Vou voltar pro passado e reescrever tudo de novo
Em Cheguei pra gente brincar	Am Em Vou pros anos '70 encontrar com o meu sogro
F7M Em Então, desce pro play, você vai gostar F7M Em	G Cadd9 Mas eu to sem amor com o bolso cheio de onça
No way, vamo argumentar F7M Em	Am Ninguém se cansa
Quero ver descer até o pai cansar C D Em G	Em G Vou cantar sofrência igual Marília Mendonça
Sim, vem cá jogar pra mim, vem cá jogar pra mim, vem gostosin' C D Em	Nossa vizinhança já já se cansa
Sim, vem cá jogar pra mim, vem cá jogar pra mim	Em Vou cantar sofrência
Sobe, desce, para, depois joga na minha cara e faz	G
[Tab - Riff]	I'ma show you how to get it Abm B
Parte 1 De 4	It go, right foot up, left foot slide Gb E Left foot up, right foot slide
Parte 2 De 4	Abm B Basically, I'm saying either way
Parte 3 De 4	We 'bout to slide, ayy Gb Can't let this one slide, ayy Abm B

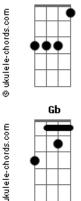
Don't you wanna dance with me? No? So I'ma light it up like dynamite, whoa oh oh Gb I could dance like Michael Jackson Day to night to morning, keep with me in the moment Abm I could give you thug passion I'd let you had I known it, why don't you say so? It's a Thriller in the trap where we from Didn't even notice, no punches left to roll with Baby, don't you want to dance with me? You got to keep me focused, you want it, say so Gb E Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car Ab With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (Yeah, yeah, yeah) Fill 'em with the venom, and eliminate 'em Gb Eadd9 Have you ever met a real super rockstar? Other words, I Minute Maid 'em This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock I don't want to hurt 'em, but I did 'em in a fit of rage Gb E My Glock told me to promise you gon' squeeze me Ab I'm murderin' again, nobody will evade him You better let me go the day you need me I'm finna kill 'em and dump all the fuckin' bodies in a lake Soon as you up me on that fella, get to bustin Obliteratin' everything, incineratin' and renegade 'em And I make anybody who want it with the pen afraid Switchin' them positions for you But don't nobody want it but they're gonna get it anyway Cookin' in the kitchen and I'm in the bedroom 'Cause I'm beginnin' to feel like I'm mentally ill I'm in the Olympics, way I'm jumping through hoops I'm Atilla, kill or be killed, I'm a killer Know my love infinite, nothin' I wouldn't do Be the vanilla gorilla That I won't do, switchin' for You're bringin' the killer within me, out of me Perfect, perfect You don't want to be the enemy of the demon You're too good to be true (oooh) Who went in me, and be on the recieving of me But I get tired of runnin' What stupidity, it'd be Bb Fuck it, now I'm runnin' with you (with you) Every bit of me is the epitome of a spitter The boy you got that yummy-yum When I'm in the vicinity, motherfucker, you better duck That yummy-yum, that yummy-yummy Or you finna be dead the minute you run into me And boy you got that yummy-yum A hundred percent of you is a fifth of a percent of me That yummy-yum, that yuum I'm 'bout to fuckin' finish you bitch, I'm unfadable 'Cause I'll be You wanna battle, I'm available Switchin' them positions for you I'm blowin' up like an inflatable A Bb G) I'm undebatable, I'm unavoidable (DABbG) I'm unevadable 'Cause I-I-I'm in the stars tonight I'm on the toilet bowl So watch me bring the fire and set the night alight (hey) I got a trailer full of money and I'm paid in full Ab Shining through the city with a little funk and soul I'm not afraid to pull the Man stop Acordes G Cn Dn F7M E 00 Jkulele-chords.com Jkulele-chords.com Jkulele-chords.com Jkulele-chords. Jkulele-chords.

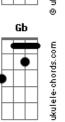
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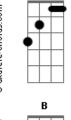




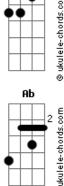






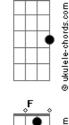


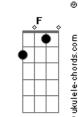












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