

Lucas Inutilismo - 2020 Em Uma Música

tom:

Fm

Bom, fim de ano chegou

É hora da gente olhar pra trás
E lembrar de tudo o que aconteceu!

Mas como seria o ano de 2020 em uma música?
Intro: Fm Cm Eb Bb

Fm
I've been tryna call

Cm
I've been on my own for long enough

Eb Bb
Maybe you can show me how to love, maybe

I look around and

Fm
Sin City's cold and empty

Cm
No one's around to judge me

Eb Bb
I can't see clearly when you're gone

Fm Cm
I said, ooh, I'm blinded by the lights

Eb Bb
No, I can't sleep until I feel your touch

Fm Cm
I said, ooh, I'm drowning in the night

Eb Bb
Oh, when I'm like this, you're the one I trust

(Hey, hey)

(Fm Cm Eb Bb)

Dm
Tastes like strawberries

Am
On a summer evenin'

C G
And it sounds just like a song

Dm
Breathe me in

Am
Breathe me out

C G
I don't know if I could ever go without

D
Watermelon sugar high

A
Watermelon sugar high

C
Watermelon sugar high

G
Watermelon sugar high

D
Watermelon sugar high

A
Watermelon sugar high

C
Watermelon sugar high

G
Watermelon sugar high

D A
Bitches callin' my phone like I'm locked up, nonstop

C
From the plane to the fuckin' helicopter, yeah

G
Cops pullin' up like I'm givin' drugs out, nah, nah

I'm a popstar, not a doctor

C Db Db C
Bitches callin' my phone like I'm locked up, nonstop

C Db Db C

From the plane to the fuckin' helicopter, yeah

C Db Db C
Cops pullin' up like I'm givin' drugs out, nah, nah

I'm a popstar, not a doctor

C Db Db C
Ayy, shawty with the long text, I don't talk, ayy

Db Db C
Shawty with the long legs, she don't walk

Db Db C
Yeah, last year, I kept it on the tuck, ayy

Db Db C
2020, I came to fuck it up, yeah

I want a long life

E E E
A legendary one

G Gb E C C C
I want a quick death, and a easy one

B D E
I want a pretty girl

E E E
I would've stayed at home

G Gb E
'Cause I was doin' better alone

C C C
But when you said: Hello

B D E
I know that was the end of it all

E E E
I should've stayed at home

G Gb E
'Cause now there ain't no letting you go

C
Am I falling in love

D
With the one that could break my heart?

E E G Gb E
Oh no, I was doin' better alone

E E E
But when you said: Hello

B D E
I know that was the end of it all

E E E
I should've stayed at home

G Gb E
'Cause now there ain't no letting you go

C
Am I falling in love

D
With the one that could break my heart?

C D B
(Ooooooh) Break my heart

E G C
(Oooh) Break my heart

D B
(Oooh) Break my heart

Am I falling in love

With the one that could break my heart?

D D
I'm not your friend or anything, damn

A
You think that you're the man

A
I think, therefore, I am

D D
I'm not your friend or anything, damn

A
You think that you're the man

A
I think, therefore, I am

Bb
Stop

Bb
Pullin' out the coupe at the lot

Told 'em fuck 12, fuck SWAT

Bustin' all the bells out the box
I just hit a lick with the box
Had to put the stick in a box
Pour up the whole damn seal, I'ma get lazy
I got the mojo-deals, we been trappin' like the '80s
She sucked a hold in soul, gotta Cash App
Told 'em wipe a freaking nose, say slatt, slatt
I won't never sell my soul, and I can back that
And I really wanna know, where you at, at?

Workin' on the weekend like usual
Way off in the deep end like usual
They can swear they passed us, they doin' too much
Haven't done my taxes, I'm too turnt up (hey)
Bitch, this is fame, not clout
I don't even know what that's about, watch your mouth
Baby got a ego twice the size of the crib
I can never tell her shit, it is what it is
Said what I had to and did what I did
Never turn my back on FBG, God forbid
Virgil got the Patek on my wrist doing frontflips
Giving you my number, but don't hit me on no dumb shit

Woo, hunnid thousand for the cheapest ring
On a his finger, lil' bitch, woo
I done flew one out to Spain to be in my domain
And Audemar'd the bitch, woo
Dropped three dollars on a ring
Call it Bentley truck, lil' bitch, woo
I was in the trap serving cocaine
I ain't been the same since, woo
Granny, she was standing right there
While I catch a play on a brick, woo
I make them lil' fucking go haywire

Taliban
I said, certified freak
Seven days a week
Wet-ass pussy
Make that pull-out game weak, woo

(B C Db)
(There's some hoes in this house)
(There's some hoes in this house)
(There's some hoes in this house)

(There's some hoes in this house)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, you fucking with some wet-ass pussy
Bring a bucket and a mop for this wet-ass pussy
Give me everything you got for this wet-ass pussy
Now from the top, make it drop
That's some wet-ass pussy
Now get a bucket and a mop
That's some wet-ass pussy
I'm talking WAP, WAP, WAP
That's some wet-ass pussy
Macaroni in a pot
That's some wet-ass pussy

Ho-ho-ho-ho-how you like that?
You gon' like that, that-that-that-that, that-that-that-that
How you like that? (Bada-bing, bada-boom-boom-boom)
You like that, that-that-that-that, that-that-that-that?
Look at you, now look at me
Look at you, now look at me
Look at you, now look at me
How you like that?
Look at you, now look at me
Look at you, now look at me
Look at you, now look at me
How you like that?

Your girl need it all and that?s a hundred

Baek gae junge baek nae mokseul weonhae

Karma, come and get some

Ttakajiman eojjeol su eopjana

What?s up, I?m right back

Bangaswereul cock back

Plain Jane get hijacked

Don?t like me?

Then tell me how you like that, like that

É o Niack chega, embraza
E dá choque no seu sistema

Hoje eu te levo pra casa
Só não me arruma problema

Tu pediu pra eu te botar
E eu boto com pressão

Então vai, já se prepara

Na raba toma tapão

Se-pre se-pre se prepara, na raba toma tapão

Se prepara para para, na raba toma tapão

Oh, Juliana

O que tu quer de mim?

Já falei que eu passo o rodo
E não caio em qualquer papim

Eb
Oh, Juliana

Db
O que tu quer de mim?

Já falei que eu passo o rodo
B
E não caio em qualquer papim

Então desliza, desliza

Vem jogando esse bundão

Prepara, pode pá

Vai ser só colocadão

Vai Luan

Vai Luan

Pa pa pa pa pa pa pa pa

[Tab - Riff]

Parte 1 De 4

Parte 2 De 4

Parte 3 De 4

Parte 4 De 4

Pa pa pa pa pa pa pa

Pa pa pa pa pa pa pa

Pa pa pa pa pa pa pa (gravou)

Pa pa (hey)

Em
Cheguei pra gente brincar

F Em
Então, desce pro play, você vai gostar

F Em
No way, vamo argumentar

F Em
Quero ver descer até o pai cansar

C D Em G
Sim, vem cá jogar pra mim, vem cá jogar pra mim, vem gostosin'

C D Em
Sim, vem cá jogar pra mim, vem cá jogar pra mim

Sobe, desce, para, depois joga na minha cara e faz

[Tab - Riff]

Parte 1 De 4

Parte 2 De 4

Parte 3 De 4

Parte 4 De 4

Pa pa pa pa pa pa pa

Pa pa pa pa pa pa pa

Pa pa pa pa pa pa

Sobe, desce, para, depois joga na minha cara e faz

[Tab - Riff]

Parte 1 De 4

Parte 2 De 4

Parte 3 De 4

Parte 4 De 4

Pa pa pa pa pa

Pa pa pa pa pa

Pa pa pa pa pa

Pa pa pa

Bbm Fm
Só basta você me ligar
Ab Eb
Que eu vou correndo te encontrar

Bbm Fm
Só basta você me ligar
Ab Eb
Que eu vou correndo te encontrar

Bbm Fm Ab Eb
Eu já te superei, certeza eu superei
Bbm Fm
Mas não manda mensagem outra vez
Ab Eb
Senão recairei

Cadd9 Am
E agora eu vou fazer uma máquina do tempo

Em
Vou encher ela de boldo

G Cadd9
Vou voltar pro passado e reescrever tudo de novo

Am Em
Vou pros anos '70 encontrar com o meu sogro

G Cadd9
Mas eu to sem amor com o bolso cheio de onça

Am
Ninguém se cansa
Em G
Vou cantar sofrência igual Marília Mendonça
Cadd9 Am
Nossa vizinhança já já se cansa

Em
Vou cantar sofrência

G
I'ma show you how to get it
Abm B
It go, right foot up, left foot slide
Gb E
Left foot up, right foot slide
Abm B
Basically, I'm saying either way

We 'bout to slide, ayy
Gb E
Can't let this one slide, ayy
Abm B

Don't you wanna dance with me? No?

I could dance like Michael Jackson

I could give you thug passion

It's a Thriller in the trap where we from

Baby, don't you want to dance with me?

Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car

With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Have you ever met a real super rockstar?

This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock

My Glock told me to promise you gon' squeeze me

You better let me go the day you need me

Soon as you up me on that fella, get to bustin

Switchin' them positions for you

Cookin' in the kitchen and I'm in the bedroom

I'm in the Olympics, way I'm jumping through hoops

Know my love infinite, nothin' I wouldn't do

That I won't do, switchin' for

Perfect, perfect

You're too good to be true (oooh)

But I get tired of runnin'

Fuck it, now I'm runnin' with you (with you)

The boy you got that yummy-yum

That yummy-yum, that yummy-yummy

And boy you got that yummy-yum

That yummy-yum, that yuum

'Cause I'll be

Switchin' them positions for you

(D A Bb G)

(D A Bb G)

'Cause I-I-I'm in the stars tonight

So watch me bring the fire and set the night alight (hey)

Shining through the city with a little funk and soul

So I'ma light it up like dynamite, whoa oh oh

Day to night to morning, keep with me in the moment

I'd let you had I known it, why don't you say so?

Didn't even notice, no punches left to roll with

You got to keep me focused, you want it, say so

Fill 'em with the venom, and eliminate 'em

Other words, I Minute Maid 'em

I don't want to hurt 'em, but I did 'em in a fit of rage

I'm murderin' again, nobody will evade him

I'm finna kill 'em and dump all the fuckin' bodies in a lake
Obliteratin' everything, incineratin' and renegade 'em

And I make anybody who want it with the pen afraid

But don't nobody want it but they're gonna get it anyway

'Cause I'm beginnin' to feel like I'm mentally ill

I'm Atilla, kill or be killed, I'm a killer

Be the vanilla gorilla

You're bringin' the killer within me, out of me

You don't want to be the enemy of the demon

Who went in me, and be on the recieving of me

What stupidity, it'd be

Every bit of me is the epitome of a spitter

When I'm in the vicinity, motherfucker, you better duck

Or you finna be dead the minute you run into me
A hundred percent of you is a fifth of a percent of me

I'm 'bout to fuckin' finish you bitch, I'm unfadable

You wanna battle, I'm available

I'm blowin' up like an inflatable

I'm undebatable, I'm unavoidable

I'm unevadable

I'm on the toilet bowl

I got a trailer full of money and I'm paid in full

I'm not afraid to pull the

Man stop

Acordes



