

# Mike Shinoda - Lift Off (feat. Chino Moreno & Machine Gun Kelly)

	tom:	<b>Dm</b>	<b>Am</b>
		I'm drifting away	
Intro:	<b>Dm</b> <b>Am</b> <b>C</b> <b>C</b>	<b>C</b>	
		Out of time, afloat	
<b>Dm</b>	<b>Am</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>Am</b>
I'm off of the Earth		Away from the truth	
<b>C</b>			<b>C</b>
On a ride, alone		Away from the night	
[Primeira Parte]		away from the day	
<b>Dm</b>		<b>Dm</b>	<b>Am</b>
Lift off like Virgin Galactic		I'm off of the Earth	
<b>Am</b>			<b>C</b>
My Richard's too Branson to fuck		On a ride, alone	
with you bastards		[Segunda Parte]	
<b>C</b>		<b>Dm</b>	
Very legendary, that's some		Please brace for impact	
matter-of-fact shit		<b>Am</b>	
<b>C</b>		Must've went to space and got sent back	
You're the opposite of stars like			<b>C</b>
"rats" spelled backwards		But I'm still intact, in fact	
<b>Dm</b>		take a picture of me	
I flow poems out to		<b>C</b>	
Saturn and passed it		You can see that I'm a star	
<b>Am</b>		with your lens cracked, Supernova	
Easy as a standard		<b>Dm</b>	
anti-gravity backflip		In Caesar's Palace	
<b>C</b>		stuntin' on my opponents	
Satellite tracking		<b>Am</b>	
can't map out my tactics		'Cause history'll show we done	
<b>C</b>		been to war like Romans	
I spit the same shit		<b>C</b>	
they split an atom in half with		Did that dance with the devil	
<b>Dm</b>		Hell hot as a kettle	
No, it's not what I want		<b>C</b>	
but it had to be		So it's no wonder why I put	
<b>Am</b>		this ice on all of my metal	
I spent six months just		<b>Dm</b>	
recharging my battery		And wear that shit like a medal	
<b>C</b>		used to think I was a joker	
Imagine me quitting, what a		<b>Am</b>	
travesty that would be		No Jared Leto when I said	
<b>C</b>		I'd get us out the ghetto	
You space shuttle Challengers		<b>C</b>	
are nothing but tragedies		Slam my foot on the pedal	
<b>Dm</b>		<b>C</b>	
So take care on the path		Book a studio when I couldn't	
that you're headed		afford instrumentals	
<b>Am</b>		Fuck it, record acapella	
I'm the father to your style		<b>Dm</b>	
don't you ever forget it		Flyin' coach, dreaming Coachella	
<b>C</b>		until they banned me	
I don't drop mikes		<b>Am</b>	
only let it smoke where I set it		Now they like Bambi's mother - dead -	
<b>C</b>		<b>Am</b>	
And I don't play, even when		I'm on to these Grammys	
they press it, get it?		<b>C</b>	
[Refrão]		I'm rollin' these grams gladly	
<b>Dm</b>		purple and green like Daphne	
I'm off of the Earth			
<b>C</b>			
On a ride, alone			

C  
Shades on like Velma  
hair long like Shaggy

Dm  
Crushin' addys in my water  
got my voice raspy

Am  
Haven't slept since California and that  
shit was last week

C  
Paranoid when I sleep  
but when I'm high, I'm happy

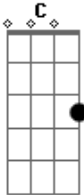
C  
That's why I need to kiss the sky when  
I get stuck in the valley

Dm  
Lift off

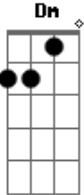
[Refrão]

Dm Am

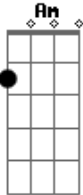
Acordes



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com

I'm off of the Earth

C  
On a ride, alone

Dm Am  
I'm drifting away

C  
Out of time, afloat

Dm Am  
Away from the truth

C  
Away from the night, away from the day

Dm Am  
I'm off of the Earth

C  
On a ride, alone

[Final] Dm Am C C  
Dm Am C C