

The Weeknd - Reminder

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Tom: Bb
                                                                I'mma keep on singing while I'm burning up that OG
Gm
Recommend play my song on the radio
                                                                All my niggas get it they make money all alone
You too busy trying to find that blue-eyed soul
                                                                Rock a chain around they neck, making sure I'm getting home
I let my black hair grow and my weed smoke
                                                                When I travel 'round the globe, make a couple mil a show
And I sweat too much on the regular
                                                                And I come back to my city, I fuck every girl I know
We gone let them hits fly, we gone let her go
                                                                Used to walk around with a slouch, had a mattress on the floor
If it ain't XO then it gotta go
                                                                Now my shit straight, eating all day, tryna lose weight
I just won a new award for a kids show
                                                                That good sex, we'll sweat it out
        Eb
Talking 'bout a face numbing off a bag a blow
                                                                Hotel bed springs we'll wear it out, I ain't gotta tell you
I'm like goddamn bitch I am not a Teen Choice
                                                                You know man
Goddamn bitch I am not a bleach boy
                                                                Fh
Whip game, make a nigga understand though
                                                                You know man
                                                                Cm
Got that Hannibal, Silence of the Lambo
                                                                You know man
Hit the gas so hard make it rotate
                                                                Every time we try to forget who I am
All my niggas blew up like a propane
                                                                I'll be right there to remind you again
All these R'n'B niggas be so lame
                                                                You know man (pow! pow!)
Got a sweet Asian chick she go low mane
                                                                You know man
You know man
                                                                Why don't you shake something, shake something
Fh
You know man
                                                                For the Don, don't you break nothing, break nothing
You know man
                                                                Big girl won't you work something, work something
                                                                                       Fh
Every time we try to forget who I am
                                                                For the Don, don't you hurt nothing, hurt nothing
I'll be right there to remind you again
                                                                Big girl won't you shake something, shake something
                                                                                      Eb
You know man (pow! pow!)
                                                                For the Don, don't you break nothing, break nothing
You know man
                                                                Baby girl won't you work something, work something
                                                                For the Don, don't you hurt nothing, hurt nothing
Said I'm just tryna swim in something wetter than the ocean
Faded off a double cup, I'm mixing up the potion
                                                                'Cause you know man
All I wanna do is make that money and make dope shit
                                                                They know man
It just seem like niggas tryna sound like all my old shit
                                                                You ain't know man
Everybody knows it, all these niggas know me
                                                                Now you know man
Platinum off a mixtape, sipping on that codeine
                                                                      Fb
                                                                Gm
                                                                \mathsf{Cm}
                                                                      Eb
Pour it in my trophies, roll until my nose bleed
                                                                      Eb
                                                                      Eb
                                                                Cm
Acordes
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