

# The Weeknd - Sidewalks

Tom: **D**

I ran out of tears when I was 18  
**Dbm**  
 So nobody made me but the main streets  
**Gbm**  
 'Cause too many people think they made me  
**Dbm**  
 Well, if they really made me then replace me  
**Gbm**  
 Homeless to Forbes List, these niggas bring no stress  
**Dbm**  
 I feel like Moses, I feel like I'm chosen  
**Bm7**  
 And if you ain't my nigga then your girl single to me  
**Dbm**  
 I don't give a damn if a nigga said he knew me  
**Gbm**  
 Grew up with no father so nobody ever "son" me  
**Dbm**  
 My flow too sick, Kevin Costner couldn't touch me  
**Gbm**  
 I know you wish that nobody ever love me  
**Dbm**  
 I feel useless when I'm never making money  
**Gbm**  
 Well, this the life we always fantasized  
**Dbm**  
 Rich folk problem through a Queen Street nigga's eyes  
**Bm7**  
 Every time you see me pulling up in Aventadors  
**Dbm**  
 Just know we been grinding on them sidewalks

**Gbm** **Dbm**  
 Sidewalks saved my life  
**Gbm** **Dbm**  
 They don't ever lie  
**Gbm** **Dbm**  
 Sidewalks saved my life  
**Bm7** **Dbm**  
 They showed me all the signs

**Gbm**  
 They don't let me down  
**Dbm** **Gbm**  
 But they lead me on  
**Dbm** **Gbm**  
 And they don't let me down  
**Dbm** **Bm7**  
 But they lead me on  
**Dbm**  
 And they lead me on

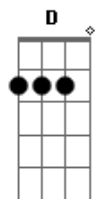
**Gbm**  
 Say, say, say I come from Myrtle, one brung late night melee  
**Dbm**

Say, say, say We hung all summer, sprung mattress with bae bae  
**Gbm**  
 Say, say, say Trippin' off Dyke, and my name strike with pay  
 day  
**Dbm**  
 Say, say, say Flippin' blue lightning, tightening, strapped  
 with AK  
**Gbm**  
 Say, say, say OG one, told me one, show me one, eight ways  
**Dbm**  
 How to segue pussy, power, profit in headache  
**Bm7**  
 I reminisce my life innocence or life innocent or life  
 intimate, with fame  
**Dbm**  
 Like when repent like when we women up gon' get it, good game  
**Gbm**  
 She wanna hang with a Starboy, the sun and the moon and star,  
 boy  
**Dbm**  
 Astronomer, anonymous, I line 'em up, grind 'em up, there's  
 nine of us  
**Gbm**  
 And five of us are probably fucked, she mollied up, I tallied  
 up all the parts, boy  
**Dbm**  
 Twenty legs, arms, head (head), head, head, more head (head)  
**Gbm**  
 Oh God, bless the dead (yah), I'm livin' life, high off life  
**Dbm**  
 I wear my chokes off to bed I'm the greatest nigga, why you so  
 scared to say it?  
**Bm7**  
 I wanna rock, I wanna rock, I wanna cop more land, I never  
 stop  
**Dbm**  
 I wanna quick advance on a bill if it ain't one Break  
 everything, I'm a hustler, came from

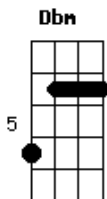
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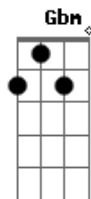
## Acordes



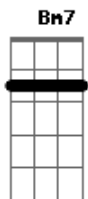
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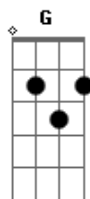
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