

# The Weeknd - Starboy

Tom: C

Am  
I'm tryna put you in the worst mood, ah  
Pl cleaner than your church shoes, ah  
Milli point two just to hurt you, ah  
G  
All red Lamb? just to tease you, ah  
C  
None of these toys on lease too, ah  
Dm  
Made your whole year in a week too, yah  
F  
Main bitch out your league too, ah  
G  
Side bitch out of your league too, ah  
Am  
(pré-refrão)  
C  
House so empty, need a centerpiece  
Dm  
Twenty racks a table cut from ebony  
F  
She cut that ivory into skinny pieces  
G  
Am  
Then she clean it with her face, man, I love my baby  
C  
You talking money, need a hearing aid  
Dm  
You talking 'bout me, I don't see a shade  
F  
Switch up my style, I take any lane  
G  
I switch up my cup, I kill any pain  
Am  
(refrão)  
C  
Am  
(Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha)  
Dm  
Look what you've done  
F  
G  
I'm a motherfuckin' starboy  
Am  
(Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha)  
C  
Dm  
Look what you've done  
F  
G  
I'm a motherfuckin' starboy  
Am  
C  
Every day a nigga try to test me, ah  
Dm  
Every day a nigga try to end me, ah  
F  
Pull off in that Roadster SV, ah  
G  
Pockets overweight, gettin' hefty, ah  
Am  
C  
Coming for the king, that's a far cry, ah  
Dm  
I come alive in the fall time, I  
F  
No competition, I don't really listen  
G  
Am  
I?m in the blue Mulsanne bumpin New Edition  
(pré-refrão)  
C  
House so empty, need a centerpiece  
Dm  
Twenty racks a table cut from ebony  
F  
She cut that ivory into skinny pieces  
G  
Am  
Then she clean it with her face, man, I love my baby

You talking money, need a hearing aid C

You talking 'bout me, I don?t see a shade Dm

Switch up my style, I take any lane F

I switch up my cup, I kill any pain Am

(refrão)

Am C  
(Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha) Dm F

Look what you've done

G Am  
I'm a motherfuckin' starboy C

(Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha) Dm F

Look what you've done

G Am  
I'm a motherfuckin' starboy

Am  
Let a nigga Brad Pitt

C  
Legend Of the Fall took the year like a bandit

Dm  
Bought mama a crib and a brand new wagon

F G  
Now she hit the grocery shop looking lavish

Am  
Star Trek roof in that Wraith of Khan

C  
Girls get loose when they hear this song

Dm  
One hundred on the dash get me close to God

F G  
We don't pray for love, we just pray for cars

(pré-refrão)

C  
House so empty, need a centerpiece Dm

Twenty racks a table cut from ebony F

She cut that ivory into skinny pieces G

Am  
Then she clean it with her face, man, I love my baby C

You talking money, need a hearing aid Dm

You talking 'bout me, I don?t see a shade F

Switch up my style, I take any lane Am

I switch up my cup, I kill any pain

(refrão)

Am C  
(Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha) Dm F

Look what you've done

G Am  
I'm a motherfuckin' starboy C

(Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha) Dm F

Look what you've done

G Am  
I'm a motherfuckin' starboy

Am C  
(Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha) Dm F

Look what you've done

G Am

I'm a motherfuckin' starboy  
(Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha) C

Look what you've done Dm F  
G  
I'm a motherfuckin' starboy Am

Acordes

C

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Am

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Dm

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F

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G

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