

Twenty One Pilots - 7 Acoustic Covers

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Nobody wanna see us together
                            tom:
                                                                But it don't matter no
Intro: C
                                                                'Cause I got you
No one, no one, no one
                                                                Its the \operatorname{remix} to ignition
Can get in the way of what I'm feelin'
                                                                Hot and fresh out the kitchen
No one, no one, no one
                                                                Mama rollin' that body
Can get in the way of what I'm feelin'
                                                                Got every man in here wishin'
No I won't hesitate
                                                                Sippin' on coke and rum
    Am
No more, no more
                                                                I'm like so what I'm drunk
                                                                It's the freakin' weekend baby
This cannot wait
I'm sure there's no need to complicate
                                                                I'm about to have me some fun
Our time is short
                                                                ( G D C )
                                                                ( G D C )
This is our fate
I'm yours
                                                                Do do do, do do do
                                                                Do do do, do do do
All I do is win, win, win, no matter what
                                                                Do do do, do do do
Got money on my mind I can never get enough
                                                                (Hey, must be the money)
Cos every time I step up in the building
                                                                If you wanna go and take a ride with me
Everybody hands go up
                                                                We three-wheelin' in the fo' with the gold D's
And they stay there
                                                                Oh why must I feel this way? (hey, must be the money!)
And they stay there
                                                                If you wanna go and get high with me
And they stay there
                                                                Smoke a L in the back of the Benz-y
Up down, up down, up down
                                                                Oh why must I feel this way (hey, must be the money)
Cause all I do is win, win, win
                                                                If you wanna go and take a ride with me
And if you goin' in put your hands in the air and they stay
                                                                We three-wheelin' in the fo' with the gold D's
                                                                Oh why must I feel this way? Yeah, yeah, yeah
Nobody wanna see us together
                                                                If you wanna go and take a ride with me
                                                                We three-wheelin' in the fo' with the gold D's
But it don't matter no
'Cause I got you
                                                                Oh why must I feel this way
Acordes
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