

Tyla Yaweh - Tommy Lee

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tom:
                Bb (forma dos acordes no tom de G )
Capostraste na 3º casa
Intro: Em D
     Ah, shit, I'm just workin' in the studio
 Ah, okay
 You miss me?
Papa
Callin' me "Papa"?
I want you, ?Papa
Aight,?I'll call you?right back (XL Eagle made it)
[Refrão]
You always talkin' about it (you always talkin' about it)
You never makin'?no?profit, uh (you?never makin' no profit)
I treat my hoes like a option (yeah)
If she talkin' and get out of pocket, ooh (okay)
I'm livin' life like a rockstar (oh)
Pullin' up, stretch limousines (pullin' up, stretch
limousines)
To look at me, that cost a fee (yeah)
The double C's all on my feet
You always talkin' about it, yeah (you always talkin' about
it)
You always talkin' about it (you always talkin' about it)
You say that you rappin' in private, yeah (woah)
But I see that you cap about it (yeah)
Livin' life like a rockstar
Pullin' up, stretch limousines (Stretch limousines)
To look at me, that cost a fee (woah)
Them double C's all on my feet (woah)
[Primeira Parte]
I changed my color to Nipsey blue (nipsey blue)
Your racks, it get small, that shit pitiful (racks)
If you tryna get so physical (woah)
That .45 will make you invisible (woah)
I'm livin' my life like a criminal (woah)
I call this shit First 48 (ayy)
I been quiet, there's no one to blame, yeah (blame)
My lawyer said we beat the case (we beat the case)
I'm livin' my life, celebration (woah)
I'm thankin' the Lord, I got patience (woah)
I'm lovin' the way that she take it (woah)
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I bend it, I fold it, I flip it
She bringin' it back just to prove it (prove it)
I'm givin' her work just to move it, yeah
I'm livin' the life that I'm choosin', yeah (choosin')
I'm gettin' these racks, gettin' stupid, yeah (oh)
[Refrão]
Fm
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You never makin' no profit, uh (you never makin' no profit)
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You say that you rappin' in private, yeah (woah)
But I see that you cap about it (yeah)
Livin' life like a rockstar
Pullin' up, stretch limousines (stretch limousines)
To look at me, that cost a fee (woah)
Them double C's all on my feet (woah)
[Segunda Parte]
 Pull up with the drum like I'm Tommy Lee
Yaweh got a stick, came to rock with me
   Milli' on wrist, ain't no rocks on me (rocks on me, rocks
on me)
I'm pretty as fuck, wanna copy me (Damn)
I heard you was mad 'cause I'm poppin' as shit (wow, wow)
I'm poppin' the 'pagne and I'm poppin' that bitch (wow, ooh,
I hop out a plane and went straight to the whip (ooh)
I know they can see, I think that's pretty cool if you askin'
 Bugatti, no body roll, curtains in back of the candy Rolls
 I love when my lawyer calls, I hate when I run out of smoke
 Pull up to the party, oh, and we like to party, oh
  I finish the bottle, dawg, get this bitch jumpin', no Mario
 Still shit's so hard
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Cigarettes, cough
                                                                The double C's all on my feet
                                                                You always talkin' about it, yeah (you always talkin' about
 {\tt Bathroom\ stalls}
                                                                it)
 Please don't save my life, oh
                                                                You always talkin' about it (you always talkin' about it)
[Refrão]
                                                                You say that you rappin' in private, yeah (woah)
You always talkin' about it (you always talkin' about it)
                                                                But I see that you cap about it (yeah)
You never makin' no profit, uh (you never makin' no profit)
                                                                Livin' life like a rockstar
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I'm livin' life like a rockstar (oh)
                                                                Them double C's all on my feet (woah)
Pullin' up, stretch limousines
                                                                Livin' life like a rockstar
To look at me, that cost a fee (yeah)
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Acordes

