

# Amine - Wedding Crashers

Tom: D

A Bm  
I was duped, didn't know the truth  
A Bm  
Got rid of my old flame, now I got a boo  
A Bm  
And now I'm feeling cool, I'm feeling brand new  
A Bm  
I would pay a lot to be the nigga in my shoes (Who this for?)

A Bm  
This is dedicated to my ex lovers  
A Bm  
Hope that you hear this, never find another  
A Bm  
Me and my friends, we don't worry or pretend  
A Bm  
Hope your playdate's at your wedding  
Bm  
Yeah, the one I won't attend  
A Bm  
This is dedicated to my ex lovers  
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Hope that you hear this, never find another  
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Me and my friends, we don't worry or pretend  
A  
Hope your playdate's at your wedding  
Bm  
Yeah, the one I won't attend (Sike)

A Bm  
Vultures at the altar tell the pastor to watch his back  
A Bm  
My girl said she wanted change and then she got a quarterback  
A Bm  
Well, damn, I ain't no football player  
A Bm  
But I hit it harder than a football player  
A  
The girl of my dreams just became a girl  
Bm  
And well, we can talk about that later  
A Bm  
Honeymoon in your hometown, bitch, you broke now  
A Bm  
Your mama ask about me almost every week  
A Bm  
He can speak in tongue, talkin' bout "Forever hold your peace"  
A Bm  
I said peace, please hurry up and kiss so I can eat

A  
Tootsie roll and your tippy toes  
Bm  
So much soul that my soul got soul  
A  
Your auntie and uncle, they love me  
Bm  
All your bridesmaids wanna fuck me  
A Bm  
Your groom look like a broom and it make me "hahaha"  
A Bm  
Girl, I coulda been your Pap and you be my Remy Ma

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A  
Yes, I've been balling, yeah  
Bm  
Maybachs to Lambos and 'Raris, yeah  
A  
Fresh in that Cartier  
Bm  
Take off your clothes, we get naughty, yeah  
A  
Whole party lit, bad bitches everywhere  
Bm  
Gang in this bitch, nawfside extraordinaire (gang!)  
A  
Pipe up the city, the diamonds gon' light up the city  
Bm  
I got your girl on the low  
A  
I slide in it, and then I'ma dodge in it  
Bm  
I got her selling her soul  
A  
Pick up five bags in a row  
Bm  
White diamonds look like the Pope  
A  
Gucci Python on the loafers  
Bm  
Yeah, my pinky look just like the ocean  
A  
It's colder, North Dakota  
Bm  
From the bowl to the chauffeurs  
A Bm  
Having fun in a Rollster, in Milan copping Goyard  
A Bm  
Now that I'm taking over, your hand out, but I don't owe ya  
I came from the dirt, soil

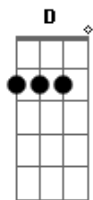
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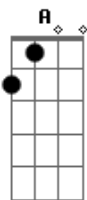
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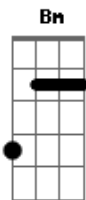
## Acordes



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