

# Chris Brown - No Guidance (feat. Drake)

Tom: A

Before I die I'm tryna fuck you, baby

Hopefully we don't have no babies

I don't even wanna go back home

Hopefully, I don't leave you on your own

[Primeira Parte]

A  
Ayy

Trips that you plan for the next whole week

Dbm  
Bands too long for a nigga so cheap

And your flex 0D, and your sex 0D

A  
You got it, girl, you got it (Ayy)

Dbm  
You got it, girl, you got (Yeah)

A  
Pretty lil' thing, you got a bag and now you wildin'

You just took it off the lot, no mileage

B  
Way they hittin' you, the DM lookin' violent

Abm  
Talkin' wild, you come around and now they silent

A7M  
Flew the coop at 17, no guidance

A  
You be stayin' low but you know what the vibes is

Dbm  
Ain't never got you nowhere bein' modest

Poppin' shit but only 'cause you know you're poppin', yeah

[Refrão]

A7M  
You got it, girl, you got it (Ayy)

Dbm  
You got it, girl, you got it

[Segunda Parte]

A  
Lil' baby in her bag, in her Birkin

No nine to five, put the work in

B  
Flaws and all, I love 'em all, to me, you're perfect

A  
Baby girl, you got it, girl, you got it, girl (Oh-oh)

Dbm  
You got it, girl, you got it, girl (Ooh)

[Pré-Refrão]

A  
I don't wanna play no games, play no games

B  
Fuck around, give you my last name (Oh)

Dbm  
Know you tired of the same damn thing

That's okay 'cause, baby, you

[Refrão]

A7M  
You got it, girl, you got it (Ayy)

Dbm  
You got it, girl, you got it

[Terceira Parte]

Abm  
You the only one I'm tryna make love to, pickin' and choosin'

B  
They ain't really love you, runnin' games, usin'

Dbm  
All your stupid exes, they gon' call again

B  
Tell 'em that a real nigga steppin' in

A  
Don't let them niggas try you, test your patience

B  
Tell 'em that it's over, ain't no debatin' (Uh)

Dbm  
All you need is me playin' on your playlist

You ain't gotta be frustrated

[Quarta Parte]

Before I die I'm tryna fuck you, baby

Hopefully we don't have no babies

I don't even wanna go back home

Hopefully, I don't leave you on your own

[Pré-Refrão]

A  
I don't wanna play no games, play no games

B  
Fuck around, give you my last name (Oh)

Dbm  
Know you tired of the same damn thing

That's okay 'cause, baby, you

[Refrão]

A7M  
You got it, girl, you got it (Ayy)

Dbm  
You got it, girl, you got it

Dbm  
Freaky (Freaky)

A  
I can learn a lot from you, gotta come teach me (Woo, woo)

Dbm  
You a lil' hot girl, you a lil' sweetie (No, sweet)

B  
Sweet like Candy Land, sweet like Peachtree (Like that)

Dbm  
I can tell you crazy, but shit kind of intrigue me (No, yeah, I like that)

(I don't wanna, I don't wanna)

B  
Seen it on the 'gram, I'm tryna see that shit in 3D, mami

Dbm  
I know I get around 'cause I like to move freely

(I don't, I don't)

B  
But you could lock it down, I could tell by how you treat me

(I don't, I don't)

Dbm  
I seen how you did homeboy, so please take it easy (No, yeah)

A  
Good to have me on your side, I ain't sayin' that you need me (Yeah, yeah)

Dbm  
Six God talk but I ain't tryna get preachy (No, no, no)

B  
I seen how you did homeboy, please take it easier on me

Dbm

'Cause I don't wanna (No) play no games, play no games

(I don't, I don't)

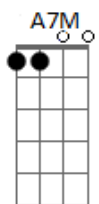
(I don't wanna, I don't wanna)

I don't, I don't

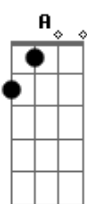
I don't wanna <sup>B</sup> play no games, <sup>A</sup> play no games

No

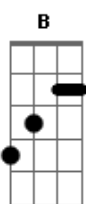
## Acordes



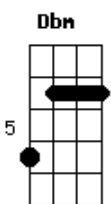
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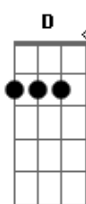
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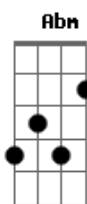
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