

Ed Sheeran - 1000 Nights (feat. Meek Mill & Boogie Wit Da Hoodie)

Tom: G

Intro: Em Am
Em Am

[Refrão]

I've been up for a thousand nights
 New York to London, different city every day, yeah
 Playin' on, playin' on, puttin' on 50 thousand lights
 Oh, I've been gone so long, gettin' up and gettin' faded
 So I'm on, keepin' on, stayin' up for a thousand nights

[Primeira Parte]

This the type of shit we used to dream of (Yeah, yeah)
 Bad bitch look like Mona Lisa (Mona Lisa)
 Flippin' off a yacht in Ibiza (Splash, water)
 Clear port, hasta la vista
 Do it all again when we touchdown, everything bust down
 Teacher said I would lose, I be like, "What now?"
 I started makin' moves, they showin' me love now
 Lit like a light bulb 'cause, bitch, I'm the plug now

And now you know we poppin', we bubble like soda pop
 And I see it, I like it, I wake up, pull up, and go and cop it
 The millions get wired, them Benny hunnids still go in pocket
 I party with Ed Sheeran, my homies still hold the rocket
 'Cause I'm so hood, it don't make no sense
 Still remember the times I couldn't pay my rent
 Now, I walk in a stadium, tell 'em, "Play my shit"
 And they gon' sing like this

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[Segunda Parte]

Last night, I played a show at a stadium in Atlanta
 Husband and wives, daddies and daughters with the cameras
 I never thought it would get this big, but what does it matter?
 Everything is already part of a plan
 I remember, damn, me and my man inside of this Sprinter van

200 a night, end of 2010

Stayin' up in every city's Holiday Inn
 If it wasn't there, then I was at the couch of a friend's
 Weatherspoon's was an easy option to get a cheaper lunch and
 £2 pint, the waitress maybe leave her number
 Onto the next town, but now it's to the next continent (Woo)
 And I don't think it's gonna be stoppin' anytime soon
 Birds eye view, pay my dues for a two-mile queue
 Don't need to read reviews if you can't do the things I do
 Oh, let me invite you to my world

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[Terceira Parte]

Mmm, I'm so faded, yeah
 I don't even know how much I made this year
 I'm so used to bein' on some player shit
 Cheated on my girlfriend with a fiendish bitch
 Hoodie on pull up, just like the Reaper, yeah
 I do this on the regular, make you seem off, yeah
 St. Laurent, Gucci sweater, the red and green Moncler
 Me and Meek and Ed Sheeran just like the Beatles, yeah
 From her head to her toe, she know she be flee, yeah
 Everyday, I be seein' her and Selena, yeah
 She wanna come closer, but I don't see us there
 I'm not a regular person, I be low-key all year
 From New York out to London she was, she was with me all the time
 And I've been on the road, so I know she couldn't call my line
 And now I see she got her ass and titties done for a thousand likes, meh

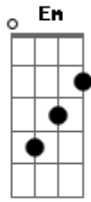
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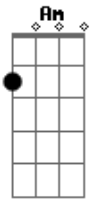
Acordes



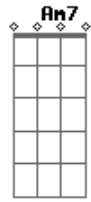
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