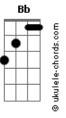
Frank Ocean - Nikes

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Tom: Bb
Intro: Eb Gm Cm
                        x2
[Verse 1]
                                                                                                - 3
                   Fb
                           Gm
These bitches want Nikes
                                                                    ---5------|
                                                                   -----
                                                                                                -----6----6-----6-----6-----6-----
                   Cm
They looking for a check
                                                               FI-----
Tell em it ain't likely
                                                                Eb
                                 Gm
Said she need a ring like Carmelo
                                                               [Verse 2]
                Cm
Must be on that white like Othello
                                                                                                Gm
                                                                                  Fb
                                                               We'll let you guys prophesy
               Fb
All you want is Nikes
                                                                                   Cm
                                                               We'll let you guys prophesy
       Gm
But the real ones
                                                                                               Cm
                                                               We gon' see the future first
     Cm
Just like you
                                                                                  Fb
                                                               We'll let you guys prophesy
    Cm
Just like me
                                                               We gon' see the future first
Eb
                           Gm
I don't play, I don't make time
                                                               Living so the last night feels like a past life
          Cm
But if you need dick I got you and I yam from the line
                                                                                          Cm
                                                               Speaking of the, don't know what got into people
           Fb
Pour up for A$AP
    Gm
                                                               Devil be possessin homies, Demons try to body jump
RIP Pimp C
                                                               Why you think I'm in this bitch wearing a fucking Yarmulke?
    Cm
RIP Trayvon, that nigga look just like me
                                                               Acid on me like the rain
 Woo, fuckin' buzzin', woo!
Cm
                                                               Weed crumbles in the glitter
 That my little cousin, he got a little trade
                                                               Rain, glitter
                  Fh
His girl keep the scales, a little mermaid
                                                                                   Cm
                                                               We laid out on this wet floor
             Gm
We out by the pool, some little mermaids
                                                               Away turf, no Astro
           Cm
Me and them gel, like twigs with them bangs
                                                                                   Cm
                                                               Mesmerized how the strobes glow
Now that's a real mermaid
                                                               Look at all the people feet dance
                      Fb
You been holding your breath
                                                                                       Fb
                                                               I know that your nigga came with you
       Gm
Weighted down
                                                               But he ain't with you
    Cm
Punk madre, punk papa
                                                                                       Cm
                                                               We only human and it's humid in these Balmains
        Fb
He don't care for me
                                                               I mean my balls sticking in my jeans
       Gm
But who cares for me
                                                                            Cm
                                                               We breathin pheremones, Amber Rose
         Cm
And that's good enough
                                                               Sippin' pink-gold lemonades, feelin'
        Eb
We don't talk much or nothin'
                                                                  I may be younger but I'll look after you
           Gm
But when we talkin' about something
                                                               Cm
                                                                  We're not in love, but I'll make love to you
       Cm
We have good discussion
                                                               Eb
                                                                  When you're not here I'll save some for you
         Eb
I met his friends last week, feels like they're up to
                                                               Cm
                                                                  I'm not him but I'll mean something to you
something
        Cm
                                                                    Eb
                                                               I'll mean something to you
That's good for us
                                                                    Cm
                                                               I'll mean something to you
(A partir daqui esse riff acustico entra e continua até o
final):
                                                                                           Gm
                                                                  You got a roommate he'll hear what we do
                                                                  It's only awkward if you're fucking him too
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Acordes





Eb © ukulele-chords.com

