

# Harry Styles - Juice

tom:  
 Capotraste na 3ª casa  
 Intro: Am Dm7 C F F G

Am  
 Mirror, mirror on the wall  
 Dm7 C  
 Don't say it 'cause I know I'm cute (Ooh, baby)  
 F  
 Gucci down?to?my drawers  
 F G  
 LV all?on my shoes (Ooh, baby)  
 Am  
 I be?drippin' so much sauce  
 Dm7 C  
 Got me lookin' like RAGÚ (Ooh, baby)  
 F  
 Lit up like a crystal ball  
 F G  
 That's cool, baby, so is you  
 Am  
 That's how I roll

If I'm shinin', everybody gonna shine (Yeah, I'm goals)  
 Dm7 C F  
 I was born like this, don't even gotta try (Now you know)  
 F G Am  
 I'm like chardonnay, get better over time (So you know)  
 Dm7 C F  
 Heard you say I'm not the baddest, bitch, you lie (Haha)  
 F G

Am Dm7 C  
 It ain't my fault that I'm out here gettin' loose  
 F  
 Gotta blame it on the Goose  
 F G Am  
 Gotta blame it on my juice, baby  
 Dm7 C  
 It ain't my fault that I'm out here makin' news  
 F  
 I'm the pudding in the proof  
 F G  
 Gotta blame it on my juice

Am Dm7 C  
 Ya-ya-ee, ya-ya-ee, ya-ya-ee, ya-ya-ee  
 F F G  
 Blame it on my juice, blame it, blame it on my juice  
 Am Dm7 C  
 Ya-ya-ee, ya-ya-ee, ya-ya-ee, ya-ya-ee  
 F F G  
 Blame it on my juice, blame it, blame it on my juice

Am  
 No, I'm not a snack at all  
 Dm7 C  
 Look, baby, I'm the whole damn meal (Ooh, baby)  
 F  
 Geoffrey, you ain't bein' slick  
 F G  
 Don't dare try to cop a feel (Ooh, baby)  
 Am  
 The juice ain't worth the squeeze  
 Dm7 C F  
 If the juice don't look like this (Like this, like this, like

this)  
 Hold up, baby, please  
 F G  
 Don't make me have to take your ooo! (How I roll)

Am Dm7 C F  
 If I'm shinin', everybody gonna shine (Yeah, I'm goals)  
 F G Am  
 I was born like this, don't even gotta try (Now you know)  
 Dm7 C F  
 I'm like chardonnay (Okay), get better over time (So you know)  
 F G  
 Heard you say I'm not the baddest, bitch, you lie (You lie)

Am Dm7 C  
 It ain't my fault that I'm out here gettin' loose  
 F  
 Gotta blame it on the Goose  
 F G Am  
 Gotta blame it on my juice, baby  
 Dm7 C  
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 Am Dm7 C  
 Ya-ya-ee, ya-ya-ee, ya-ya-ee, ya-ya-ee  
 F F G  
 Blame it on my juice, blame it, blame it on my juice (Alright)

Somebody come get this man  
 I think he got lost in my DMs, what? My DMs, what?  
 You better come get your man  
 I think he wanna be way more than friends, what?  
 Way more than friends  
 What you want me to say?

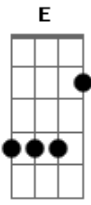
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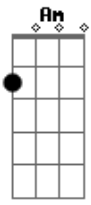
## Acordes



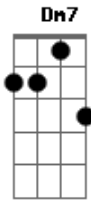
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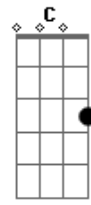
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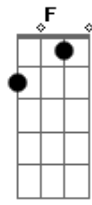
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