

Jon Bellion - Woke The F*ck Up

Tom: G

Take your clothes and rip 'em, rip 'em off
 Call these hoes and tip 'em, tip 'em off
 You can tell them you are mine
 I'm sick of, sick of games
 No more time, you lit the, lit the flame, yeah
 We live in an age where everything is staged
 Where all we do is fake our feelings
 I've been scared to put myself so out there
 Time is running out, yeah
 Need to let you know that

Last night I woke the fuck up
 I realized I need you here, as desperate as that sounds, yeah-eh
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 Take these walls and rip 'em, rip 'em down
 Take my (uh) and zip 'em, zip 'em...
 I will tell them I am yours and very, very proud
 I am forced to give in, give in now
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Acordes

