

Juice Wrld - Bandit (feat. NBA Youngboy)

tom:
 Ab (forma dos acordes no tom de G)
 Capotraste na 1ª casa
 Intro:
 C C D
 Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh yeah
 Em I just want, bad bitches,
 Em them bad bitches is the baddest, uh, uh
 C C D
 When I take the molly, I'm a savage

[Refrão]

Em I don't need no molly to be savage, uh
 Em When I'm on that molly, I feel savage, uh, uh
 C She the definition of a bad bitch
 C D
 Stole her, I'm the definition of a bandit, uh, ayy
 Em I don't need no molly to be savage, uh, ayy
 Em But when I'm on the molly, I feel savage
 C Ayy, my girl the definition of a bad bitch
 C D
 Stole her heart, I'm the definition of a bandit

[Primeira Parte]

Em Put the Percs down and picked up the jiggas, jiggas, jiggas
 Tommy in the fucking Tommy Hilfiger, ?figer, ?figer
 C That Tommy hit a nigga, Tommy Hilfiger, fuck niggas
 D
 I'm nice, when I?m high off the pills, I'ma fuck with her
 Em I don't smoke skunk, but tonight I'm getting stuck, nigga
 Pour the codeine up and put some molly in the cup with it
 C I know she a freak, uh-huh, she gon? fuck with it
 D
 She my velcro, uh-huh, guess I'm stuck with her
 A I dive in it like a sailor, I love to nail her
 B Addicted to her paraphernalia, I had to tell her
 C I see it like a fortune teller
 A Your ex-nigga did good, I could do better
 Em Bad bitch from the woods, I think she a hunter
 She a killer and an eater, she a Jeffery Dahmer
 C I can tell when she in her feelings, I can read her like a
 book
 D
 No TEC, no Beretta, FN on me, am I understood?
 Yeah, yeah, yeah

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[Segunda Parte]

Em My brother point her out and she a bad bitch, I'm on her
 Must ain't heard that I'm a savage, once I get a bitch, I own
 her
 C I see she got swag, I got cash so I want her
 D
 See this four-five in my pants, put on your ass, push up on
 bruh
 Em Shawty, she a rider with that glizzy on her (With that glizzy
 on her)
 And shawty, I'ma die there with no semi on me (Semi on me)
 C If we got a problem, we get rid of homie (Yeah)
 D
 Put fifty thousand in your pocket, we gon' get the money
 (Yeah)
 A I'm the definition of a bandit (Come on, bruh)
 B Took your heart from out his hands and still ain't saying shit
 (Honest)
 C Some new killers in my circle you done ran with it
 A Like this dirty .38, this bitch'll damage
 Em Popping wheelies, 4K Trey, call when you land with it (Pop,
 pop, pop)
 I let you drive inside my bros where they be laying with it
 D
 Like fuck the stove, I make it jump without my hand in it

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Acordes

