

Juice Wrld - Empty

tom:
 C
 [Refrão]
 F
 From the unknown
 Am7 Gadd9 F
 I ran away, I don't think I'm coming back home
 Am7
 Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa
 Gadd9 F
 Like a crawlspace, it's a dark place I roam
 Am7
 Ain't no right way, just the wrong way I know
 Am7
 My world revolves around a black hole
 Gadd9 F
 The same black hole that's in place of my soul, uh
 Am7 Gadd9
 Empty, I feel so goddamn empty
 F
 I may go rogue
 Am7
 Don't tempt me, big bullet holes
 Gadd9
 Tote semi-autos
 [Primeira Parte]
 F
 Huh, yeah
 I'm keepin' it real, real
 Am7
 I'm keepin' it real, uh, yeah
 Gadd9 F
 Life gets tough, shit is getting real (Yeah)
 I don't know how to feel
 Am7
 Swallowing all these pills
 Gadd9
 Numb my real feels, uh
 F
 Devil standing here
 Tryna' make a deal, uh
 Am7
 It ain't no deals
 Gadd9
 Feel like I'm going crazy but still took a lot to get me here
 F
 Losing my sanity up in a house in the hills, hills, hills
 Am7 Gadd9
 F
 I ain't have anything then and I still don't have anything
 still, still, still, uh
 Bein' me, I rock, PnB
 Am7 Gadd9
 These hoes actin' like gossip, TMZ
 F
 These drugs acting like
 Mosh pits squishing me
 Am7 Gadd9 F
 Oh my, oh me, how they kill me slowly
 Am7
 Lonely, I been gettin' no peace
 Gadd9 F
 OD, feel like overdosing
 Am7
 Low key I been looking for the signs
 Gadd9 F
 But all I can find is a sign of the times
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 [Segunda Parte]
 F
 I ain't suicidal
 Am7 Gadd9 F
 Only thing suicide is suicide doors
 Am7
 Fight for survival
 Gadd9 F
 Gotta keep hope up, rolling good dope up (Uh)
 Am7
 Hold my hand, through hell we go
 Gadd9 F
 Don't look back, it ain't the past no more
 Am7
 Gonna get to the racks, all them niggas want war
 Gadd9 F
 Yeah, I was put here to lead the lost souls
 Am7
 Exhale depression as the wind blows
 Gadd9 F
 These are the laws of livin' in vogue
 Am7
 We're perfectly imperfect children
 Gadd9 F
 Rose from the dust, all of us are on a mission
 Am7
 Never gave a fuck, really came from rags to riches
 Gadd9 F
 Now we live it up, driving with the rooftop missin'
 Am7
 I don't give a fuck, really came from rags to riches
 Gadd9 F
 Now I live it up, driving with the rooftop missin'
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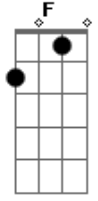
Am7

Gadd9

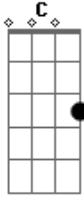
Don't tempt me, big bullet holes

Tote semi-autos

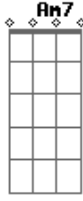
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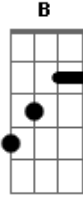
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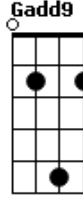
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