

# Juice Wrld - Righteous

tom:

Intro: <sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>

I will  
I will  
I will  
Oh, uh

( <sup>Am</sup> )

<sup>G</sup>  
All white Gucci suit, I'm feeling <sup>F</sup>righteous (yeah)

I know that the truth is hard to <sup>Am</sup>digest

(Yeah)

<sup>G</sup>  
Five or six pills in my right hand (yeah, yeah)

Codeine runneth over on my <sup>Am</sup>nightstand

<sup>G</sup>  
Taking medicine to fix all of the <sup>F</sup>damage

My anxiety the size of a <sup>Am</sup>planet (oh)

<sup>G</sup>  
Holes in my skull, over time

My heart's over ice (whoa)

<sup>Dm</sup>  
Over ice, I'm <sup>F</sup>freezing

<sup>Am</sup>  
Beautiful eyes, <sup>G</sup>deceiving

<sup>Dm</sup>  
We may die this evening

<sup>Am</sup>  
Coughing, wheezing, <sup>G</sup>bleeding

<sup>D</sup>  
High, I'm an <sup>F</sup>anxious soul

<sup>Am</sup>  
Blood moons are my eyes, <sup>G</sup>stay low

<sup>Dm</sup>  
Red and black, they <sup>F</sup>glow

<sup>Am</sup>  
Under attack, in my <sup>G</sup>soul

<sup>Dm</sup>  
When it's my time, I'll <sup>F</sup>know

<sup>Am</sup>  
Never seen a hell so <sup>G</sup>cold (Yeah)

<sup>Dm</sup>  
We'll make it out, I <sup>F</sup>know

<sup>Am</sup>  
We'll run right through the <sup>G</sup>flames, let's <sup>Am</sup>go

<sup>G</sup>  
All white Gucci suit, I'm feeling <sup>F</sup>righteous (yeah)

I know that the truth is hard to <sup>Am</sup>digest (yeah)

<sup>G</sup>  
Five or six pills in my right hand (yeah)

Codeine runneth over on my <sup>Am</sup>nightstand

<sup>G</sup>  
Takin' medicine to fix all of the <sup>F</sup>damage

My anxiety the size of a <sup>Am</sup>planet (yeah, ooh)

<sup>G</sup>  
Holes in my skull, over time My heart's over ice (woah)

<sup>G</sup>  
I'm in too <sup>F</sup>deep

Can't swim like <sup>Am</sup>me

<sup>G</sup>  
We're <sup>F</sup>drowning

So I will <sup>Dm</sup>see

<sup>F</sup>  
My demons ten feet, under <sup>Am</sup>me

Inhale, exhale, but I can't <sup>Am</sup>breathe

Too busy drinking codeine doin' <sup>Dm</sup>high speeds

Crash, pour a four, sip it slow, make the time <sup>Am</sup>pass

Take a pill for the <sup>G</sup>thrill, have a <sup>Dm</sup>relapse

Devil in my head tryna run <sup>Am</sup>gym laps

I ain't tryna <sup>G</sup>race, he don't even know me like <sup>Am</sup>that

<sup>G</sup>  
All white Gucci suit, I'm feeling <sup>F</sup>righteous (yeah)

I know that the truth is hard to <sup>Am</sup>digest

(Yeah)

<sup>G</sup>  
Five or six pills in my right hand (yeah)

Codeine runneth over on my <sup>Am</sup>nightstand

<sup>G</sup>  
Taking medicine to fix all of the <sup>F</sup>damage

My anxiety the size of a <sup>Am</sup>planet (oh)

<sup>G</sup>  
Holes in my skull, over time

My heart's over ice (whoa)

Over ice (whoa)

( <sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> )

( <sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> )

( <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> )

( <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> )

## Acordes

