

Khalid - Rollin

Tom: Db

m

Intro: Dbm A Gbm B
 Dbm A Gbm B
 Dbm A Gbm B
 Dbm A Gbm B

[Refrão]

I've been rollin' on the freeway
 Dbm A

I've been riding 85
 Gbm B

I've been thinking way too much
 B

And I'm way too gone to drive
 Dbm A

I got anger in my chest
 A Gbm

I got millions on my mind
 B

And you didn't fit the picture
 Dbm A

So I guess you weren't the vibe
 B

I've been rollin' on the freeway
 A Gbm

I've been riding 85
 B

I've been thinking way too much
 Dbm A

And I'm way too gone to drive
 B

I got anger in my chest
 A Gbm

I got millions on my mind
 B

And you didn't fit the picture
 Dbm A

So I guess you weren't the vibe
 B

[Primeira Parte]

L-0-V-E on my right leg,
 Dbm A

that's Gucci (know what I'm sayin'?)
 A

L-0-V-E on my main ho,
 A Gbm

that's pucci (get what I'm sayin'?)
 B

Caught a lil' jetlag but I'm golden, damn
 Dbm A

We deserve Grammys and some Oscars, damn
 B

They deserve wammys, they imposters
 A Gbm

I be rollin' with my project homies, it's a vibe
 B

I just did some pills with the homie, it's a vibe
 A

Bend her over, switch sides, it's a vibe
 B

[Pré-Refrão]

I come through with strippers and some shottas
 A

I gotta accept that I'm a monster
 Gbm B

I pull up in several different options
 A

Not all, but most of 'em came topless
 Dbm A

I'll shatter your dreams with this cream I make
 B

Gotta be on codeine to think of shit I say
 A

Gbm

I can't feel my toes and ain't gon' fold up
 B

I was in the parkin' lot when I rolled up

[Refrão]

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I got anger in my chest
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I got millions on my mind
 B

And you didn't fit the picture
 Dbm A

So I guess you weren't the vibe
 B

[Segunda Parte]

Pluto
 Dbm A

Gotta dig what I'm sayin'
 B

Chanel draped on me, baby
 A

Gotta dig what I'm sayin'
 A

she look like she's sponsored by Mercedes
 Gbm B

Dig what I'm sayin'
 Gbm B

this cree cologne is on me, baby (you dig?)
 B

Dig what I'm sayin'? I'm goin' hard (hard, yeah)
 Dbm A

I pop up bubbly in your memory
 A

You should be glad
 A

I'm showin' you sympathy (show you sympathy)
 Gbm B

I gave you, took you up out the gutter (out the gutter)
 B

Ever let you go,
 B

you gon' suffer (you gon' suffer from it)

[Pré-Refrão]

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 A

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 Gbm B

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 B

Not all, but most of 'em came topless
 I'll shatter your dreams with this cream I make
 Gotta be on codeine to think of shit I say
 I can't feel my toes and ain't gon' fold up
 I was in the parkin' lot when I rolled up
 (Dbm A Gbm)

[Final]

Yeah, L.O.V.E. on my right leg
 (B Dbm A Gbm B)

Nah Hendrix overload, dig what I'm sayin'?
 I feel like I should be giving up
 You can't leave this, it's too much
 But I'm tired of you leading me on, oh no
 I don't like where this shit is going
 You heart is stuck in all your apologies
 Gave you my all but you went off on me
 Keep your love, it doesn't feel the same
 I hope it hurts you when you're hearin' my name
 (Dbm A Gbm B Dbm A Gbm B Dbm A Gbm B)

Acordes

