

Post Malone - Psycho

Tom: Eb

Eb
 Damn, my AP goin' psycho, lil' mama bad like Michael
Eb
 Can't really trust nobody with all this jewelry on you
Eb **Ab**
 My roof look like a no-show, got diamonds by the boatload
Ab
 Come with the Tony Romo for clowns and all the bozos
Ab **Eb**
 My AP goin' psycho, lil' mama bad like Michael
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 My roof look like a no-show, got diamonds by the boatload
Ab
 Don't act like you my friend when I'm rollin' through my ends,
 though

Eb
 You stuck in the friend zone, I tell her four, five, the
 fifth, ayy
Eb
 Hunnid bands inside my shorts, DeChino the shit, ayy
Ab
 Try to stuff it all in, but it don't even fit, ayy
Ab
 Know that I been with the shits ever since a jit, ayy
Eb
 I made my first million, I'm like, "Shit, this is it," ayy
Eb
 Thirty for a walkthrough, man, we had every slit, ayy
Ab
 Had so many bottles, gave ugly girl a sip
Ab
 Out the window of the Benzo, we gets in in the rent'
Eb
 And I'm like "woah"
Eb
 Man, my neck so goddamn cold
Eb **Ab**
 Diamonds weigh my teeth is sore
Ab **Eb**
 I got homies, let it blow, oh, oh
Eb
 My money thick, won't ever fold
Ab
 She said, "Can I have some to hold?"
Ab
 And I can never tell you no

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Eb
 The AP goin' psycho, my Rollie goin' brazy
Eb
 We're hittin' lil' mamas, she wanna have my babies
Ab
 Sippy on the Panky, chain so stanky
Ab
 You should see the whip, promise I can take yo' bitch

Eb
 Dolla ridin' in an old school Chevy, it's a drop top
Eb
 Boolin' with a thot-thot, she gon' give me top-top
Ab
 Just one switch, I can make the ass drop (ayy)
Ab
 Uh, take you to the smoke shop
Eb
 We gon' get high, ayy, we gon' hit Rodeo
Eb
 Dolla Valentino, we gon' hit Pico

Ab
 Take you where I'm from, take you to the slums
Ab
 This ain't happen overnight, no, these diamonds real bright
Eb
 Saint Laurent jeans, still in my Vans though
Eb
 All VVS's, put you in a necklace
Ab
 Girl, you look beautiful tonight
Ab
 Stars on the roof, they matching with the jewelry

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Acordes

