

The Weeknd - Double Fantasy (feat. Future)

tom:

Intro: Am Em C
F G F G
Am Em

Temperature risin', bodies unitin'
Now that I trapped you in my arms
No need to fight it, no need to hide it
Now that I see what's in your heart
Baby girl, I'm the only one who knows this side of you
And baby, you know that I can pull out what's inside of you

Even though it's wrong
It's wrong
Even though it's wrong, baby
My girl
Oh-ooh-oh, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, oh-oh
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Oh-ooh-oh, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, oh-oh
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Oh-oh-oh

You want me inside you, beg me to slide in
No way we should have never met
Girl, when you ride it, see you decided
Don't say those words that you'll regret
Baby girl, I can tell that you think that I'm right to you
I already know that it's not true, but girl, I'll lie to you

Even though it's wrong (Yeah, yeah)
It's wrong (Yeah, yeah)
Even though it's wrong, baby (Yeah, yeah)

My girl (Yeah)
Oh-ooh-oh, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, oh-oh
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Oh-ooh-oh, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, oh-oh
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Oh-oh-oh

Acordes

We do the things, but we know it's wrong
All on my skin, you all in my palm
I sent you an envelope, came with a poem
You possess venom, that came with a charm
You get the good out me, when I perform
I know the bad of you, that's just what I want
And you a baddie, you turnin' me on
Feel for your demons, I know where this goin'
Love when you fuckin', we talkin', I know what you doin'
Caught up in love, what the fuck is we doin'?
Bottles and bottles what else there ain't to it
I tell you "I got you", it's real, understood
Your legs on the bed and your head on the floor
We go outside whenever we get bored
We get it poppin', leave nothin' in the store
If I go to Saturn, I know that you goin'
Fuck me on Saturday early in the mornin'
Flyer than a bird, she gon' open her door
Scream when I murder, might show you remorse
Gotta be cautious, can't pay the support
Stars in the ceilin', don't feel like a Porsche
Came from the trenches, just livin' at war
Once was a prostitute, I can afford it, the one I adore
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