

# Yelawolf - Best Friend

Tom: G

Am C  
ain't never been much of the church type  
Em  
but I believe in the last days  
Am C  
I walk through Hell almost every night  
Em  
but I believe it's a pathway  
Am C  
Say boy what you doin' with your life  
Em  
With those tattoos on your face  
Am C  
Say boy you know that you'll pay the price  
Em  
Well I guess I'll see when I head that way

Refrão:

Am G Em  
To the father son and holy spirit  
I hold you nearest  
Am G  
My best friend best friend  
C  
Let the trumpets blow with your appearance  
Em  
I can almost hear it  
Am G  
My best friend best friend  
Em  
When you wish me Hell upon my soul and spirit  
behold these lyrics  
Am G  
I got a best friend best friend  
C Em  
Yeah I got a best friend best friend yeah

Am C  
I don't know much about Holy bibles  
Em  
but I grew up in the bible belt  
Am C  
I put my love for a woman on idle  
because I got beat with my mama's belt  
Am C  
but I learned from my mistakes  
Em  
Try hard to respect people for what they believing in  
Am C  
but if you spit on my fucking grave  
Em  
and wish me Hell then I wish you well  
I'm send you straight up to my best friend

tabrefrão

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Verso 3

Am  
God, please would you arm me with the armor  
C  
They call me when there's drama like gandhi  
Em  
could have gone the other way many times  
could have turned dalai with the lama  
Am  
but I squash my beefs when things seem to be looking decent  
C  
Recently but don't jinx it  
Em  
It's like clint eastwood looking for peace  
Though maybe no finny enter  
The priesthood but at least should  
Am  
Make an attempt to show some remorse  
C  
and then be some sort of a repenter  
Em  
for the people I've been a menace to  
Not a preacher but a shit starting finisher  
Am  
In the mind of a thick skin but a short temper  
C  
This patience of mine is thinner  
Em  
Than twine is when I get attacked  
So I might say something back that might offend you  
Am  
So if you don't like when I rap  
C  
What I have to say on the mic then you  
Em  
Might wanna act just like quarterbacks  
and take a fn hike when I snap cause I'm a sinner  
Am  
bust balls and intestines  
Em  
and ain't never been yes men  
They gon' tell me when I'm fuckin up  
The minute I'm ever giving it less than  
Am  
I'm about to vomit and I can feel it coming  
C  
cause failure's something I can barely stomach  
Em  
and I only listen to my guts  
So unless you're my fuckin belly button  
don't tell me nothin'  
Am  
You ain't my (best friend best friend)  
C  
Who you think I'm talking 'bout  
Em  
Lifts me up when I'm down and out  
Still look to him without a doubt  
Am C Em  
Still got a (best friend best friend)  
Shout it out like there's never been a louder mouth  
Should have never been allowed a mouth  
Now that I got a higher power  
Now when a black out power outage  
They powerless, but they crowd around  
They tend to flock like shepherds to black sheep  
But I be the worst thing  
That these motherfuckers ever heard  
When I'm counted out  
You'll be D-0-A, they'll announced  
But pronounce you dead when they sound it out  
So prepare for a rival, your arch enemy surrounds you now  
He's all around you  
Not even the doctor's at the hospital  
He could have shigy-shocked you back to life  
It's in piggy possible to revive you  
That's word to the diggy-doo  
Stiggy stopping is not an option  
And that's something I'm not gonna do  
I'm the Iggy-Pop of hip-hop when I walk in the booth

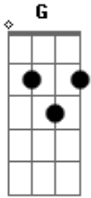
Dawg, I'm the truth like Biggie rockin' with 2Pac in the suit  
 Talking to Proof dropping a deuce  
 Fill up a syllable clip like a refillable strip, cock and I  
 shoot  
 Who do you thinks my Glock that I use?  
 That I pull from to get my strength up against these haters  
 And he'll be waiting at the gate  
 When you get sprayed up, sending you hoes straight up  
 To deal with my (best friend)

Refrão:

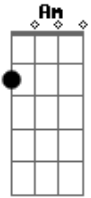
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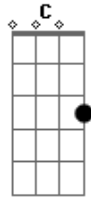
## Acordes



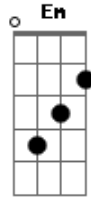
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