

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

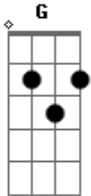
Dawg, I'm the truth like Biggie rockin' with 2Pac in the suit
 Talking to Proof dropping a deuce
 Fill up a syllable clip like a refillable strip, cock and I
 shoot
 Who do you thinks my Glock that I use?
 That I pull from to get my strength up against these haters
 And he'll be waiting at the gate
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

Refrão:

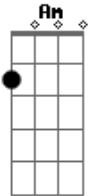
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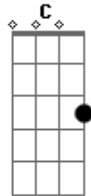
Acordes



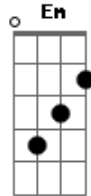
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