

Rollin

Khalid

[Intro] **C#m** **A** **F#m** **B**
C#m **A** **F#m** **B**
C#m **A** **F#m** **B**
C#m **A** **F#m** **B**

[Refrão]

C#m
I ve been rollin on the freeway
A
I ve been riding 85
F#m
I ve been thinking way too much
B
And I m way too gone to drive
C#m
I got anger in my chest
A
I got millions on my mind
F#m
And you didn t fit the picture
B
So I guess you weren t the vibe
C#m
I ve been rollin on the freeway
A
I ve been riding 85
F#m
I ve been thinking way too much
B
And I m way too gone to drive
C#m
I got anger in my chest
A
I got millions on my mind
F#m
And you didn t fit the picture
B
So I guess you weren t the vibe

[Primeira Parte]

C#m
L-O-V-E on my right leg,
C#m
that s Gucci (know what I m sayin ?)
A

L-O-V-E on my main ho,

A

that s pucci (get what I m sayin ?)

F#m

Caught a lil jetlag but I m golden, damn

B

We deserve Grammys and some Oscars, damn

C#m

They deserve wammys, they imposters

A

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

F#m

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

B

Bend her over, switch sides, it s a vibe

[Pré-Refrão]

C#m

I come through with strippers and some shottas

A

I gotta accept that I m a monster

F#m

I pull up in several different options

B

Not all, but most of em came topless

C#m

I ll shatter your dreams with this cream I make

A

Gotta be on codeine to think of shit I say

F#m

I can t feel my toes and ain t gon fold up

B

I was in the parkin lot when I rolled up

[Refrão]

C#m

I ve been rollin on the freeway

A

I ve been riding 85

F#m

I ve been thinking way too much

B

And I m way too gone to drive

C#m

I got anger in my chest

A

I got millions on my mind

F#m

And you didn t fit the picture

B

So I guess you weren t the vibe

C#m

I ve been rollin on the freeway

A

I ve been riding 85

F#m

I ve been thinking way too much

B

And I m way too gone to drive

C#m

I got anger in my chest

A

I got millions on my mind

F#m

And you didn t fit the picture

B

So I guess you weren t the vibe

[Segunda Parte]

C#m

Pluto

C#m

Gotta dig what I m sayin

C#m

Chanel draped on me, baby

A

Gotta dig what I m sayin

A

she look like she s sponsored by Mercedes

F#m

Dig what I m sayin

F#m

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

B

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

C#m

I pop up bubbly in your memory

A

You should be glad

A

I m showin you sympathy (show you sympathy)

F#m

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]

C#m

I come through with strippers and some shottas

A

I gotta accept that I m a monster

F#m

I pull up in several different options

B

Not all, but most of em came topless

C#m

I ll shatter your dreams with this cream I make

A

Gotta be on codeine to think of shit I say

F#m

I can t feel my toes and ain t gon fold up

B

I was in the parkin lot when I rolled up

(**C#m A F#m**)

[Final]

B

C#m A F#m

Yeah, L.O.V.E. on my right leg

F#m

B

Nah Hendrix overload, dig what I m sayin ?

C#m

A

I feel like I should be giving up

F#m

B

You can t leave this, it s too much

C#m

A

But I m tired of you leading me on, oh no

F#m

B

I don t like where this shit is going

C#m

A

You heart is stuck in all your apologies

F#m

B

Gave you my all but you went off on me

C#m

A

Keep your love, it doesn t feel the same

F#m

B

I hope it hurts you when you re hearin my name