

Starboy
The Weeknd

Am G
I m tryna put you in the worst mood, ah
F
Pl cleaner than your church shoes, ah
G
Milli point two just to hurt you, ah
Am
All red Lamb just to tease you, ah
G
None of these toys on lease too, ah
F
Made your whole year in a week too, yah
G
Main bitch out your league too, ah
Am
Side bitch out of your league too, ah
G
House so empty, need a centerpiece
F
Twenty racks a table cut from ebony
G
She cut that ivory into skinny pieces
Am
Then she clean it with her face, man, I love my baby
G
You talking money, need a hearing aid
F
You talking bout me, I don t see a shade
G
Switch up my style, I take any lane
Am
I switch up my cup, I kill any pain
Am G
(ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)
F
Look what you ve done
G Am
I m a motherfuckin starboy
G
(ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)
F
Look what you ve done
G Am
I m a motherfuckin starboy
G

Now she hit the grocery shop looking lavish

Am

Star Trek roof in that Wraith of Khan

G

Girls get loose when they hear this song

F

One hundred on the dash get me close to God

G

We don t pray for love, we just pray for cars

(pré-refrão)

G

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