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Everything I Love The Most YelaWolf

I pulled these 4 chords from the bass tabs and transferred them in to whole chords. Sounds legit 100%

Very simple: Cm Fm Bb Eb

[Hook] Why is everything I love the most So wrong for me? And everything I'm holding close, is so far away from me They donâ
 \mathbbm{M}^{t} want me to lie, but they donâ
 \mathbbm{M}^{t} wanna hear the truth It never made sense to me Why everything I love the most is so wrong for me [Verse 1] Problematic, I'm so problematic that I'm probably a problem addict Poppin' aspirin cause my head is hurting Hotel bedroom missing curtains Sheets everywhere like a storm has passed In fact it looks like I got into a wrestling match Empty bottle of Jack, I can tell I did that I can smell it in fact, it's like death and ass Think for a minute, then roll over and look To my left, is an open book, the Bible To my right is a guilty conscious her name is Brook, my rival At least I think her name is Brook? She's asleep and I'm givin' her the lamest look Move her hair back so I can see her face Cause it was dark when I met her at the game It took about five minutes to get her inside the whip Another five minutes to get up inside the lips Never tried, really man I really tried to slip out But it was just thighs and hips Okay, I was high and shit On alcohol and a Yelawolf ego-trip Leave her lying in bed, cause I don't need no kiss And it's the walk of shame again [Hook] Why is everything I love the most

So wrong for me? And everything I'm holding close, is so far away from me They don't want me to lie, but they don't wanna hear the truth It never made sense to me Why everything I love the most is so wrong for me

[Verse 2] Smokin' out, throwin' up Keep a fifth off in my cup Trying not to be a simp But every time I take a sip I think I'm gonna fall in lust I'm back and forth like I'm packing a truck In a house that never runs out of boxes Knowing that if I put on my tennis shoes And a fresh fit, I'll end up sockless By the end of the night, flip flopping I'll B-Boy if you let me Hip Hop in Alligator skin cowgirl boots only means let's get it crockin' That mini skirt makes any man a flirt Manicures animal furs and a purse What could a little bit a smoke and Henny hurt? You make any jerk make a penny work Sinister with sin in her She can leave a devil sitting in the church On another level not in the earth Jessica Alba had twins at birth Trippin' sure, piles of E, ménage-a-trois, piles of three Waking up again not proud of me Yeah, I'm a lousy fiend [Hook] Why is everything I love the most So wrong for me? And everything I'm holding close, is so far away from me They don't want me to lie, but they don't wanna hear the truth It never made sense to me

Why everything I love the most is so wrong for me [repeat]

That s throughout the whole song. Enjoy!