

Take You To Hell – Ava Max

If you're gonna treat me right
I'll take you to Heaven every night
But God forbid you leave me by myself
I'll take you to Hell, take you to Hell

Three golden rings he got on his hand
He likes to go to the south of France
I can't tell if this is romance
Baby, what's his plans?

I don't wanna be a diva
So dramatic
But that's the price you're payin'
If you want my magic
Not the kind of lover
You can just get back with, no, no

If you're gonna treat me right
I'll take you to Heaven every night
But God forbid you leave me by myself
I'll take you to Hell, take you to Hell
If you plan on being mine
Boy, I'll be your blessing, shining knight
But God forbid you leave me by myself
I'll take you to Hell, take you to Hell, take you to Hell

Heart of gold that's made of steel
I'm not a bite, I'm a five course meal
You want the rest, better sell your soul
Nobody has to know

I don't wanna be a diva, so dramatic
But that's the price you're payin' if you want my magic
Not the kind of lover you can just get back with, no, no

If you're gonna treat me right

I'll take you to Heaven every night
But God forbid you leave me by myself
I'll take you to Hell, take you to Hell

If you plan on being mine
Boy, I'll be your blessing, shining night
But God forbid you leave me by myself
I'll take you to Hell, take you to Hell, take you to Hell
I can be naughty or nice
I can be all the things you like
Swinging my crosses side to side

La-la, la-la-la La-la-la-la, la-la,
La-la-la La-la-la-la, la-la, la-la-la
Just go to Hell!!!

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If you plan on being mine
Boy, I'll be your blessing, shining night
But God forbid you leave me by myself
I'll take you to Hell, take you to Hell, take you to Hell



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych