

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 night
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

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But that's the price you're payin' if you want my magic
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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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But God forbid you leave me by myself
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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