

# 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  
Not the kind of lover you can just get back with, no, no

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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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I'll take you to Hell, take you to Hell, take you to Hell