

# Florida Kilos – Lana Del Rey

White lines, pretty baby, tattoos  
Don't know what they mean  
They're special, just for you  
White palms, baking powder on the stove  
Cooking up a dream, turning diamonds into snow

I feel you, pretty baby, feel me  
Turn it up hot, loving you is free  
I like it down, like it down way low  
But you already know that  
You already know

Come on down to Florida  
I got something for ya  
We could see the kilos or the Keys, baby, oh ya  
Guns in the summertime  
Chic-a-Cherry Cola lime  
Prison isn't nothing to me if you'll be by my side

Yayo, yayo, yayo  
And all the dope fiends  
Yayo, yayo, yayo

Sun in my mouth and gold hoops  
You like your little baby like you like your drinks, cool  
White lines, pretty daddy, go skiing  
You snort it like a champ, like the winter we're not in

Come on down to Florida  
I got something for ya  
We could see the kilos or the Keys, baby, oh ya  
Guns in the summertime  
Chic-a-Cherry Cola lime  
Prison isn't nothing to me if you'll be by my side

Yayo, yayo, yayo

And all the dope fiends

Yayo, yayo, yayo

We could get high in Miami, ooh

Dance the night away

People never die in Miami, ooh

That's what they all say

(You believe me, don't you baby?)

Come on down to Florida

I got something for ya

We could see the kilos or the Keys, baby, oh ya

Guns in the summertime

Chic-a-Cherry Cola lime

Prison don't mean nothing to me if you'll be by my side

Yayo, yayo, yayo

All the Floridians like

Yayo, yayo, yayo

All the Colombians like

Yayo, yayo, yayo

And all my girlfriends

Yayo, yayo, yayo

That's how we do it, like

Mm-mm, pretty baby

White lines, pretty baby

Gold teeth, pretty baby

Dance the night away



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych