

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