

Five Degrees – lil peep

Worry 'bout yourself baby, I'll be good
I just wanna die in peace tonight
You can see it in my face, so I wear my hood
Feeling like it's five degrees tonight
Everybody cold where I come from
Cut your mans down, You was looking for a come up
Next summer, I'll be on a island
With your bitch and a bottle And a pocket full of numbers
Don't stutter, slang from the gutter,
Gotta' bang for ya' butter
Got my name from my mother
No other, shining thru' the shutter
Say she over me, Whatever cause she underneath my cover
Bet you wish you had my flow
I know I'm dope, I could ask your hoe
Bet you wish you got me mad,
You don't, you won't, not never
Stop blowing up my phone
Worry 'bout yourself baby, I'll be good
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Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych