

# 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  
I just wanna die in peace tonight  
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Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych