Lana Del Rey - Florida Kilos

Tom: <mark>C</mark> Intro:

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

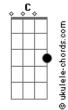
Come on down to Florida I got something for ya We could see the kilos or the Keys, baby, oh, yeah Guns in the summertime Chica Cherry Cola lime Prison isn't nothing to me if you'll be by my

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

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

Come on down to Florida I got something for ya

Acordes



We could see the kilos or the Keys, baby, oh, yeah Guns in the summertime Chica 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, dance the night away People never die in Miami, 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, yeah Guns in the summertime Chica 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