

# Lana Del Rey - Florida Kilos

Tom: C

```
E|-----5-----|
B|-----6---6p8---6---0-----|
G|-----5-----5-----|
D|-----|
A|-----5-----|
E|-----|
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```
E|-----|
B|-----5-----5p6---5---0-----|
G|-----5-----5-----|
D|---/5-----5-----|
A|-----|
E|-----|
```

```
E|-----|
B|-----3-----3p5--3p5--3-----|
G|-----4-----|
D|---/5-----5-----|
A|-----|
E|-----|
```

```
E|---/10---10-----10p12-----|
B|---/10-----10-----10-----|
G|---/10-----10-----10-----|
D|-----10-----|
A|-----|
E|-----|
```

```
E|-----|
B|-----1---1p3--1p3--1--0-----|
G|-----2-----|
D|---/3---3-----|
A|-----|
E|-----|
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Dm C  
 White lines, pretty baby, tattoos  
G  
 Don't know what they mean  
 They're special, just for you  
Dm C  
 White palms, baking powder on the stove  
G  
 Cooking up a dream, turning diamonds into snow  
Dm C  
 I feel you, pretty baby, feel me  
G  
 Turn it up hot, loving you is free  
Dm C  
 "I like it down, like it down way low"  
G  
 But you already know that  
 You already know  
Dm  
 Come on down to Florida  
C  
 I got something for ya  
G  
 We could see the kilos or the Keys, baby, oh, yeah  
Dm  
 Guns in the summertime  
C  
 Chica Cherry Cola lime  
G  
 Prison isn't nothing to me if you'll be by my  
Dm C G  
 Yayo, yayo, yayo  
 And all the dope fiends  
Dm C G  
 Yayo, yayo, yayo  
Dm C  
 Zoomin' my miles in gold hoops

G  
 You like your little baby like you like your drinks, cool  
Dm C  
 White lines, pretty daddy, go ski it  
G  
 You snort it like a champ, like the winter we're not in  
Dm  
 Come on down to Florida  
C  
 I got something for ya  
G  
 We could see the kilos or the Keys, baby, oh, yeah  
Dm  
 Guns in the summertime  
C  
 Chica Cherry Cola lime  
G  
 Prison isn't nothing to me if you'll be by my  
Dm C G  
 Yayo, yayo, yayo  
 And all the dope fiends  
Dm C G  
 Yayo, yayo, yayo  
Dm C G  
 We could get high in Miami,oooh, dance the night away  
Dm C G  
 People never die in Miami,oooh, that's what they all say  
 (You believe me, don't you, baby?)  
Dm  
 Come on down to Florida  
C  
 I got something for ya  
G  
 We could see the kilos or the Keys, baby, oh, yeah  
Dm  
 Guns in the summertime  
C  
 Chica Cherry Cola lime  
G  
 Prison isn't nothing to me if you'll be by my  
Dm C G  
 Yayo, yayo, yayo  
 All the Floridians like  
Dm C G  
 Yayo, yayo, yayo  
 All the Colombians like  
Dm C G  
 Yayo, yayo, yayo  
Dm C G  
 Yayo, yayo, yayo  
 And all my girlfriends  
Dm C G  
 Yayo, yayo, yayo  
 That's how we do it like  
 ( Dm C G )  
 Mm-mm, pretty baby  
 ( Dm C G )  
 White lines, pretty baby  
 ( Dm C G )  
 Gold teeth, pretty baby  
 ( Dm C G )

# Acordes

