

Lana Del Rey - Florida Kilos

Tom: C

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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|-----|
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E|-----|
B|-----3-----3p5--3p5--3-----|
G|-----4-----|
D|---/5-----5-----|
A|-----|
E|-----|
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E|---/10---10-----10p12-----|
B|---/10-----10-----10-----|
G|---/10-----10-----10-----|
D|-----10-----|
A|-----|
E|-----|
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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
 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

