Florida Kilos
Lana Del Rey

Intro:

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       (Dm)                        (C)
E|-----1----------1p3---------------0---------0p1-------------|
B|--------3-------------3---------------1-----------1---------|
G|------------2-------------2--------------0-----------0------|
D|--0---------------------------------------------------------|
A|-------------------------------3----------------------------|
E|-----------------------------------------------------------|

       (G)
E|------3--------3/5-----------/10---10----------10p12--------------|
B|--------3------3/5---3-------/10-------10--------------10---------|
G|-----------0-----------0-----/10-----------10---------------10----|
D|-------------------------------0-----------------------------------|
A|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
E|--3----------------------------------------------------------------|
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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

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