

# Florida Kilos

## Lana Del Rey

[Verse 1]

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

[Verse 2]

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  
(Fuck!)

[Pre-Chorus]

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  
Chic-a-Cherry Cola lime  
Prison isn't nothing to me if you'll be by my side

[Chorus]

Yayo, yayo, yayo  
And all the dope fiends  
Yayo, yayo, yayo  
(Fuck!)

[Verse 3]

Sun in my mouth and gold hoops  
You like your little baby like you like your drinks, cool  
White lines, pretty daddy, go skiing  
You snort it like a champ, like the winter we're not in  
(Fuck!)

[Pre-Chorus]

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  
Chic-a-Cherry Cola lime  
Prison isn't nothing to me if you'll be by my side

[Chorus]

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

[Bridge]

We could get high in Miami  
Ooh, ooh  
Dance the night away  
People never die in Miami  
Ooh, ooh  
That's what they all say (Yay)

[Interlude]

(You believe me, don't you baby?)

[Pre-Chorus]

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  
Chic-a-Cherry Cola lime  
Prison don't mean nothing to me if you'll be by my side

[Chorus — Variation]

Yayo, yayo, yayo  
All the Floridians like  
Yayo, yayo, yayo  
All the Colombians like  
Yayo, yayo, yayo  
And all my girlfriends  
Yayo, yayo, yayo

[Outro]

That's how we do it, like  
Mm-mm, pretty baby  
White lines, pretty baby  
Gold teeth, pretty baby  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Dance the night away

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>