

Lil Peep, Five Degrees

Worry about yourself, baby, I'll be good
I just wanna die in peace tonight
You can see it in my face, so I wear my hood
Feelin' like it's five degrees tonight
Everybody cold where I come from
Cut your mans down, you was lookin' for a come up
Next summer, I'll be on a island, with your bitch and a bottle
And a pocket full of numbers
Don't stutter, slang from the gutter
Got bang for ya butter
Got my name from my mother
No other, shinin' thru' the shutter
Say she over me
Whatever, 'cause she underneath my covers
Bet you wish you had my flow
I know I'm dope, I could ask your ho
Bet you wish you got me mad
You don't, you won't, not never
Stop blowin' up my phone
Yo, run that shit back for me
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