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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