

4 Gold Chains

Lil Peep

Yeah-eah-eah-eah

She's tryna find the words, I'm tryna find this girl

But it's so dark, under club lights

I don't pick it up much, I don't feel right

She's tryna find the words, I'm tryna find this girl

But it's so dark, and I was under club lights

Call me on my iPhone, I don't pick it up much

I've been losin' friends, I don't feel right

Four gold chains, gave two to my brothers (Two to my brothers)

Fame bring pain, but the pain make money (Pain make money)

Keep it one hunnit, baby girl, what's your number? (Girl, what's your number?)

Girls numb the pain and the drugs get me numb-er

Four gold chains, gave two to my brothers (Two to my brothers)

Fame bring pain, but the pain make money (Pain make money)

Keep it one hunnit, baby girl, what's your number? (Girl, what's your number?)

Girls numb the pain and the drugs get me numb-

er (Drugs get me numb-er)

Four gold chains, gave two to my brothers (Two to my brothers)

Four gold chains, gave two to my brothers (Two to my brothers)

I need four whips, so I can give 'em to my brothers, yeah (Give 'em to my brothers)

I need four cribs, so I can give 'em to my mother, yeah (Give 'em to my mother, yeah)

My mother, that's for my mother, yeah

Four gold chains, gave two to my brothers