

LA to London

Lil Peep

Bitch, I feel like Fish Narc
BetterOffDead, nigga
I try to keep my head up, girls in the —

Los Angeles (Los Angeles)
I try to keep my head up (Head up)
Girls in the whip (Girls in the whip)
I pop a pill, I'm fed up (Fed up)
Get off my dick (Hang in there, mo'fucka)
I'm tryna get my bread up (My bread up)
I left a bitch (I left a bitch)
That's why I'm always fucked up (Fucked up)

All black for you (All black for you)
In the back for you (In the back for you)
Count stacks for you (Count stacks for you)
Lovin' Los Angeles

I got Gucci, I got Prada, got Louis on my bomber
She was tryna call me, I don't wanna call her
She was tryna call me, I don't wanna phone her
Runnin' up a check, yeah, like I was a runner
Now I'm rollin' blunts, yeah, yeah, sold out
Now I'm goin' up, yeah, yeah, no doubt
Dawg, I'm high right now, yeah, roll loud
Now I'm in the truck, yeah, yeah

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Count stacks for you (Count stacks for you)
Lovin' Los Angeles (Los Angeles)

Ooh, girl, why you frontin'? (Girl, why you frontin'?)
Now we movin' out to London (Movin' out to London)
Stay far from the fuck shit (Stay far from the fuck shit)
Catch flights like it's nothin', yeah

Always countin' up the hundreds (Always countin' up the hundreds)
That's just how we come in (That's just how I come in)
I was faded at the function (At the function)
Now we goin' out to London (Goin' out to London)

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Count stacks for you (Count stacks for you)
Lovin' Los Angeles (Los Angeles)

Now we goin' out to London
GothBoiClique