

Super Rich Kids (Feat. Earl Sweatshirt)

Frank Ocean

Too many bottles of this wine we can't pronounce
Too many bowls of that green, no lucky charms
The maids come around too much
Parents ain't around enough
Too many joy rides in daddy's jaguar
Too many white lies and white lines
Super rich kids with nothing but loose ends
Super rich kids with nothing but fake friends
Start my day up on the roof
There's nothing like this type of view
Point the clicker at the tube
I prefer expensive news
New car, new girl
New ice, new glass
New watch, good times babe
It's good times, yeah
She wash my back three times a day
This shower head feels so amazing
We'll both be high, the help don't stare
They just walk by, they must don't care
A million one, a million two
A hundred more will never do
Too many bottles of this wine we can't pronounce
Too many bowls of that green, no lucky charms
The maids come around too much
Parents ain't around enough
Too many joy rides in daddy's jaguar
Too many white lies and white lines
Super rich kids with nothing but loose ends
Super rich kids with nothing but fake friends
Real love, I'm searching for a real love
Real love, I'm searching for a real love
Oh, real love
Close your eyes for what you can't imagine, we are the xany gnashing
Caddy smashing, bratty ass, he mad, he snatched his daddy's Jag
And used the shit for batting practice, adamant and he thrashing
Purchasing crappy grams with half the hand of cash you handed
Panicking, patch me up, Pappy done latch keyed us
Toying with Raggy Anns and mammy done had enough
Brash as fuck, breaching all these aqueducts; don't believe us
Treat us like we can't erupt, yup
We end our day up on the roof
I say I'll jump, I never do
But when I'm drunk I act a fool

Talking 'bout , do they sew wings on tailored suits
I'm on that ledge, she grabs my arm
She slaps my head
It's good times, yeah
Sleeve rips off, I slip, I fall
The market's down like 60 stories
And some don't end the way they should
My silver spoon has fed me good
A million one, a million cash
Close my eyes and feel the crash Too many bottles of this wine we can't pronounce
Too many bowls of that green, no lucky charms
The maids come around too much
Parents ain't around enough
Too many joy rides in daddy's jaguar
Too many white lies and white lines
Super rich kids with nothing but loose ends
Super rich kids with nothing but fake friends Real love (ain't that something rare)
I'm searching for a real love (talking 'bout real love)
Real love yeah
Real love
I'm searching for a real love
Talking 'bout a real love

Songwriters

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