Super Rich Kids

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
Real love
(Earl)
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
Panic and patch me up
Pappy done latch keyed us
Toyin with raggy annes and mammy done had enough
Brash as fuck breaching all these aqueducts
Don't believe us treat us like we can't erupt
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
(Talkin bout)
Do they sew wings on tailored suits
I'm on that ledge
She grabs my arm
She slaps my hand
It's good times yeah
Sleeve rips off I slip I fall
The markets down like sixty 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
(Talkin bout real love)
Real love yea
Real love
I'm searching for a real love
Talkin bout a real love

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/