

# 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

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