

# Black Faces

## Childish Gambino

[Featuring: Nipsey Hussle][Intro: Nipsey Hussle]Turn that beat up for me  
Really everything, like the headphones  
Yeah, yeah, a little bit louder  
No punch, you know that mean that we workin' hard  
[Verse 1: Nipsey Hussle]Look, young rich nigga shit, pops was an immigrant  
Lifestyle illegit, but know I own businesses  
Started out the trunk, ended up at the dealership  
All gold Rollie, black face no blemishes  
Legend in my city cause I grind so vigorous  
If I show my face west of Texas, that's a big event  
Gotta pay me twenty cents just to hear me vent  
I'm really out here on some shit, you should take a flick  
Ballin' on my own ten toes, so the difference is  
I call shots never ask for permission, man  
I got a lot of big plans in my vision and  
I ain't failed yet, 'bout a dollar hell yes  
I'm a problem, failed test, it's only getting worse  
I swear I'm getting money, I just hope you gettin' yours  
I'm killin' niggas solo so you know I'm gettin' more  
Now that young Gambino on the chorus, go  
[Childish Gambino - Chorus]This is for that real shit, this is for that East side  
This is for my bad girls, this is for them good guys  
This is for my grandma, this is for that West side  
This is for them niggas talkin' shit on a website  
Damn I feel good, you ain't feelin' nothin'  
This is for my niggas who be livin' dime a dozen  
Bino got that good shit, Nipsey got them aces  
On some young rich shit, Kennedys with black faces  
[Childish Gambino - break]Yeah, black faces  
  
My rolly so racist, all black faces  
Obama on that million dollar bill, black faces  
Yeah, nigga, black faces  
Look, yo I got this  
Yo, turn, turn it up a little  
Ay, here we go, okay  
[Verse 2: Childish Gambino]League of my own, swag Geena Davis  
Only rapper make 100k on your playlist  
Niggas talk on twitter, but in life they don't say shit

My Rollie so racist, all black faces  
We the new, face it, kill 'em like Jason  
Grind in my sleep man a nigga need braces  
Wonder what you feelin' like, used to be the nervous type  
They ain't mention Bino? Man that shit must be a purpose, right?  
Hostile, nigga my style  
Kind of flow to paint a picture, Norman Rockwell  
I don't eat pasta, everything is low-carb  
I don't fly coach now, say I fly Goyard  
Leave a face covered in that coast guard  
Metaphor Mozart, all we do is tell 'em the truth  
M Fox to my people on some family ties  
Magazines got black faces when somebody dies  
I mean look at Donna Summers, she was tryin' to survive  
People wrestle over petty cash  
When we should be really cryin' over that one percent  
Like we tipped a milk glass  
Fuck y'all, I'mma let my grandkids ball  
Look to the future, these dudes so last week  
See me stuntin' so Conde Nasty  
Me and Nipsey on some grown shit, no rent  
Own shit, so Jim Crow shit, black faces  
[Childish Gambino - Outro]Ay, nigga, black faces  
Black faces  
That's royalty, nigga

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