

# Super Rich Kids (ft. 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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