

Black Faces (feat. Nipsey Hussle)

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, thats a big event

Gotta pay me twenty cents just to hear me vent

Im 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 aint failed yet, bout a dollar hell yes

Im a problem, failed test, its only getting worse

I swear Im getting money, I just hope you gettin yours

Im killin niggas solo so you know Im 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 aint 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 dont 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 aint mention Bino? Man that shit must be a purpose, right?
Hostile, nigga my style
Kind of flow to paint a picture, Norman Rockwell
I dont eat pasta, everything is low-carb
I dont 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 yall, Imma 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
Thats royalty, nigga

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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