

Black Faces

Childish Gambino

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

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

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

Yeah, black faces
My roolly 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

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

Ay, nigga, black faces
Black faces
That's royalty, nigga