

## The High Kings

### "Sour Faces"

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[Verse 1: Jay Rock]

Do I have to rob Peter just to pay Paul  
Just to get a blessing and to get my point across?  
Play the game to win, get the money and the cars  
Pussy come free when you handle business like a boss  
In that GS regal, watch me swang it like a Porsche  
One for sitting hard, knockin' pictures off the wall  
Bitch I'm out here doggin', and I got 'em droppin'  
charge  
Used to push the great white like I was swimmin' with  
the sharks  
I was dead broke, tell 'em presidents they resurrected  
And my dead pockets they was lifeless 'til I sold them  
records  
I'm in the magazine posing with my nigga  
Double XL wide sell on a nigga  
I'm so high, I could bring hell on a nigga  
Lifetime bars no bail for a nigga  
Bitches keep head and tail for a nigga  
Think I sold my soul away, this ice fell on a nigger

[Verse 2: Childish Gambino]

Play this in your car, give 'em sour face  
Play this, play this in the club, give 'em sour face  
Nigga, when they hear it, that's that sour face  
Nigga lookin' at me crazy, that's that sour face  
Ring the alarm, Comme des Garçons  
Lunch with a bunch of my niggas at the pond  
Bowflex like a dummy, instrumental hungry  
Places that I'm stayin' got more whites than all my  
laundry  
Life of a Kennedy, James Dean roll out  
Summer spent in places most my people never know  
about  
Gettin' mama new house, for now I'm fuckin' wearin' it  
Fourth of July, bitch, my shit be so American  
Bless the chick I'm marryin', keep the whole estate  
intact  
Bless the son I didn't have, sprayed 'em on her lower  
back  
Focus on them roaches, I ain't never goin' back

Wine is so precocious, sippin' on somebody's yacht  
Real money's never seen, whole thing classic  
Think about in 10 years, change your whole mindset  
Back when I would still sweat five Gs  
Back when I was hookin' up with Ali Brie?stunt!  
Yeah, it's East Side forever, bitch  
Hate mail comin' from these niggas who was never rich  
Or never poor, or never fly  
Or seen somebody get wet up outside of Golden Glide  
Hot 107, nine dreams when I run through  
Man, that's fam, Steve, Swank, that's the whole crew  
Monster like a muppet, wallet Warren Buffett  
Camp was last year but I ain't ever have to rough it  
Lookin' fresh from the McFlys up  
You don't know about 'em, better wise up  
Busy with them rollers, I don't carry mine  
(Busy with them rollers, I don't carry mine)

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