

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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