

## Childish Gambino "Black Faces"

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[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, 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

[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 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

[Childish Gambino - break]

Yeah, black faces

My rollie 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 donâ€™t say shit  
My Rollie so racist, all black faces  
We the new, face it, kill â€™em like Jason  
Grind in my sleep man a nigga need braces  
Wonder what you feelinâ€™ like, used to be the  
nervous type  
They ainâ€™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 donâ€™t eat pasta, everything is low-carb  
I donâ€™t fly coach now, say I fly Goyard  
Leave a face covered in that coast guard  
Metaphor Mozart, all we do is tell â€™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 tryinâ€™ to  
survive  
People wrestle over petty cash  
When we should be really cryinâ€™ over that one  
percent  
Like we tipped a milk glass  
Fuck yâ€™ all, lâ€™mma let my grandkids ball  
Look to the future, these dudes so last week  
See me stuntinâ€™ 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  
Thatâ€™s royalty, nigga

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