



## Fill in the gaps

### Super Rich Kids by Frank Ocean & Earl Sweatshirt

Too many bottles of this wine we can't pronounce  
Too many bowls of that green, no Lucky Charms  
The maids come around too much  
Parents ain't around enough  
Too many joy rides in daddy's Jaguar  
Too many white lies and  
White lines  
Super rich kids with nothing but loose ends  
Super rich kids with nothing but fake friends  
Start my day up on the roof  
There's nothing like this type of view  
Point the (1)\_\_\_\_\_ at the tube  
I prefer expensive news  
New car, new girl  
New ice, new glass  
New watch, good times, babe  
It's good times (yeah)  
She washed my back three times a day  
This shower head feels so amazing  
We'll both be high  
The help don't stare  
They just walk by  
They (2)\_\_\_\_\_ don't care  
A (3)\_\_\_\_\_ one, a million two  
A hundred (4)\_\_\_\_\_ will never do  
Too many bottles of this wine we can't pronounce  
Too many bowls of that green, no Lucky Charms  
The maids come around too much  
Parents ain't around enough  
Too many joy rides in daddy's Jaguar  
Too many white lies and  
White lines  
Super rich kids with nothing but loose ends  
Super (5)\_\_\_\_\_ kids (6)\_\_\_\_\_ nothing but  
(7)\_\_\_\_\_ friends  
Real love

I'm searching for a real love  
A real love  
I'm searching for a real love  
Oh, real love  
Close (8)\_\_\_\_\_ eyes to what you can't imagine  
We are the xany-gnashing caddy-smashing, bratty ass  
He mad, he snatched his daddy's Jag  
And used the shit for batting practice  
Adam and Annie thrashing  
Purchasing crappy grams  
With half the hand of cash you handed  
Panic and patch me up  
Pappy done latch-keyed us  
Toying with Raggy Anns and (9)\_\_\_\_\_ done had  
enough  
Brash as \*\*\*\*  
Breaching all these aqueducts  
Don't believe us  
Treat us like we can't erupt  
We end our day up on the roof  
I say I'll jump, I never do  
But when I'm drunk I act a (10)\_\_\_\_\_ (talking about)  
Do they sew wings on tailored suits  
I'm on that ledge  
She grabs my arm  
She slaps my head  
It's good times, yeah  
Sleeve rips off, I slip, I fall  
The market's down like sixty stories  
And some don't end the way they should  
My silver spoon  
Has fed me good  
A million one, a million cash  
Close my eyes and feel the crash



Answer

1. clicker
2. must
3. million
4. more
5. rich
6. with
7. fake
8. your
9. Mammy
10. fool

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