



## Fill in the gaps

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

Too many (1)\_\_\_\_\_ of this wine we can't  
pronounce

Too (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (3)\_\_\_\_\_ type of view

Point the clicker 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 must don't care

A million one, a million two

A hundred more will never do

Too many (4)\_\_\_\_\_ of (5)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (6)\_\_\_\_\_ lies and

White lines

Super rich kids with nothing but loose ends

Super rich kids with nothing but fake friends

Real love

I'm searching for a real love

A real love

I'm searching for a real love

Oh, real love

Close your (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (8)\_\_\_\_\_ the hand of cash you handed

Panic and patch me up

Pappy done latch-keyed us

Toying with Raggy Anns and Mammy (9)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 fool (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 (10)\_\_\_\_\_ one, a million cash

Close my eyes and feel the crash



## Fill in the gaps

Answer

1. bottles
2. many
3. this
4. bottles
5. this
6. white
7. eyes
8. half
9. done
10. million