

E_bmaj7

Chorus: Too many bottles of this wine we can't pronounce. Too many bowls of that green no lucky charms.

G_bmaj7

The maids come around too much. Parents ain't around enough.

D_bmaj7

Too many joy rides in daddy's jaguar. Too many white lies and white lines.

A_b/B_b

B_baug

Super rich kids with nothing but loose ends. Super rich kids with nothing but fake friends.

E_bmaj7

1. Start my day up on the roof. There's nothing like this type of view.

G_bmaj7

Point the clicker at the tube. I prefer expensive news.

D_bmaj7

New car, new girl. New ice, new glass. New watch, good times babe. It's good times yeah.

A_b/B_b

B_baug

She wash my back three times a day. This shower head feels so amazing.

E_bmaj7

We'll both be high. The help don't stare. They just walk by. They must don't care.

G_bmaj7

A million one a million two. A hundred more will never do.

Chorus: Repeat Chorus

E_bmaj7

G_bmaj7

D_bmaj7

A_b/B_b

B_baug

Bridge: Real love, I'm searching for a real love. Real love, I'm searching for a real love. Real love.

E_bmaj7

2. Close your eyes for what you can't imagine. We are the xany gnashing caddy smashing. Bratty ass he mad he snatched his daddy's jag.

G_bmaj7

And used the shit for batting practice. Adamant and he thrashing. Purchasing crappy grams.

D_bmaj7

With half the hand of cash you handed. Panic and patch me up. Pappy done latch keyed us. Toyin with Raggy Annes and mammy done had enough.

A_b/B_b

B_baug

Brush as fuck breaching all these aqueducts. Don't believe us treat us like we can't erupt.

E_bmaj7

3. We end our day up on the roof. I say I'll jump I never do.

G_bmaj7

But when I'm drunk I act a fool. Do they sew wings on tailored suits.

D_bmaj7

I'm on that ledge. She grabs my arm. She slaps my hand. It's good times yeah.

A_b/B_b

B_baug

Sleeve rips off I slip I fall. The markets down like sixty stories.

E^bmaj7

And some don't end the way they should. My silver spoon has fed me good.

G^bmaj7

A million one a million cash. Close my eyes and feel the crash.

Chorus: Repeat Chorus

E^bmaj7

G^bmaj7

Outro: Real love. Ain't that something real. I'm searching for a real love. Real love yea.

D^bmaj7

A^b/B^b

B^baug

Real love. I'm searching for a real love. Talkin bout a real love.