

# Artificial

EARTHGANG

Money, power, pussy, fame; it don't mean nothing  
Never feel an ounce of shame, it don't mean nothing  
Tell me what you came before you came to this Earth  
Tell me who you worshipped before they came with the church

I don't want no artificial  
I don't flaunt no artificial  
I don't need no artificial  
I don't, flaunt no

Artificial ends, at the age to separate the homies from the friends  
When shit hit the fan and show you blood from the kin  
And my family always kept a tool by the lamp  
Druggies gettin' started, it's a party 4 AM  
Everybody need me now, knee-high to grasshopper  
But the family always looking up the hill  
Put the city on my shoulders (whoa)  
Put my baby on my shoulders, now it's an event  
I can't get a break from nothin'  
I might smoke a whole eighth then mush my whole face inside some blow  
(Still I can't feel nothin')  
You know I'm gon' hurt you for you know it, 'fore you love me you should go  
Tell me what you want from me  
Ooh you know I'm psychic, I don't like it when you try to hide the hoax  
'Cause we ain't got shit in common  
We ain't got shit in common, tell me why the fuck you 'round me

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(Artificial ends)

I beat the Sun in the morning  
I make you stop what you doing and turn you into an employee (below me)  
He be busy with the W-9  
I ain't picky, I just know what I like  
Ain't no nigga really fuckin' with Doc  
Always got it in the back of my mind  
I prefer to keep them thoughts to myself  
Execution over explanation  
How can what I'm doin' help the family  
And all that other shit is unrelated  
Ooh, ok, I like what you did there  
I might vanish and reappear  
When you cut the fugazi shit  
You really should be yourself  
I know that ain't saying much, but you don't be saying shit  
I spent my life turning pain into power  
I keep a reservation on a cloud  
Built a foundation, fuck being found  
Whole rotation knockin' them down  
Hope gave birth to all this hype  
I just might leave this world alive  
But for the life of me, I don't know why all these niggas around  
You not my partner, not my homie, not my bro (hell nah)  
Feel like you know me, yeah I know but no you don't

Pastor knocked me out the church  
I just pray all my niggas float  
Higher voices take control  
These niggas really don't want no smoke

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(Artificial ends)

Ugh I don't know what this bitch want  
Hello  
Listen, listen, Tashanda  
Don't worry about who that is  
I'm at work  
Yea my no good ass at work  
What you say, aw I don't do no drivin' around here  
I'm getting paid bitch, I'm getting paid  
Look, you sound like a hater  
You'se a hater, you'se a hater  
Ain't they paying for that pussy  
Damn I can't go pick him up right now  
I'm at work  
You out there selling pussy, I can't call you in the middle of a nigga fucki  
ng you and say "go get him"  
Aight I'm finna go get him  
I'm finna go get him  
Fuck out my phone  
Stupid ass bitch  
Excuse me, I'm sorry baby but, do you mind  
I know you don't give a damn bitch we ridin'  
Let's do it  
I gotta go pick up my child