

ATM

Bree Runway

Do you like money?
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M (Yes)
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M (Cash)
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M (Yeah)
Push my button, my button again

Met a guy from England
He was flying first class, straight to Japan
Said he wanna take me real higher
But I know he really only want my vagina
Swipe, swipe, that's my language
Only rock with a nigga that can handle it
You know what I need and there ain't nobody finer
Shoes, top, skirt, bling, purse, all designer
Huh, tough bitch but my ass soft
They said I look like a painting by Van Gogh
You know a girl like me cost
Ain't gotta talk too much, but you know what's up
Pretty bitch, chocolate, like some D'ussé
And I stay on his mind like a toupee
I don't really worry bout getting too deep
Cause he really know how to work that machine, yuh

A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
Push my button, my button again
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
Push my button, my button again

Don't let that nigga inside your coochie
Unless it's giving real love, and Prada and Gucci
Fuck it, might as well throw in some Emilio Pouchi
You better [?]
If you want my coochie
Wind your body low
Make him spend some more
Ain't nothing personal

But at the same time, I love it when he
Touch on me, and
Loving every dollar he spend
I don't really worry about getting too deep
But he really know how to work that machine, unh

A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
Y-yeah, push my button, my button again
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
Push my button, my button again

Button up my shirt, 'cause I'm goin' to work (Work)

Make the ATM squirt
Button up my shirt, 'cause I'm goin' to work
(Work)

A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
Y-yeah, push my button, my button again
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M
Push my button, my button
(Please)

A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M, M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M, M
A-T-M, A-T-A-T-M, M