

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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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