

ARTIFICIAL

Yung Bans

Yeah
Yeah, ayy
Huh
Yeah
Bans
Oh

Woah, why these niggas actin' artificial? Yeah
Wipe your nose, get the tissue, yeah
Backdoored your bro for a pistol, huh
Then gon' act like that shit official
Yeah, free my daddy, yeah, I miss him
And long live my brother T Money, I miss you, yeah
Wake up in the morning, see my daughter and kiss her
'Cause I can't imagine how life would be if I couldn't defend her

Yeah, ridin' in a Range Sport on suspenders, yeah (Skrrt)
Autobot, Alfie truck, no Defender, yeah
Came out the mud a champion, I'm born a winner
And I can't fuck with none of these niggas, they got a hidden agenda
She poison snake, venom, uh, I can hear the hissin', uh
Freaky bitches kissin', uh, yeah, they Clermont twinnin', ooh
Now the world so different, uh, I'm so used to killings, ooh
I'm so used to seein' blood flow, shit be spillin'
Money make the world go 'round, we all just spinnin'
Keep that money, spend it, ooh, stack it up and flip it, ooh (Yeah, let's go)
Tell 'em what's the ticket? Yeah, can you grant my wishes? Yeah
Superstar of the trenches, Baccarat dishes

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