

Saint Interlude

Anfa Rose

Eyes wide shut to the games
You can play as long as there is day
When there's nothing more left to say
That's when we gon' really see who throwin' shade

Night turn to day turned grey
I'm tryna line the walls of the tate
Ain't no telling what we down to make
Like my bro, think I'm in need of a saint

I've been spending all of my time in some pussy and some paint
at the crib
You too busy flexing online, we not impressed, we just look at
you as weird

Keep the circle tight so tight, no cracks man this shit just li
ke a period
I don't need to spread no lies, check the numbers then we'll se
e who really get it

Your love ain't welcome here
Shit started feeling weird
But the tension is in the air
Can't tell who ever really cared about me
And your love ain't welcome here
It is what it is
Feel the tension in the air