

SILK ROAD

Anfa Rose

A lot of M's in my sight
Reap what you sow
Live out what you write
I'll stay 10 toes for like 4 or 5 (plus)
One god above help me see wrong from right (yeah)
That shit get old foreal
Cost my soul foreal
Shit could get cold foreal
My cards don't fold foreal
My ties ain't bought foreal
My feet don't let up (yeah)
My whip 4 O's foreal

I'm off rosé doing oysters for lunch
And my brodie got my back when its crunch
I keep the finest flowers crushed in my lungs
And from the feet up you got all that I want
Blew funds, had fun so I'm replacing the funds
I keep one hand on you and one on my gun
I'm lacing up I got a city to run
I got shit lit but I got plenty to come

Damn right I'm who I am
Damn right I make em mad
Damn right ain't no comparing
Damn right I'll make amends
Damn right I work O.T
Damn right I work the mic
Damn right its overnight
Ain't no one night it's every week
They hustle backwards and it just don't make no sense to me
I'm out to get what I deserve whatever's meant for me
All for the legacy
Make bread, break bread with me
Don't feed into jealousy

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