

STICKY

Anfa Rose

Got something to say, don't ya?
God put a lot of weight on ya
But got good things on the way, don't ya?
We don't do dates normally
You've known your place, always
But I can't relate no way, no way

It's enough when I don't know which team you wanna play on
Move with caution, my heart was on my sleeve, now it's hidden
I know you lost, and you don't know what to do by yourself

Once things get sticky here
No, I can't stick around
How it go from holding it down
To now you're holding me down?
You left your hickeys, yeah
You left your cigarettes
You left your heart with them

You post like you 'bout it, 'bout it
But how is you broke?
I know you was fucking with him
So how is he bro?
You don't get mixy with friends
Yeah, you with the smoke
5 percent tints on the Benz
So you know how it goes
Grabbed my stick like you shifting the gears
Put it right in your throat
Go again, and again, and again
And again till the morning
Who knew you do it like this
You said no one important

Seen I'm out and somewhere with your friends
Now you mad though
What's her name was all up in my space
I could've bagged her
If I weren't so sick of my player ways
I would've bagged her
Told me meet me this time at her place
Like I had to
Wish I could've seen the look on your face
When you found out
Nothing happened, still I keep my place
In your mind now
You act like certain things can be erased
But they can't though
Furthest thing from perfect, next to you
I'm a saint though

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