

Substance

Anfa Rose

Say she only fucking with the real
Every other week, she chase a thrill
Money come around, she on the calm down
But she told me, she never popped a pill
I should never trust her
Fuck it, she's a hottie and I love her
I keep her under wraps and under covers
'Cause I can't tell nobody that we lovers

Usually I'm fucking with a shawty with a little more substance than you, baby
But fuck it, you a hottie and I'm busy, ain't no time for something real, so this'll do, baby
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Dancing for them dollars, I ain't tripping on ya
Know these men gon' holler, I ain't tripping on ya
Plan to be a doctor, got you a diploma
Pay her way through college, stripping for them dollars
At least, this's what you told me
You said, this ain't me, I wish you could see the old me
But I think I like the new you
Somethin' sexy 'bout the fact that you're not I'm used to
And I don't want to use you
But if I'm being truthful
Right now, you are useful
And I've been had my hands filled
But still I need affection girl, 'cause I am just a man still

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Real love, no patience
Can't play the field, I'm taken
Money motivating, I like your style, compliment your fragrance
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