

# Rounds

John Legend

Cotton candy fingertips  
Drink my lips  
I'ma slip inside those hips  
Ease your grip, yeah

Been waitin', where have you been hidin'?  
I'm feelin' like I never had it  
But now I got you wrapped around me  
Go actin' like a savage

Baby, I owe you rounds  
You know I'm gon' put it down, oh, oh  
Sugar sweat on your skin  
Taste your spice on my tongue

Pickin' rose pedals in Anisa, France (Uh)  
Pink peacocks roamin' at the mansion  
Makin' love with the cherry on top  
Five place, ice cubes and the Scotch (Uh)  
Great sex, can I take you to your apex? (Yes)  
Mornin' slow strokes, got you runnin' late (Yes, haha)  
What if we have 'em? You can still in debt  
Because we know the world is not a single set  
Oh, show first, new trench coats  
How I got her wet on a big boat?  
I get it ten bags at a time (At a time)  
I'm the richest and I did it off of rhyme (Woo)  
No longer affiliated with these rap squads  
One of one amongst rap gods  
White gloves, oh, they hittin' full of gunk farts (Huh)  
Soft sex, first time with a mob boss  
Pull up in a Rolls Royce, new chariot  
Heavenly angles, John Legend's an angel  
This the moment, since we all needed the clarity  
They wanna change you, all they do is contain you

Baby, I owe you rounds  
You know I'm gon' put it down, oh, oh

Ayy, ooh, ah, yeah  
Baby, I-I-I owe you rounds  
Ooh, I-I-I'm gon' put it down, baby

Baby, I owe you rounds  
You know I'm gon' put it down, oh, oh

Cotton candy fingertips  
Drink my lips  
I'ma slip inside those hips  
Ease your grip, yeah