

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