

Rounds

K. Michelle

Nothing in the world really matter to me
Without you there's no focus, you're a lens to me
I be slurrin'
I be all off beat
Look at the flick of my wrist
Look at the shoes on my feet
They don't mean nothing
If you ain't the one that I'm wakin' up to in the mornin'
Kissin' and lovin' and touchin' and giving me moanin'

You the only one I been with
Stuck on my mind, fucking you all of the time

All I need is a shot and a pillow
I be home all alone but we still go
Rounds, rounds
When I'm out on the road, I hold on to my pillow
We go back and forth, the shit goes
Rounds, rounds, rounds
You on the top and I hold down the bottom
Rounds, rounds
While I make it pop, I'm gon' [?] that bottle
When I'm out on the road, hold on to my pillow
We go back and forth for rounds

You might think it's crazy but that's just the way that it is
When you on the grind and ain't got enough time for your man
Good loving, quick fix in the bathroom does it
Facetime for a minute, lemme touch it
You the only that get it in the back of the Limousine
I'm so gone, let them see I don't care
In my mind, I be on, you be pulling my hair
Pulling, pulling my hair, shit be crazy, I swear
Keep your head up strong, not much long til' I'm there

Rounds, rounds, rounds
Can you go rounds?
Can you go rounds?
Can you go rounds?
Can you go rounds?
Hand up on my waist, you whisper shit in my ear
Tell me all the nasty things that I like to hear
You like your lips a lot because you like how it taste
Honey comb dripping down all over your face

Rounds, rounds, rounds
Can you go rounds?
Can you go rounds?
Can you go rounds?
Can you go rounds?
Rounds