

Rounds - John Legend Feat. Rick Ross

lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

“Rounds”

[Intro: John Legend]

**Cotton candy fingertips
Print my lips (Print my lips)
I'ma slip inside those hips (Hips)
Ease your grip (Ease your grip)
Yeah, yeah**

[Verse 1: John Legend]

**Been waitin' while you've been hidin'
I'm fiendin' like I'd never had it
But now I got you wrapped around me
Go at it like a savage**

[Chorus: John Legend]

**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**

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

**Pickin' rose pedals in Anisa, France (Uh)
Pink peacocks roamin' at the mansion
Makin' love with the cherry on top
Fireplace, 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 never met? You'd be still in debt
Because we know the world lives, now the scene is set
Always chauffeurs, 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 with a head full of dark thoughts (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 want is the same you (*Maybach Music*)

[Chorus: John Legend]

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

[Bridge: John Legend]

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

[Chorus: John Legend]

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

[Outro: John Legend]

Cotton candy fingertips
Print my lips
I'ma slip inside those hips
Ease your grip
