

# Another Round (Feat. Chris Brown)

Fat Joe

Don't you be holding back, your love  
Don't you be holding back  
Don't you be holding back, your love  
Don't you be holding back  
Cause in the end girl you're gonna want another round, another round  
Only girl you'll want another round, another round  
I used to want you, and her and her and her and you and her and her  
I used to want you, and her and her and her  
All I want, all I want Shawty got a mean walk, a mean shoe game  
The bitch badder than any bitch that you name  
I'm talking Janet, maybe ?  
Come on Quit playing girl you know that you want it  
I can tell just by the way you push it out and flaunt it you bad  
Something like dirty Diana, body dope as heron  
And the sex off the handle  
Your ex couldn't beat it, I hit it like a Frito  
And since I lost some weight you say I got a big ego  
It's too strong, you said the drive stick  
Well baby just peel off  
Loving how it lasts long, Leave the sheets gushy  
Fuck you with the mask on, Halloween pussy  
Your body shivers and troubles with each and every stroke  
Pussy wetter than ever, enough to sink a boat Don't you be holding back, your love  
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Only girl you'll want another round, another round  
I used to want you, and her and her and her and you and her and her  
I used to want you, and her and her and her  
All I want, all I want Never hesitate, purchasing in every state  
Transported in foreign cars to larg estates  
(So believe me, you know you wanna come on girl)  
(As long as we can kick it with your home girl)  
Had two on one fast break that's a slam dunk  
I know you want it, I can take you where ya man won't  
Champs, Alize, think Rolls Royce  
Yellow Nuvo and Pink ? Don't you be holding back, your love  
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Only girl you'll want another round, another round  
I used to want you, and her and her and her and you and her and her  
I used to want you, and her and her and her  
All I want, all I want Girl you got tha bomb thing on I can't resist  
I'm a light some candles girl and then tie up your wrists  
Then I'm licking chocolate right off your stomach  
Baby you ain't handled freaky shit like this  
And I start dripping ice down ya spine (oh oh)  
And make you mine  
And now you're telling all your girls I done tore it up  
So don't be mad that they all want me, there's room for all of us Don't you be holding back, your love  
Don't you be holding back  
Don't you be holding back, your love  
Don't you be holding back  
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Only girl you'll want another round, another round  
I used to want you, and her and her and her and you and her and her  
I used to want you, and her and her and her  
All I want, all I want

Songwriters

IRBY, JOYCE / AUSTIN, DALLAS / BROWN, CHRIS / CARTAGENA, JOSEPH / VALENZANO,  
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