

Love More (Explicit) ft. Nicki Minaj

Chris Brown

'Til we get it, I'ma get it
'Til we get it,
'Til we get it, I'ma get it
'Til we get it, You say all you need is consistent love
When I try I swear it's never enough, I messed up
Maybe this thing here just ain't meant for us
Baby you let go and I pull you back
I let go, you ain't having that We do it like we rock stars
Sexin' in my hotel room, and we so loud
Higher than a smoke cloud
Shades on doin' 95 wit' the top down
I might sound crazy
'Cause we be goin' back and forth
One minute I hate you, then I love you
That's how it is
'Til we get it right we gon' fuck some mo' ('til we get it)
I'mma get it (I'ma get it), 'til we get it ('til we get it)
'Til we get it right we gon' fuck some mo' (I'ma get it)
I'mma get it ('Til we get it), 'til we get it (I'ma get it) Why is it all so complicated
Baby this should be simple, it's all in me mental
But when you back it up, it really drives me crazy
And you know what I'm into
Make me forget what we arguin' about aye We do it like we rock stars
Sexin' in my hotel room, and we so loud
Higher than a smoke cloud
Shades on doin' 95 wit' the top down
I might sound crazy
'Cause we be goin' back and forth
One minute I hate you, then I love you
That's how it is
'Til we get it right we gon' fuck some mo' ('til we get it)
I'mma get it (I'ma get it), 'til we get it ('til we get it)
'Til we get it right we gon' fuck some mo' (I'ma get it)
I'mma get it ('Til we get it), 'til we get it (I'ma get it) Yo, he don't know me
But he settin' up to blow me, uh
Said my Twitter pics remind him of Naomi, uh
On the low I used to holla at his homie, uh
Fuck it, now I'm about to ride him like a pony, yeah
Okay, thug prolly, yo come polly

He wanna fuck a bad Dolly and pop Molly
I hope your pockets got a muthafuckin' pot belly
Or is it that you never ball? John Salley
He had the Rolls in his Royce, the tone in his voice
Don't want a good girl, now hoes is his choice
D-D-Dick on H, pussy on W
Mouth on open, ass on smother you
Ass on the cover too, Elle Magazine
Vroom, vroom, vroom, get gasoline
Could I be your wife? Naw we could bang though
I got these niggas whipped, call me Django 'Til we get it right we gon' fuck some mo' ('til we get it)
I'mma get it (I'ma get it), 'til we get it ('til we get it)
'Til we get it right we gon' fuck some mo' (I'ma get it)
I'mma get it ('Til we get it), 'til we get it (I'ma ge)

Songwriters

ERIC BELLINGER, KEITH THOMAS, CHRIS BROWN, MAURICE SIMMONDS, ONIKA MARAJ,
DARRELL EVERSLEY, SHAUN SPEARMAN, HOWARD EVERSLEY

Published by
Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>