

Another Round (remix)

Fat Joe

I just like waking up
Right next to that thing
Gon' have to roll over go have another round

I won't be holding back, my love
I won't be holding back
I won't be holding back, my love
No won't be holding back
'Cause in the end you'll know I want another round
Another round
Another round
Another round, oh I know I want another round
Another round (A round a round)

I used to want you and her and her and her and you with her and her
And now you got me alone and me tonight
I'ma give you my all, all I want is you

Hair in a bun 'cause sometimes the hair just hides your beauty
Swear on my son, ain't too many things could hide your booty
Call me what you like, but bet I slide with cutie
Kenny name wasn't Bud, but he still ride with Rudy
And that's why we comfortable as a Huxtable
You been around since the Lunchables, girl I fucks with you
In the back of the truck with you, same fingers I chuck with two
I'm just playing with you, thinking bout staying with you
Not forever but at least until the A.M. with you
Still playing with it, but you like it raw
Might need a morning after, what we did the night before
Might go another round if you're trying to fight me more

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Cake cake cake cake cake, you know you love it
Icing like Nuvo with a touch of red velvet, look at you,
You a star, I'm a G, Joe the Don
Super thief, I go hard in these sheets, I'm a God, Lord,
Emilio Pucci leggings for good behavior
I wanna tear them shirts off you like Hulkamania
Then dive up in the pussy, Superfly Snuka
Have you coming back to back, more sex to cook up
But ask the girl will I hit advance
She post it out picture perfect, Instagram
I hit home runs and drink last shots
She tore her ACL from all the backshots

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So she done came down
Double cup with ice, man, I think she got some drink from me
Ever since I came round
She say she feel wrong, 'cause her boyfriend listen to me
I don't give a damn bout it
That nigga, if he trip, I got a whole clique of killers with me
See, I'm the man now
Rolling 24's through the hood, women checking for me
Girl, I ain't playing 'round
Pull up to the crib, hope you wearing something special for me
And I'mma lay it down

Round one, two, and three for you and me

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