

# Love More (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 proolly, 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

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