

Brown Sugar

Maestro Fresh Wes

Sugar, sugar, sugar

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Sugar, sugar, sugar

Sugar, sugar, sugarIt's like a hot fudge drippin' down

Drippin' down, drippin'

You got me trippin', I'm almost slippin'

Genuine, one of a kind, brown

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)As I walk into the room, it's easy to assume

A brother like me loves the girls with a boom

Coolin' with my fellas, talkin' how we makin' ends

Walkin' through the valley of the skins like my nigga TrendzSeen a hot dame, I had to kick game

Not a regular type of hottie I be seein' on the train

Voluptuous, I was presumptuous

So I had to step up, step up, step up to thisShe said, "You can't handle this, I'm livin' far from scandalous

I don't drink beers, don't smoke cannabis

Don't need a man for shit, I'm an independent chick

Salt-N-Pepa type of heffa, yeah, I'm on my own dickNever actin' pompous, I'm strictly conscious

Got goals in life that I'm tryin' to accomplish

A real good looker, far from a hooker

My first name's Brown and my last name is Sugar"It's like a hot fudge drippin' down

Drippin' down, drippin'

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Genuine, one of a kind, brown

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)You shoulda seen it, hops, she raised my eyebrows

The way the titties went bang and that ass went pow

She said, "My hair's always done, nails always polished

Got knowledge, plus I go to a all-girl college"I had to step in and started tellin' her

"Baby look, all-girl college pussy ain't no better than the regular"

She started laughin' and said I was cute

But I ain't cute, you're cute with that skin-tight suitYou see what I'm sayin', I wasn't sweatin' her

But my game was on point 'cause I was gettin' her

Wettin' her, lettin' her, check me out with her retina

Scopin' that ass just like a predatorShe said, "Wes, you're a real cool brother

Damn, why didn't I met you earlier this summer?"

I asked why, she said, "You got mad flavs

But I'm goin' back to college and I leave in two daysBut don't get me wrong, word to my moms

I'll be back for Thanksgiving, so you know I put you on"

You know I had a front like I was chillin'

But deep down inside "Let's hit in now, money, fuck Thanksgiving"I said, "Baby doll, don't play

You know a brother like me gives thanks every day"

She said, "Don't even try it, I'm far from a hooker

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Genuine, one of a kind, brown

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)No additives, no preservatives, strictly

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)

A granulated, often imitated, never duplicated brown

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)No saccharin, no equal or sequel

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)

A granulated, often imitated, never duplicated brown

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)

That's rightShe said, "Wes, don't look at me as just sexual

I mean, I know I look good but shit, I'm also intellectual

I caught ya peepin' my behind

But we got so much in common, let our minds intwine""I hear what you're sayin," is what I told her

"And it seems like you got a good head on your shoulders

And yeah, I must admit that your style's slick

But fuck that Janet-Jackson-Let's-Wait-A-While shit"She said, "The more we talk, the more I'm with this

But don't get me mixed up with all these other bitches

I just met you, I ain't with it but I'll admit it

When I come back I might let you hit it""I can't play myself and look soft

'Cause in 1994 you know I'm comin' off

I got my act down pat, proud of bein' black

Don't need a nigga for jack and my pockets stay fat""A real good looker, far from a hooker

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