Blak Pudd'n

SWV

Boy, be quite, follow me and tip toe
Don't wanna make too much noise
Sneaking in your window
So pull down the shades'Cause my neighbors are kind of nosy
Comfy, cosy, now off with the clothes-y
Can I get a witness? Betta fitness
Baby, we can do it, take your time, do it rightLick my belly button, whisper sweet nothings
In my ear to get my hormones in gear
Now, mamma's little baby loves toast and jam
Melts in your mouth but not in your hand
Black pudd'nSeparates the boys from the men
You can knock all day Jehovah but you can't get in
Maybe you can get a scoop, if you're really all of that
And you can leave your fake fingernails in my back
Now, I may not be a lady but I'm surely all woman
So check it, the proof is in the pudd'nCan I get a lick? Can I get a lick? What?
Can I get a lick? Can I get a lick? What?
Can I get a lick? Can I get a lick, girl?
I wanna get a taste of your pudd'nMust be Jell-O, 'cause pudd'n don't jiggle like that
Yeah ain't that a fact, pull out your spoon
And let's begin the mixing, always in the bedroom
Never in the kitchen you can get busyWith your head beneath the blanket
Flip it, spank it, gettin' buck naked 'cause women in the 90's
Want more from a brother than a part-time lover
Who's wack undercover, so brother, do your duty
When it comes to the bedroom, don't let him eat the pudd'nIf he ain't got the head room
So, dip, D I P, dive if you wanna be a diver
Sport a helmet with a light like an old gold miner
No need to taste test the puddn's always fresh
So, brothers, wear a bib if you're gonna make a messCan I get my spoon in, no way
Now I eats more pudd'n than old folks play bingo
Parker Lewis can't lose in Santa Domingo
What about Atlanta? [unverified] than Santa
Saturday night, I'm liver than Rose-ana-ana Dan-a
So, Holy Molly
([Unverified])Can I get my spoon in, no way
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([Unverified])Can I get a lick? Can I get a lick? What?
Can I get a lick? Can I get a lick? What?
Can I get a lick? Can I get a lick, girl?
I wanna get a taste of your pudd'nProof is in the pudd'n, so come get a taste
I know that you love it from the smile on your face
Up and down like a slinky, let's get kinky
The cream in the middle of a Twinkie
'Cause I likes my men cot dieselAnd if you're unleaded then nigga, just forget it
You can't rub my back, or kiss my neck either
With you sniffy, sneezy, coughy, achy, stuffy head fever
Undercover lover, in between the sheets
As the bed springs creak, while I rips up the beatBrothers love the pudd'n like Lucy loves Ricky
Joanie loves Chachi, or Micky loves Minne
But I have getting hickies on my neck in the summer
'Cause wearing a turtle neck is a bummer
I heats up the mike 'til your blood pressure risesIt ain't the kind of pudd'n Bill Cosby advertises
Pull out your spoon, and let us begin
But if you front on the pudd'd
You might not get your spoon in

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