

Sugar

Louis Armstrong

Hard to remember if anything was real
Cold like December and I don't like how that feels
I been livin' a long time
I been givin' a long time too
And I can't believe I wasted so much time on you
But time has brought me back around
Back around to me
And I feel so free
Yeah Now who's gonna give me some sugar tonight
Sugar tonight
Sugar tonight
Now who's gonna give me some sugar tonight
Sugar tonight
Sugar tonight
Bad like Brutus
Hit like Joe Louis
I gots lots of cash
But I'm not Jewish
I'm not no nudist
I'm fully clothed
And I fuck hot pussy until it's cold
Got rhymes of gold Got a voice of platinum
I'm not Dwayne Wayne
But that's what's happening
I'm back in black and if ya have to ask
You can kiss my Anglo-Saxon ass
Now who's gonna give me some sugar tonight
Sugar tonight
Sugar tonight
Now who's gonna give me some sugar tonight
Sugar tonight
Sugar tonight
Hot like a toti
Smooth like Mondovi
Around the way they call me Bathroom Bobby
Sugar is my hobby and my greatest joy
And that's why they call me "cowboy" No Jive I come alive like Frampton
I'm bigger than Seinfeld's house in the Hamptons
Cramp my style, go ahead and give it your best

But I ain't met a mutha fucka who can do that yetNow who's gonna give me some sugar tonight

Sugar tonight

Sugar tonight

Now who's gonna give me some sugar tonight

Sugar tonight

Sugar tonightHey

Now who's gonna give me some sugar tonight

Whoo woo

Whoo woo

Now who's gonna give me some sugar tonight

Whoo woo

Whoo wooThey call me Shotgun Bobby, rock the young hotties

Jock the John Gottis, sock the paparazzi

Real life Fonzie, I roll like Yahtzee

I like stars and bars but I ain't no Nazi

So fuck you, fuck u in the nose

Fuck you and your flows, fuck you and your hoes

Fuck u and your mother if u can't understand it

I'm the illest mutha fucker on the God damn planet

Huh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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