

# Brown Shuga

## Sir Mix-A-Lot

Tell 'about me baby Sweet brown shuga, that's what I call this female  
Bad from the head to the motherfuckin' toenails  
I ain't sprung, I'm just poppin' them facts'  
Baby is a female mack, yeah uhmm Eyes that kill when the loc's are peeled  
Takin' your money if your game ain't real  
Known to keep the ass on propa  
(Propa)  
Never gettin' tickets from those horney-ass coppas There she go, walkin' through the mall  
4 inch pumps got her 6 feet tall  
Switchin', aint' thinkin' 'bout stickin'  
Looking like she never seen a kitchen  
Just broke up with her boyfriend  
(Boyfriend)  
Looking for a fool with a grip of ends  
(Grip of ends)  
Met one, boom, there he is  
A rich young brotha in showbiz, yeah Big man, C.E.O.  
6 double O are the letters on his Benzo  
Big Mack daddy, bad to the bone  
But 3 months later it's on He done took her to the beach rubbed her feet  
And bought baby girl a new jeep  
Now she's gone, you can't buy love without game  
But shuga gotcha lame Sweet brown shuga, tell about me, baby  
Sweet brown shuga, tell about me, baby  
Sweet brown shuga, tell about me, baby  
Sweet brown shuga, tell about me, baby  
She's commin' straigh outta Encino  
Hittin' football players for the C-notes  
(Yep)  
Pickin' 'em, gettin' 'em, rarely ever kissin' 'em  
Take 'em for the bank and then quiten' them Went to the Raiders game  
And spotted this black quarterback  
With a big fat contract  
Now she's on the visitors side line The mackin' is on when the coach calls time  
Quick work, gotta do it slick so  
Do it while the Raiders is kick 'an they field goal  
Put the number on the bottom of a cup The kick is up, it's good  
Later that night relaxin'  
The quarterbacks thinkin' he's waxen'  
But naa the typical line  
I just don't think it's the right time  
(What?) Ask yourself, "Who's the mack?"

Baby starts buyin' moneysacks  
'Cause when the fool got to the next city  
Western Union straight got busy4 G's a week and now baby got a condo sittin' in Redondo  
So the quarterback calls 'cause he wanna get naked  
Beep, beep, beep disconnected  
I'll tell ya son, just because you can bench press  
Don't put ya past this testYou got pimped like a straight-up sap  
Paid money 'cause you sprung on the cat  
(Huh)Bought 35 G's and now your through  
Never got near the boots  
See ya but I never would've been ya  
Sweet brown shuga done went up in yaTell about me, baby sweet brown shuga  
Tell about me, baby sweet brown shuga  
Tell about me, baby sweet brown shuga  
Tell, tell about me, babyBaby starts going to the weight room  
That's trouble, add more curve to the bubble  
The rump is pumped ready for battle  
Caught the next plane to seattle  
Welcome to the 206She's lookin' for the brotha named Mix  
Jumped in a rental car rolled to the hood  
Brown shuga's up to no good  
Got my digit's, gave me a callHave no fear, Mix-a-lot don't fall  
Ring, yeah, who this?  
38-24-38 mixCliped on my pager, grabed my cellular  
Eeny meeny miney mo and picked the number 8 car  
Now I'm rollin' in my NSX thinkin' I'ma get some koo-cheeMet her at the mini-mart, she was in  
an escort  
I'm kinda thinkin' 'bout contact sports  
When we get back to the Mix house  
I'm knockin' that kitty cat outTell about me, baby sweet brown shuga  
Tell about me, baby sweet brown shuga  
Tell about me, baby sweet brown shuga  
Tell about me, baby that's what I call this femaleTell about me, baby  
Tell about me, baby

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>