

Brown Shuga

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Sweet Brown Shuga, that's what I call this female
Bad from the hair to the muthafuckin toenails
I ain't sprung, I'm just pumpin them facts
Baby is a female mack, yeah (hmmm)
???I said heel when the locs are peeled???
Takin yo money if your game ain't real
Known to keep the ass on proper (proper)
Never gettin tickets from the horny ass coppers
There she go, walkin through the mall
4" pumps, got her six feet tall
Switchin, I ain't thinkin bout stickin
Lookin like she never seen a kitchen
Just broke up with her boyfriend (boyfriend)
Lookin for a fool with the gripper ends (gripper ends)
Met one, boom, there he is
A rich young brother in showbiz, yeah
Big man, CEO, six-double-o are the letters on his Benzo
Big mack daddy, bad to the bone
But three months later it's on
He done took her to the beach, rubbed her feet
And brought baby girl a new jeep
Now she's gone, you can't buy love without game
The Shuga gotcha, lame!

Sweet Brown Shuga!
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She's comin straight outta Encino
Hittin football players for the C-notes (yep)
Pickin em, gettin em, rarely ever kissin em
Takin for the bank and then quittin em
Went to the Raiders game in spite of this
Black quarterback with a big fat contract
Now she's on the visitors' sideline
The mackin is on when the coach calls "Time"
Quick work, gotta do a slip so
Do it while the Raiders is kickin they field goal
Put the number on the bottom of a cup
["The kick is up, (appalause) it's good!"]
Later that night, relaxin
The quarterback's thinkin he's waxin
But naw, the typical line:
[girl] "I just don't think it's the right time" ["wha?"]
Ask yourself, who's the mack?
Baby starts buyin money sacks
'Cause when the fool got to the next city
Western Union Street got busy
Four Gs a week and now baby got a condo sittin in Redondo
So the quarterback calls 'cause he wanna get naked
[boop bup beep] Disconnected!
I'll tell ya, son, just because you can bench-press
Don't put ya past this test
You got pimped like a straight up sap
Paid money 'cause you're sprung on the cat
Huh! Bout 35 Gs and now you're through

Never got near the boots
See ya, but I never woulda been ya
Sweet Brown Shuga done went up in ya!

Sweet Brown Shuga!
Sweet Brown Shuga!
Sweet Brown Shuga!

Baby starts goin to the weight room, that's trouble
Addin more curve to the bubble
The rump is pumped, ready for battle
Caught the next plane to Seattle
Welcome to the 206
She's lookin for the brother named Mix
Jumped in a rental car, rolled to the hood
Brown Shuga's up to no good
Got my digits, gave me a call
Have no fear, Mix-a-Lot don't fall
[phone rings on the other line] "Yeah who dis?"
[girl] "38-24-38, Mix"
Clipped on my pager, grabbed my cellular
Eeny meeny miny mo and picked the number 8 car
Now I'm rollin in my NSX,
Thinkin I'ma get some COO-CHIE Sweet Brown Shuga.
Sweet Brown Shuga.
Sweet Brown Shuga.
That's what I call this female!