

# Hot Sugar

Tamar Braxton

Yeah, baby!

Pop it, pop it, pop it  
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Pop it, pop it, pop it  
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Ladies, just so you know  
Don't leave the house with a little kiss when you man man's got a big ego  
Fronting on the cake, no play like, I, I, I, I gots to go  
Cut it out, give your man what he dream about  
T-shirt and some heels on while he chase you all around the house

Get em real bad, drop it low and bring it back  
Oh he ain't gotta ask 'cause I do it for my man  
Wind it up slow, put him on the front row  
Tell him welcome to the show, yeah I do that for my man

(He want that hot sugar, sugar)  
He wanna piece of something sweet all night  
He want that good to the last drop like mine  
He want that sugar, He want that sugar  
He want that sugar, sugar  
(He want that hot sugar, sugar)  
I'll be his sweet little mama all the time  
And we can do it now or later that's fine  
He want that sugar,  
He want that sugar  
He want that sugar, sugar

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Yeah, baby

He said I'm sexy right, I told him close his eyes  
I lit a candle in the room that was the only light  
I turned the speakers up, I told him he could look  
She got that in the oven, that sugar taste so good

Ain't nothin' wrong with a little bit of loving, long as you make it sweet  
Got the good that always bring my baby to his knees  
Never let him leave out hungry, he got that fever  
Never let him leave out hungry, you gotta feed 'em

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Kiss me, eat it up, make it stop, be a sugar fiend  
Watch me heat it up, sugar rush, can you make it stick  
Kiss me, eat it up, make it stop, be a sugar fiend  
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