

Beyonce

"Suga Daddy"

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CHORUS [Saukrates]

They used to call me local suga daddy, all that stuff
I was a cold motherfucker every woman would trust
Smooth rhymes overtime from dusk 'til dusk
'Til one fine evening when I cold fucked up

[Saukrates] ("Michelle" on phone)

*** Phone Ringing ***

3 O'clock in the morning, who's calling me?

Hello (yo)

This fucking streets getting all the ac-action

Don't you give me what you can't give back

So I give you something that you tend to consider the
world

Or it's cool that I'm your man

But hun, you were never my girl

Don't get me wrong, I mean

People come together, we could roll as a team

It all depends on the weather

Show you love, felt you melt when I threw you a hug

I guess my raps to you is like salt to a slug

Taking it, brain by brain it ain't all the same

Giving you pleasure like Purple Rain, analyze to the last
measure

I'm taking you and your pleasure points

To the highest plateau, forever

Remember we first got together (yeah)

I took you home, now we long distance

I'm making you cum over the phone, phone

Your man thinks you tickle yourself the way you moan

With his ears to the bathroom door holding his dick

Like a dog holding his bone, call me Guilliver

Because my Earth is your skin, smooth travelling

(you're crazy)

Like an '86 Caprice Classic, spin

{Breath smelling, like I'm amaretto mixed with melon}

I ain't telling nobody how you gets when you gets on
the phone

Your toenails was looking psyched last time we
performed (ha ha ha ha)

It was funny when you whispered rape into the mic with

the audio on
videotape
What the fuck, you was illing in the back of the truck
(Baby I still got the picture)
Cool darling keep them stuck
Ay ay, what ever happened between you and Simone
'Cause I heard crazy shit about her
call waiting beep
Oh shit hold on

CHORUS

[Saukrates] ("Michelle" on phone)
This fucking streets getting all the ac-action
You give me what you can't give back
So I give you something that you tend to consider the
world
Or it's cool that I'm your man
But hun, you were never my girl
Don't get me wrong, I mean, I mean
People come together, we could roll as a team
It all depends on the weather
Show you love, felt you melt when I threw you a hug
I guess my rap to you is like salt to a slug
Taking it, brain by brain it ain't all the same
Giving you pleasure like Purple Rain, analyze to the
next measure
I'm taking you and your pleasure points
To the highest plateau, forever
Remember we first got together
I took you home, now we long distance
I'm making you cum over the phone, phone
Your man thinks you tickle yourself the way you moan
With his ear to the bathroom door holding his dick
Like a dog hold his bone, call me Guilliver
Because my Earth is your skin, smooth travelling
Like an '86 Caprice Classic, spin
Smelling, like I'm amaretto mixed with melon
I ain't telling nobody how you gets when you gets on
the phone
Your toenails was looking psyched last time we
performed
It was funny when you whispered rape into the micro
with the audio and
videotape (nigga)
What the fuck, you was illing in the back of my truck
(Nigga you know who you talking to?)
Cool darling keep them stuck
Ay ay, what ever happened between you and Michelle
'Cause I heard crazy shit about her
(Yo motherfucker this is Michelle bitch)

(What the fuck) What!
(You don't even know who the fuck you're talking to) oh
oh
(Clicking the fucking line and not realizing that you're
talking to the same
fucking girl you were talking to before BITCH) ah man,
ah shit
(What the fuck, you don't try to play me nigga)

CHORUS

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