

Flight 409

"Sugarlumps"

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Lemme tell ya

I see you girls checkin' out my trunks
I see you girls checkin' out the front of my trunks
I see you girls lookin' at my junk, then checkin' out my
rump, then back to my sugarlumps

When I shake it, I shake it all up
You probably think that my pants have the mumps
It's just my sugarlumps bump ba bump
They look so good, that's why I keep 'em in the front

All the ladies checkin' out my sugarlumps
They drive the ladies crazy

All these bitches checkin' out my britches
Put 'em in a trance when I wear track pants
My dungarees make them hun-ga-ree
They're over the moon when I don pantaloons

My sugarlumps are two of a kind - sweet and white and
highly refined
Honies try all kinds of tomfoolery to steal a feel of my
family jewellery
My cannonballs cause a kerfuffle - the ladies they
hustle to ruffle my truffle
If you party with the Party Prince, you get two
complimentary after-dinner mints

We see you girls checkin' out our trunks
We see you girls checkin' out the front of our trunks
We see you girls lookin' at our junk, then checkin' out
our rumps, then back to our sugarlumps

Chillin' at my store, doin' my thing, when in walks a guy
with his dick in a sling
I'm like, "Holy shit! What happened to you?"
He said, "How much will you give me for the family
jewels?"
I said "Ten bucks"; he said "No way!"
"Ten bucks and a Frisbee"; he said "Okay"

And I took his sugarlumps and put 'em on display, and
sold 'em as hacky sacks later that day

All the ladies they want a taste of my sugarlumps
Sweet sugarlumps yeah
All the ladies they want a taste of my sugarlumps
Sweet sugarlumps

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