

## Maestro

### "Brown Sugar"

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Sugar, sugar, sugar) ( 4x )

It's like a hot fudge drippin down

Drippin down, drippin

You got me trippin

I'm almost slippin

Genuine, one of a kind

Brown

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)

[ VERSE 1 ]

As I walk into the room, it's easy to assume

A brother like me loves the girls with a boom

Coolin with my fellas, talkin how we makin ends

Walkin through the 'valley of the skins' like my nigga  
Trendz

Seen a hot dame, I had to kick game

Not a regular type of hottie I be seein on the train

Voluptuous, I was presumtuous

So I had to step up, step up, step up to this

She said, "You can't handle this

I'm livin far from scandalous

I don't drink beers, don't smoke cannabis

Don't need a man for shit

I'm an independent chick

Salt-N-Pepa type of heffa, yeah, I'm on my own dick

Never actin pompous, I'm strictly conscious

Got goals in life that I'm tryin to accomplish

A real good looker, far from a hooker

My first name's Brown and my last name is Sugar"

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 2 ]

You shoulda seen it, hops, she raised my eyebrows

The way the titties went bang and that ass went pow

She said, "My hair's always done, nails always polished

Got knowledge, plus I go to a all-girl college"

I had to step in and started tellin her

"Baby look, all-girl college pussy ain't no better than  
the regular"

( Laughter ) She started laughin and said I was cute

But I ain't cute, you're cute with that skin-tight suit

You see what I'm sayin, I wasn't sweatin her

But my game was on point cause I was gettin her

Wettin her, lettin her

Check me out with her retina

Scopin that ass just like a predator

She said, "Wes, you're a real cool brother

Damn, why didn't I met you earlier this summer?"

I asked why, she said, "You got mad flaws

But I'm goin back to college and I leave in two days

But don't get me wrong, word to my moms

I'll be back for Thanksgiving, so you know I put you on"

You know I had a front like I was chillin

But deep down inside "Let's hit in now, money, fuck  
Thanksgiving"

I said, "Baby doll, don't play

You know a brother like me gives thanks every day"

She said, "Don't even try it, I'm far from a hooker

My first name's Brown and my last name is Sugar

[ CHORUS ]

No additives, no preservatives

Strictly

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)

A granulated, often imitated, never duplicated brown

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)

No saccharin, no equal or sequel

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)

A granulated, often imitated, never duplicated brown

(Sugar, sugar, sugar)

That's right

[ VERSE 3 ]

She said, "Wes, don't look at me as just sexual

I mean, I know I look good, but shit, I'm also intellectual

I caught ya peepin my behind

But we got so much in common, let our minds intertwine"

"I hear what you're sayin," is what I told her

"And it seems like you got a good head on your shoulders

And yeah, I must admit that your style's slick

But fuck that Janet-Jackson-Let's-Wait-A-While shit"

She said, "The more we talk, the more I'm with this

But don't get me mixed up with all these other bitches

I just met you, I ain't with it, but I'll admit it

When I come back I might let you hit it

I can't play myself and look soft

Cause in 1994 you know I'm comin off

I got my act down pat, proud of bein black

Don't need a nigga for jack, and my pockets stay fat

A real good looker, far from a hooker

My first name's Brown and my last name's Sugar"

[ CHORUS

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