

## Swv "Blak Puddin'"

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[Taj & Sahpreem King]

(Verse 1)

Shh! Boy, be quite. Follow me and tip-toe  
Don't wanna make too much noise sneaking in your  
window  
So pull down the shades  
'Cause my neighbors are kind of nosy  
Comfy, cosy, now off with the clothes-y  
Can I get a witness  
Betta fitness. Baby, we can do it  
Take your time, do it right

Mmm, lick my belly button  
Whisper sweet nothings in my ear  
To get my hormones in gear  
Now, mamma's little baby loves toast and jam  
Melts in your mouth, but not in your hand  
Black pudd'n...  
Seperates the boys from the men  
You can knock all day Jehova, but you can't get in  
Maybe you can get a scoop, if you're really all of that  
And you can leave your fake fingernails in my back  
Now, I may not be a lady  
But I'm surely all woman  
So check it, the proof is in the pudd'n

(Hook)

Can I get a lick? Can I get a lick?  
What?  
Can I get a lick? Can I get a lick?  
What?  
Can I get a lick? Can I get a lick, girl?  
I wanna get a taste of your pudd'n

(Verse 2)

Must be Jell-O, 'cause pudd'n don't jiggle like that  
Yeah ain't that a fact  
Pull out your spoon  
And let's begin the mixing  
Always in the bedroom  
Never in the kitchen  
You can get busy

With your head beneath the blanket  
Flip it, spank it, gettin' buck naked  
'Cause women in the 90s want more from a brother  
Than a part-time lover, who's wack undercover  
So, brother, do your duty when it comes to the  
bedroom:

[Coko]

Don't let him eat the pudd'n

If he ain't got the head room  
So, dip, DIP, dive if you wanna be a diver  
Sport a helmet with a light  
Like an old gold miner  
No need to taste test  
The puddn's always fresh  
So, brothers, wear a bib if you're gonna make a mess

(3x)

Can I get my spoon in - No way  
Now I eats more pudd'n  
Than old folks play bingo  
Parker Lewis can't lose in Santa Domingo  
What about Atlanta? [????] than Santa  
Saturday night, I'm liver than  
Rose-ana-ana Dan-a. So, Holy Moly (  
No Clue What He's Saying)

(Hook)

(Verse 3)

Proof is in the pudd'n, so come get a taste  
I know that you love it from the smile on your face  
Up and down like a slinky, let's get kinky  
The cream in the middle of a Twinkie  
'Cause I likes my men cot diesel  
And if you're unleaded  
Then Nigga, just forget it  
You can't rub my back, or kiss my neck either  
With you sniffy, sneezy, coughy  
Achy, stuffy head fever  
Undercover lover, in between the sheets  
As the bed springs creak, while I rips up the beat  
Brothers love the pudd'n like Lucy loves Ricky  
Joanie loves Chachi, or Micky loves Minne  
But I havte getting hickies on my neck in the summer  
'Cause wearing a turtle neck is a bummer  
I heats up the mike 'til your blood prssure rises  
It ain't the kind of pudd'n Bill Cosby advertises  
Pull out your spoon, and let us begin  
But if you front on the pudd'd

You might not get your spoon in

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