

## Swv "Blak Pudd'n"

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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

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

Separates the boys from the men  
You can knock all day Jehovah 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

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

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  
90's  
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, don't let him eat the  
pudd'n

If he ain't got the head room

So, dip, D I P, dive if you wanna be a diver  
Sport a helmet with a light like an old gold miner  
No need to taste test the pudd'n's always fresh  
So, brothers, wear a bib if you're gonna make a mess

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? [unverified] than Santa  
Saturday night, I'm liver than Rose-ana-ana Dan-a  
So, Holy Molly  
([Unverified])

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I wanna get a taste of your pudd'n

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 have getting hickies on my neck in the summer  
'Cause wearing a turtle neck is a bummer

I heats up the mike 'til your blood pressure 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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