

## Trick Daddy "Sugar"

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Uh huh, yeah, aw, man  
I got a sweet tooth, can you dig it?  
After this one you gon' need a root canal  
I love sugar all of it

This one for all the nice clean  
Decent women  
Lay it on me, girl  
Pay close attention

She put that sugar on my tongue  
She's gonna gimme, gimme some  
She put it right there on my tongue  
(Sweet, sweet, lover, lover)  
Right there on my tongue  
(She turns me on, like no other)

And gimme some of your butter pecan  
Put it right there on tip of my tongue, put it  
Right yeah, 'cuz, baby, if I bite you  
I bet you like it

French Vanilla's a hell of a flavor for me  
With strawberries, two cherries and whipped cream  
The best dreams are the wet dreams  
And uh, the rest is just a flick without a sex scene

Orally , I speak the truth  
'Cuz the blacker the berry  
The sweeter the juice  
Cuz, Florida oranges and Georgia peaches

When they nice and ripe  
They the best for eatin'  
All these southern boys be cravin'  
For a whole slice of pie after they main course

So if you game for it  
I came for it  
I got a thang for ya  
That I can't ignore

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She put that sugar on my tongue, tongue  
Yippie yippie, yum yum  
Goodie goodie gum drop  
Put me in a tongue lock

Did it till my body went numb, numb  
Laid her on her back, back  
Turned her round, gave her bottom a smack, smack  
She's a woman from the block with the best of weed

But I won't stop till I'm pullin' out tracks, tracks  
It was lust at first sight  
And she couldn't help sayin' that she wanted to get with  
me  
And my size was just right

But she wanted a man with a little security  
Said, I been around the world twice  
And my name ring bells from Atlanta to Sicily  
Said she wanted it all night  
So put the bubbles in the tub and Ludacris she need

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Sweetie you look so incredible  
So delicious and so damn edible  
All I need is some honey or syrup  
With a lil' butter to rub down all your curves

And no need for the lemonade  
Just a twist of lime and some grape Kool-Aid  
Can I call you Caramel?  
'Cuz I'm 'bout to go coo-coo to taste your Coco Puffs

One bowl ought to fill me up  
But that milk gotta be cold enough  
So supper time that'll hold me up  
I might choke myself if I don't slow it up, but

Honey, you look like a honeydew melon  
Or strawberry with the whipped cream filling  
Of the top part of the peach cobbler  
But uh, the fruit platter ought to do me better

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