

## Organized Konfusion "Shugah Shorty"

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Aww, man, you like the best thing I've seen all day  
I'm saying, "Give me a moment  
One minute, one minute  
Aww, come on, sis"

Shugah Shorty, why you backin' up?  
Got a nigga out here iggy actin' up  
Shugah Shorty, why you backin' up?  
Got a nigga out here iggy actin' up

Shugah Shorty, why you backin' up?  
Got a nigga out here iggy actin' up  
You kept walking shugah, yo, I started catchin' up  
Peeping game, now I'm the nigga that you smashin' up

Damn, sis, you lookin' kinda, extra  
Diggin' your cat strut and your beautiful cocoa  
Carribean texture  
Savin' all the small talk lecture for chump light  
You know deep inside I wanna sex you like no other

Chasin' you down Jamaica Ave  
A ghetto dope Cleopatra, nigga, shorty was bad  
First she was iggin' me, son, sliding up in strawberries  
Suckin' down a sugar cone with nuts, sprinkles and  
cherries

Excuse me, miss, but, uhh pecan, can I get a lick?  
I be the Prince Po, the rebirth of slick  
So it's cool like that, me and you can make it all that,  
four flat  
Into this elevator exotic world with the tall black

Ghetto dope Don Juan ready to see reflections  
In Amazon rivers with ya blue watters  
Matchin' straw hat, see the picture, love it but it ain't  
perfect

We can exchange this data and later respectfully work  
it  
Whew, I'm nothin' but a space aged freak  
Who wanna beam you up later this week

So, baby, what's the word

Shugah Shorty, why you backin' up?  
Got a nigga out here iggy actin' up

Damn, it's like, uhh, uhh, a feeling that I get inside  
Hard to explain it, I'm getting tongue tied  
Like I hate when I wheez, stumblin' over the words  
Mumblin', fumblin' over my opening line

Jumblin' rhymes together, you know my palms get all  
sweaty  
And I, uhh, ahh, uhh, ahh, uhh, ahh, uhh  
Misses, I can't explain how much I want to be up in it  
And I know you ain't had no dick in a minute

Oh, you smoke beedies, see you go  
Couldn't you see me and you stressed out  
In bikini's on the beach in Tahiti?  
See me, I'm very selective even though I could be  
greedy

My main objective is to write our names together in  
graffiti  
And are be [unverified] so y'all can see me, speedy  
(Naw, see)  
You can be my centipede like we-be-fore-play  
'Cause I gourmet my food up like eatie and Maxwell

Similar to that smooth kid's C D  
Monch, easily the most easily unmistakable  
Believe me

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This one, little chick, she pissed me off  
Comin' out the store, now I'm holdin' the door  
To the Bodega, she got a little man with her  
Figuring if I kicks it to the kid then I could get her right,  
say listen

I see you around every night around seven o'clock  
You walkin' up the block [unverified] with the rocks

On the side of the crib with your kid on ya hip  
And ya close top notch, you know the thirst, baby

First we can deal with the math, if you search through  
your purse  
For a pen, we can blast off like Hubble Space Craft  
Material, I'm aware of you and your concern about  
vanirial diseases  
If it pleases you, shit, Jesus

I pack profolactics that stretch to my knees  
She squinted with a demented look behind a tented  
glass  
Of a girlfriend, rented, Benz E-Class vented hate  
But still hinted like I was self centered

She said, "Speak to the hand"  
Y'all know that shit that girls invented  
Aww, see it didn't have to be like that wit' you,  
fiberglass  
Backboard ass, that's mad flat, bitch

Shugah Shorty, why you backin' up?  
Got a nigga out here iggy actin' up

Who that big flat piece of chocolate  
Sparkin' it, rockin' it, uhh, uhh, uhh, rockin' it

My name is Prince, boo, now few who speak don't be  
true  
But you, you got this lovely but rugged stiggy  
How you do? Get out the car, lemmie see you  
Now what's your name?

Star

Body was bizarre, yo Star  
Where you live?

Far, Rockaway Beach, out in the boons  
My niggas put five on it and stack all I like the Loons  
Packin' twos, so, Pappi, what you say?

When I'm grown, I don't hump, I bone, I ain't playin'  
I'm a man who likes a treat  
Message feet of the independent queen  
To throw up some heat

Shit, girl, I can fix you something to eat  
Prepare a five course meal while I'm makin' the beat  
Already got two things in this beautiful universal

common

That's lovin' a tight ass fuck and some tight ass rymin'

So what, we into somethin' or your frontin', pilgrum

I ain't askin' a protif be for make children

I'm skilled in body messages and sexual healin'

I'm gentle, but I'm runnin' wild just to make a million

We buildin', baby, so here's enough for you to handle

That'll light you up and blow you out like candles

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