

Til Tuesday

"Suga Mama"

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Man, I am so sick and tired of you free loadin off me.
And what the hell is that smell?
Did you just...
Man, you are so uhhh

Boy you stressin me,
You need to just get up out my house
And be impressin me,
And buy me things,
Why I'm always buyin you this,
Buyin you that,
I don't never see you give nuttin back

You need ta get a job,
Or atleast walk the dog,
Can't even do something so simple
Like just get hard,
So please don't cry,
Baby dry your eyes,
Mamas gonna throw you out no surprise

[Chorus: x2]
I'm not ya suga mama,
Go get a job,
I'm not ya suga mama,
Go get a job,
I'm not ya suga mama,
Go get a job,
Trick!
Betta get up off my shit

First you were cool,
Fine like a motha fucka,
Now you a scrub,
Nuttin but a blood sucka,
Thought you was a dime,
You a waste of time,
All you wanna do is eat, fuck and recline,

Ya need to call ya boys,
Get ya from my spot,

All I can get through ya is a cock block,
So please don't cry,
Baby dry your eyes,
Mamas gonna throw you out no surprise

[Chorus: x2]
I'm not ya suga mama,
Go get a job,
I'm not ya suga mama,
Go get a job,
I'm not ya suga mama,
Go get a job,
Trick!
Betta get up off my shit.

Blah blah blah blah blah blah
Oh my bad,
Was you talkin to me?
Money money money,
I need some mo money,
Ugh,
Yeah,
Whateva

[Chorus: x4]
I'm not ya suga mama,
Go get a job,
I'm not ya suga mama,
Go get a job,
I'm not ya suga mama,
Go get a job,
Trick!
Betta get up off my shit

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