

## **Mercedes F/ A-Lexxus, Mr. Serv-On**

### **"Brown Shuga"**

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Sweet Brown Shuga, that's what I call this female  
Bad from the hair to the muthafuckin toenails  
I ain't sprung, I'm just pumpin them facts  
Baby is a female mack, yeah (hmmm)  
???I said heel when the locs are peeled???  
Takin yo money if your game ain't real  
Known to keep the ass on proper (proper)  
Never gettin tickets from the horny ass coppers  
There she go, walkin through the mall  
4" pumps, got her six feet tall  
Switchin, I ain't thinkin bout stickin  
Lookin like she never seen a kitchen  
Just broke up with her boyfriend (boyfriend)  
Lookin for a fool with the gripper ends (gripper ends)  
Met one, boom, there he is  
A rich young brother in showbiz, yeah  
Big man, CEO, six-double-o are the letters on his Benzo  
Big mack daddy, bad to the bone  
But three months later it's on  
He done took her to the beach, rubbed her feet  
And brought baby girl a new jeep  
Now she's gone, you can't buy love without game  
The Shuga gotcha, lame!

Sweet Brown Shuga!  
Sweet Brown Shuga!  
Sweet Brown Shuga!  
Sweet Brown Shuga!

She's comin straight outta Encino  
Hittin football players for the C-notes (yep)  
Pickin em, gettin em, rarely ever kissin em  
Takin for the bank and then quittin em  
Went to the Raiders game in spite of this  
Black quarterback with a big fat contract  
Now she's on the visitors' sideline  
The mackin is on when the coach calls "Time"  
Quick work, gotta do a slip so  
Do it while the Raiders is kickin they field goal  
Put the number on the bottom of a cup  
["The kick is up, (appalause) it's good!"]

Later that night, relaxin  
The quarterback's thinkin he's waxin  
But naw, the typical line:  
[girl] "I just don't think it's the right time" ["wha?"]  
Ask yourself, who's the mack?  
Baby starts buyin money sacks  
'Cause when the fool got to the next city  
Western Union Street got busy  
Four Gs a week and now baby got a condo sittin in  
Redondo  
So the quarterback calls 'cause he wanna get naked  
[boop bup beep] Disconnected!  
I'll tell ya, son, just because you can bench-press  
Don't put ya past this test  
You got pimped like a straight up sap  
Paid money 'cause you're sprung on the cat  
Huh! Bout 35 Gs and now you're through  
Never got near the boots  
See ya, but I never woulda been ya  
Sweet Brown Shuga done went up in ya!

Sweet Brown Shuga!  
Sweet Brown Shuga!  
Sweet Brown Shuga!

Baby starts goin to the weight room, that's trouble  
Addin more curve to the bubble  
The rump is pumped, ready for battle  
Caught the next plane to Seattle  
Welcome to the 206  
She's lookin for the brother named Mix  
Jumped in a rental car, rolled to the hood  
Brown Shuga's up to no good  
Got my digits, gave me a call  
Have no fear, Mix-a-Lot don't fall  
\*phone rings on the other line\* "Yeah who dis?"  
[girl] "38-24-38, Mix"  
Clipped on my pager, grabbed my cellular  
Eeny meeny miny mo and picked the number 8 car  
Now I'm rollin in my NSX,  
Thinkin I'ma get some >COO-CHIE

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