

Sir Mixalot, Brown Shuga

"tell 'about me baby"
Sweet brown shuga, that's what I call this female
bad from the head to the motherf**kin' toenails
I ain't sprung, I'm just poppin' them facts'
baby is a female mack yeahuhmm
eyes that kill when the loc's are peeled
takin' your money if your game ain't real
known to keep the ass on propa (propa)
never gettin tickets from those horney-ass coppas
there she go, walkin through the mall
4 inch pumps got her 6 feet tall
switchin,
aint' thinkin 'bout stickin
looking like she never seen a kitchen
just broke up with her boyfriend (boyfriend)
looking for a fool with a grip of ends (grip of ends)
met one, boom, there he is
a rich young brotha in showbiz yeh
big man, c.e.o.
6 double o are the letters on his benzo
big mack daddy, bad to the bone
but 3 months later it's on
he done took her to the beach
rubbed her feet
and bought baby girl a new jeep
now she's gone, you can't buy love without game
but shuga gotcha lame

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She's commin straigh outta Encino
hittin football players for the c-notes (yep)
picken' 'em, gittin' 'em, rarely ever kissin' 'em
take 'em for the bank and then quiten' them
went to the Raiders game and spotted this
black quarterback with a big fat contract
now she's on the visitors side line
the mackin' is on when the coach calls time
quick work, gotta do it slick so
do it while the Raiders is kick'n they field goal
put the number on the bottom of a cup
"the kick is up... it's good!"
later that night relaxin'
the quarterbacks thinkin' he's waxen'
but naa the typical line
"I just don't think it's the right time" (what???)
ask yourself, who's the mack
baby starts buyin' moneysacks
cause when the fool got to the next city
Western Union straight got busy
4 G's a week and now baby got a condo sittin in Redondo
so the quarterback calls cause he wanna get naked
"beep beep 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 casue you sprung on the cat(huh)
Bought 35 G's and now your through
never got near the boots
see ya, but I never would've been ya
sweet brown shuga done went up in ya

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baby starts going to the wheight room
that's trouble, add 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 brotha named Mix
jumped in a rental car rolled to the hood
brown shuga's up to no good
got my digit's, gave me a call
have no fear, Mix-A-Lot don't fall
"riinnnnngggg- yeah, who this?"
"38-24-38 Mix"
cliped on my pager, grabed my cellular
eeny meeny miney mo and picked the number 8 car
now I'm rollin' in my NSX thinkin' I'ma get some "koo-chee"
met her at the mini-mart, she was in an Escort
I'm kinda thinkin' 'bout contact sports
when we get back to the Mix house
I'm knockin' that kitty cat out!!!

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