

SWV, Blak Puddin'

(Taj & Sahpreem King)

(Verse 1)

Shh! Boy, be quite. Follow me and tip-toe
Don't wanna make too much noise sneaking in your window
So pull down the shades
'Cause my neighbors are kind of nosy
Comfy, cosy, now off with the clothes-y
Can I get a witness
Betta fitness. Baby, we can do it
Take your time, do it right

Mmm, lick my belly button
Whisper sweet nothings in my ear
To get my hormones in gear
Now, mamma's little baby loves toast and jam
Melts in your mouth, but not in your hand
Black pudd'n...
Seperates the boys from the men
You can knock all day Jehova, but you can't get in
Maybe you can get a scoop, if you're really all of that
And you can leave your fake fingernails in my back
Now, I may not be a lady
But I'm surely all woman
So check it, the proof is in the pudd'n

(Hook)

Can I get a lick? Can I get a lick?
What?
Can I get a lick? Can I get a lick?
What?
Can I get a lick? Can I get a lick, girl?
I wanna get a taste of your pudd'n

(Verse 2)

Must be Jell-O, 'cause pudd'n don't jiggle like that
Yeah ain't that a fact
Pull out your spoon
And let's begin the mixing
Always in the bedroom
Never in the kitchen
You can get busy
With your head beneath the blanket
Flip it, spank it, gettin' buck naked
'Cause women in the 90s want more from a brother
Than a part-time lover, who's wack undercover
So, brother, do your duty when it comes to the bedroom:

(Coko)

Don't let him eat the pudd'n

If he ain't got the head room
So, dip, DIP, dive if you wanna be a diver
Sport a helmet with a light
Like an old gold miner
No need to taste test
The puddn's always fresh
So, brothers, wear a bib if you're gonna make a mess

(3x)

Can I get my spoon in - No way
Now I eats more pudd'n
Than old folks play bingo
Parker Lewis can't lose in Santa Domingo
What about Atlanta? (????) than Santa

Saturday night, I'm liver than
Rose-ana-ana Dan-a. So, Holy Moly (
No Clue What He's Saying)

(Hook)

(Verse 3)

Proof is in the pudd'n, so come get a taste
I know that you love it from the smile on your face
Up and down like a slinky, let's get kinky
The cream in the middle of a Twinkie
'Cause I likes my men cot diesel
And if you're unleaded
Then Nigga, just forget it
You can't rub my back, or kiss my neck either
With you sniffy, sneezy, coughy
Achy, stuffy head fever
Undercover lover, in between the sheets
As the bed springs creak, while I rips up the beat
Brothers love the pudd'n like Lucy loves Ricky
Joanie loves Chachi, or Micky loves Minne
But I havte getting hickies on my neck in the summer
'Cause wearing a turtle neck is a bummer
I heats up the mike 'til your blood prssure rises
It ain't the kind of pudd'n Bill Cosby advertises
Pull out your spoon, and let us begin
But if you front on the pudd'd
You might not get your spoon in