

# Cuban Link, Sugar Daddy

(Uhhh baby...heyyy...)

(Uh ohhh...)

Yeah yeah I'ma be a player for life (ummmmm yeahhh)  
cuban link, clk, yeah I'ma be (baby) a player for life  
yo it's plain to see, you can't (cuban) change me  
cause I'ma be a player for life,(what you got for me)  
yo it's plain to see (so come and get with me),you can't change me  
cause I'm be a player for life (cause I want you to be my sugar daddy)

(Cuban Link)

ayo excuse me miss, how do you do, you're probably used to this  
cause mami chula you're the bomb and your fuse is lit  
me-I'm coola than the farms, cause I'm smooth and swift  
the type to pull up in to your prom in a brand new 6  
I'm old school, I use the charm to seduce the chicks  
you'll introduce me to ya moms as your future pick  
You're like "Bonita Applebum" or some exclusive shit  
waitin' for you to put me on cause I refuse to quit  
and the truth is- you make a nigga lose his grip  
cause I just can't resist the way you move them hips  
the way you walk and you talk with them beautiful lips  
got a New York train of thought, so you think you the shit  
a suitable fit, you even keep your cuticles ?clipped?  
fully equipped, heavy duty boo, you truly a gift  
you a cuty with a mind, not a groupie or trick  
rich in beauty cause you shine without jewelry and chips

(Chorus: Mya)

papi, please be my sugar daddy  
I want you to rule my world  
dry kisses that taste like candy  
can I be your sugar girl  
just put some ice on my pinky ring  
and fly me around the world  
I owe it to papi, I need my sugar daddy  
and I'll be your sugar girl

(Cuban Link)

yeah yo yo  
mami you sweet like licorice, deep and articulate  
baby you look delicious from your feet to your fingertips  
unique and conspicuous, plus your body's ridiculous  
make me wanna lick my lips and lick you where you ticklish  
picture this- lamborghinis, mansions and yachts  
trips to Tahiti instead of standing on the block  
baby I can be your genie man and grant you them rocks  
ice up your watch, and freeze the hands on your glock  
we can dance till we drop, in the sands of the tropics  
romance is so hot-you'll catch a tan on the spot  
anxious to shop, I just hand you a knot  
and make you say (ain't no nigga like the one I got)

(Chorus: Mya)

(Cuban Link)

yo, now baby I'm a thug, plus a player by blood  
but we can lay in the tub, play with the bubbles while I'm rubbin' ya butt  
huggin' you tight, like I'm cuffin' the mic, loving you right  
so light up the candlelights, because we crushin' tonight  
it's such a sight- touch you where you like it, hush and feel the tight grip  
cause I'm the type of private dancer that'll work the nightshift  
this kid will make you scream my name out, to let the pain out  
once I hopped in the train I never came out  
the same wild individual from the playhouse

who stayed out all day at the bar, till' they said &quot;get out&quot;  
I'm straight out the player's club  
rockin' gators with leather gloves  
tailor-made tux showin' the ladies love  
I'm way above average, I know you love Paris  
but we can ride our horse and carriage through the bronx traffic  
24 Karats Cuban Link, I do my thing, (I want you to be my sugar daddy)  
you can bring it if you think you can hang, I bang bang baby

(Chorus: Mya)

(Cuban Link)

yeah yeah I'ma be a player for life, (ohhh)  
Cuban Link, clk, yeah I'ma be a player for life, (player for life)  
yo it's plain to see, you can't change me  
cause I'ma be a player for life, (player for life)  
ayo it's plain to see, you can't change me  
baby, I'ma be a player for life(player for life)  
(I'll be your sugar girl)  
babe (cause I'ma be a player for life, I'll be your sugar girl)  
CLK, It's that girl Mya, oh holla  
(cause I'ma be a player for life) C'mon (I'll be your sugar girl)  
M.O.B. records (cause I'ma be a player for life) woooo  
(I'll be your sugar girl) I'll be your Sugar Daddy  
(cause I'ma be a player for life) I'll be your sugar daddy (3x)