

Hot Sugar

Tamar Braxton

Yeah, baby!

Pop it, pop it, pop it
Pop it, pop it, pop it
Pop it, pop it, pop it
Pop it, pop it, pop it

Ladies, just so you know
Don't leave the house with a little kiss when you man man's got a big ego
Fronting on the cake, no play like, I, I, I, I gots to go
Cut it out, give your man what he dream about
T-shirt and some heels on while he chase you all around the house

Get em real bad, drop it low and bring it back
Oh he ain't gotta ask 'cause I do it for my man
Wind it up slow, put him on the front row
Tell him welcome to the show, yeah I do that for my man

(He want that hot sugar, sugar)
He wanna piece of something sweet all night
He want that good to the last drop like mine
He want that sugar, He want that sugar
He want that sugar, sugar
(He want that hot sugar, sugar)
I'll be his sweet little mama all the time
And we can do it now or later that's fine
He want that sugar,
He want that sugar
He want that sugar, sugar

Pop it, pop it, pop it
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Yeah, baby

He said I'm sexy right, I told him close his eyes
I lit a candle in the room that was the only light
I turned the speakers up, I told him he could look
She got that in the oven, that sugar taste so good

Ain't nothin' wrong with a little bit of loving, long as you make it sweet
Got the good that always bring my baby to his knees
Never let him leave out hungry, he got that fever
Never let him leave out hungry, you gotta feed 'em

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Kiss me, eat it up, make it stop, be a sugar fiend
Watch me heat it up, sugar rush, can you make it stick
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