

Sugar Honey Ice Tea

DJ Luke Nasty

I haven't seen you in a minute, girl, you get thick
Sugar honey ice tea, you know you the shit
Looking like your mama back in '96
Girl, you got a gift and I'm feeling like the Grinch
Aye, well alright, tell me what you like
Well, alright, bet I can do you right
Well, alright, tell me how you got 'em jeans on
Aye, oh baby, this your theme song
'Cause you the shit

Yeah, you know you the shit
You take care of your kids
You pay all your bills
You look good in J's, but you look better in heels
You thick in the right places, you never skipped a meal
Wait, I used to stay up on your mother block
Yeah, you used to Double Dutch and Butterscotch
Aye, and now you text like butterscotch
Wait, go tell Khaled I got another one
Baby, you the baddest in the room
Aye, she told me that she tryna finish school
Wait, but she don't like to play it by the rules
And when I get it, baby, I know what to do
And when I hit it, baby, I'mma show and prove
Aye, girl, you got that bomb like a boom
Wait, let me ease your mind and set the mood
Uh, she said we need to link and I said soon

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Aye, you the shit, baby, you legit
Got ass, got hips, cute face, big lips
Remember you from tenth grade
You done came a long way
That body super tight, got a nigga in a daze
Girl, I want your lemonade
But you got a nigga running in the maze
Why you playing games with a nigga, huh?
I can tell you got a thing for a nigga, yup

I can tell you got a thing for a nigga, huh
I can tell you want a ring from a nigga, huh
You the sugar honey ice tea, ain't nobody sweeter
Love it when your hair tied, sweat pants and a beater
Girl, you mm-mm good like [?] word to Gina
I will teach ya
I be tripping for no reason
Aye, huh, do you remember [?]
Up in Brown Hall you were a creeper

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