

Lemme tell ya

I see ya girls checkin' out my trunks
I see ya girls checkin' out the front of my trunks
I see ya girls looking at my junk
Then checking out my rump, then back to my sugalumps

When I shake it, I shake it all up
You'd probly' think my pants had the mumps
It's just my sugalump bumb-ba-bumps
They look so good that's why I keep em' in the front

All. the. ladies. checking. out. my sugalumps
They drive the ladies crazy.

All these bitches checking out my britches
put em' in a trance, when I wear track pants
My dungarees make them hungary
They're over the moon when I don pontaloons

My sugalumps are two of a kind
Sweet and white and highly refined
Honeys try all kinds of tomfoolery
to steel a feel of my family jewlery

My candy balls cause a cafuffle
The ladies they hustle to ruffle my truffle
If you party with the party prince
You get two complimentary after dinner mints

Girls surroundin' me when I'm standin' on the stoop
Givin' me gifts like free chicken soup
book tokens, free chicken soup,
Standin' on the corner going

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o our sugalumps

Sitting in my store, doin' my thing
when a guy walks in with his dick in a sling,
I'm like "holy shit, what happened to you?"
He said "how much will you give me for the family jewels?"
I said "Ten bucks." he said "No way!"
"Ten bucks and a frisbee?" he says "O.K."
So I took his sugalumps and put em' up in a display,
and sold them as hacky sacks later that day.

All the ladies they want, a taste of my sugalumps
sweet sugalumps yeah
All the ladies they want a taste of my sugalumps
sweet sugalumps yeah
[ice cubes falling into a glass]