

Sugarcube

Wax

10 AM walking down my block
En route to get coffee at the donut shop
Ain't nothing unusual, my normal routine
I fiend for coffee bean like you fiend for nicotine
And it seemed
Like a regular morning
But I went in the store and my jaw fell to the floor when I saw this
Goddess, the hottest I've ever seen
Honest, to rate her as a ten would be modest
Type of outfit women wear to their 9 to 5's
That make you wonder how they are in their private lives
White collared shirt with them rolled up sleeves
Tight kind of skirt that stops below the knees
Strictly business class
High heels lift the ass
Oop
She caught me staring
I tried to play it off but it was too apparent
So I grinned, and bared it

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I know just what I'mma do to you

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As I walked past the girl of my dreams
She gave me the kind of smile that boost your self-esteem
Grabbed a cup like I was on the wining team
Then we reconvened by the sugar and cream
And I don't usually spit game
But I would be insane
To let this just fall through
I said "Hi my name is Wax
I make beats and rap
And I'd like to know more about you"
She said "I'm a professor, I teach math"
I said "I'm not surprised, it seems like you got class
Can you get a hall pass for later this week?
You're missing something in your life let me make it complete"
And she gave me her number and I locked it in
Walked out the place feeling confident
On a natural high
So glad that I
Didn't pull a Pharcyde and let her pass me by

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Excuse me baby I was wondering if
You'd like to get together when you finish your shift
You ain't gotta drive girl I'll call you a lift
Wait outside and he'll be there in a jiff
You're the girl of my dreams

You're so fresh and so clean
You're just so pristine
You bring the sugar, I'll bring the cream

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