

Gold coast slave ship bound for cotton fields
Sold in a market down in New Orleans
Scarred old slaver know he's doing alright
Hear him whip the women just around midnight

Brown sugar! How come you taste so good, yeah
Brown sugar! Just like a young girl should Uh-huh

Drums beating, cold English blood runs hot
Lady of the house wonderin' where it's gonna stop
House boy knows that he's doing alright
You shoulda heard him just around midnight

Brown sugar! How come you taste so good, now?
Brown sugar! Just like a young girl should, now

[Sax Solo]

Ah, get along brown sugar! How come you taste so good, baby?
Ah, got me feelin' now, brown sugar! Just like a black girl should yeah

I bet your mama was a tent show queen
And all here boyfriends were sweet sixteen
I'm no schoolboy but I know what I like
You shoulda heard me just around midnight

Brown sugar! How come you taste so good, baby?
Ah, brown sugar! Just like a young girl should, yeah

I said yeah, yeah, yeah, woo!
How come you... how come you taste so good?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, woo!
Just like a... just like a black girl should
Yeah, yeah, yeah, woo!