

Perfect Gentleman (ft Hope Harris)

Wyclef Jean

(This one's goin' out to the strip joints
Yo, meet me at Suzy's Rendez-vous
For every Go-Go Bar
I'ma send this one out to the gentlemen's clubs
Magic City, New York dogs, Rolex
I be seeing y'all up in there late at night
I understand when your girl is stressing you out
(Crazy girls) Know what I'm saying?
Don't let the ladies fool y'all now, fellas
They be doin' the same thing y'all be doin'
Turn up my symphony, man.
Turn up my symphony!
Drop a BEAT!)Just 'cuz she dances go-go
It don't make her a ho, no
Maxine, put your dance shoes on
We going to the disco
We gonna eeeelope to Meeeexico

Called up my mama, said I'm in love with a stripper, yoTen grand, let me see you shake it like you got no
bones in your body and you was made to be a celebrity
Twenty grand, know it's a sin, but before me you show
me a little more skin it would fulfill my fantasy
Thirty grand, to the highest bidder but Chris Rock
said, 'There's no sex in the champagne room'
Forty grand, looked into her eyes, I saw tears falling
down, type of tears that money couldn't buyJust 'cuz she dances go-go
It don't make her a ho, no
Maxine, put your dance shoes on
We going to the disco
We gonna eeeelope to Meeeexico

Called up my mama, said I'm in love with a stripper, yoJust 'cuz she dances go-go
It don't make her a ho, no
Maxine, put your dance shoes on
We going to the disco
We gonna eeeelope to Meeeexico

Called up my mama, said I'm in love with a stripper, yoExcuse me, what is your name?Uh, my name is Hope, yo
I was blessed with the body of the Goddesses
Have you any idea how hard this is?
I could flex in 25 positions
But I only work here to pay my tuition

Yo, tantalizing teaser
 Table-top pleaser
 Give me what I need a
 Mastercard a Visa
 Lap dance fantasy
 Picture us on and on white canopy
 Wyclef extended his hand to me
 Like Billy D. said he's feelin me
 Take me away from here, so far
 Where they ride horses, no cars
 No more stripping in bars
 Me and you 'Clef, against the odds Just 'cuz she dances go-go
 It don't make her a ho, no
 Maxine, put your dance shoes on
 We going to the disco
 We gonna eeeelope to Meeeexico
 Called up my mama, said I'm in love with a stripper, yo Just 'cuz she dances go-go
 It don't make her a ho, no
 Maxine, put your dance shoes on
 We going to the disco
 We gonna eeeelope to Meeeexico
 Called up my mama, said I'm in love with a stripper, yo (Yo a lot of y'all sitting with y'all girls
 fronting like the budweiser commercial
 Talking bout, 'IIIIII, I don't be going to the strip joints'
 You lying man! You'd be surprised who you see up in there man.
 I got one question for you liars, man) Shot callers, Wasn't you a preacher?
 You calling her a hooker? He without sin cast the first stone.
 I met her on the subway, she gave me that VIP card
 And told me if I ever have problems,
 Don't hesitate to come by, yeah, yeah, yeah Just 'cuz she dances go-go
 It don't make her a ho, no
 Maxine, put your dance shoes on
 We going to the disco
 We gonna eeeelope to Meeeexico
 Called up my mama, said I'm in love with a stripper, yo Just 'cuz she dances go-go
 It don't make her a ho, no
 Maxine, put your dance shoes on
 We going to the disco
 We gonna eeeelope to Meeeexico
 Called up my mama, said I'm in love with a stripper, yo
 Call up my mama said I'm in love with a stripper yo! (Yo baby, can I get another lap dance? I tell you I
 got nothing but funny money, man. New York Dogs.)

Songwriters

JERRY DUPLESSIS, HOPE HARRIS, WYCLEF JEAN Published by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>