

# Perfect Gentleman

## Slightly Stupid

(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 'cause 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 'cause she dances go-go

It don't make her a ho, no

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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 'cause 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 'cause 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 'cause 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 'cause 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.)

Lyrics provided by

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