

## Sir Mix-A-Lot

### "A-Lot - Cake Boy"

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He's in a yellow Camaro, skin so smooth  
A buttercup boy from the funny school  
His hair's all nice and wavy  
And mine is nappy so you call me crazy  
And he's got them skin-tight spandex on  
Straight cake to the bone  
He'd cook a big meal like your mother would  
A cake boy, up to no good  
He'll take your girlfriend from ya  
And he's makin' my homeboys wonder  
His body's a trip, got a booty like Josephine Baker  
And a touch of blush maker  
And why most fly girls getitn' hooked on this?  
'Cause he ain't down for the French kiss  
Girl, I'ma tell you what a cake boy is  
(But he's so sensitive!)

Tossed salad is the hairdo  
Cappuchino latte - his brew  
And he's down to do what most girls tell him to  
Brother, I'm scared of you!  
His cash flow is low  
And he ain't down to throw  
But when he shakes that girl-like body on the floor,  
The girls go (boinggg!!)

Striaight cake boy!  
Cake.  
Striaight-up cake boy! Huh, yeah.

I'm workin' out at the gym, a cake boy walks in  
And all the girls step to him  
And I'm trippin' 'cause I'm hard as nails  
And he's lookin' like a smoker from hell  
Spandex suit, pink deer-foam boots  
And a backpack full of juice  
And all the girlies start rubbin' him, and lovin' him  
All the cake boys huggin' him  
Takin' off his shirt, the cake boy had no gun  
So don't throw him up, son  
His walkman radio was playin'  
(You gotta have cake!) That's what the tape was sayin'

And he was shakin' that thang like a Chubby Checker  
nightmare  
All the homies stared  
I don't know what it is, hell -  
He was takin' more women than a mall sale!  
His spandex stuck right up in the place where the sun  
don't shine  
But the girls don't mind  
'Cause that cake boy starts to move  
To the old disco groove  
And your girlfriend likes that  
You may not like that, but that's a fact, black  
He likes to roller-skate, skip rocks on lakes  
The bourgeois girls want straight-up cake boys

Huh.

If your girl likes rhythm and blues, look out  
'Cause that cake's in the house  
But all singers ain't cake, though  
Some stay black, while the others went yellow  
Jump on stage like they never seen a ghetto  
Singin' falsetto  
Sayin' "Oo, I want your touch,  
You know I just can't get enough!" (a-hoo-hoo)  
And your girl gets sprung, stickin' out her tongue  
And you sittin' like you're dumb 'till the show is done?  
Naw, brothers, you gotta roll like this:  
Find a woman that wants a man's kiss  
'Cause if you don't you're bound to lose your girl  
To that cake boy world  
'Casue that cake boy'll pull up quick  
And say "Does your man have a body like this?"  
And you don't, 'cause you drink much brew, hah  
Got a body like Buddah  
And your game is strong, and your background is raw  
Hit the cake boy dead in the jaw  
And that cake boy broke down in ters  
Now your girl is sho' nuff here  
But don't sweat it, 'cause you ain't failin'  
Get a 'round-the-way girl, and keep on bailin'  
And if you're stuck with one of them stuck-up ducks  
Huh, don't press your luck  
'Cause she'll leave you for what she enjoys  
It ain't a man, it's a straight-up cake boy!

Yeah.

Cake boy.

Don't lose your girl to one.

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