

Sir Mix-A-Lot

"The Game"

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[Intro - Sir Mix-A-Lot (Female voice)]

(Peek a boo)

This is the true story about a young lady I know

(Peek a boo)

A walkin' zombie, product of the system

(Peek a boo)

Now she's play a game by her own rules

(Peek a boo)

The peak a boo game

[Verse 1]

Deceptive, her game is in the thick lane

Pick up tips, while you cause some pain

Hundred dollar bills, pot bellies on the prowl

Pick up your shirt to work is fly but foul

A nympho, I don't know but she can dance though

Start the show her system says go

Naked on the stage but lovin' the pay

Peek a boo is the game, the pure never play

[Chorus]

(Peek a boo) The peep show

(Peek a boo)

(Peek a boo)

(Peek a boo)

[Verse 2]

She's seventeen, but claims to be eighteen

Boss on the tip in the back they do the wild thing

Sayin' please won't get this sleaze to skease

Goes this skease only G's for fees

Only works late, downtown 1st and Pike

Yours for the night, if the money's right

She's a stripper, an Avenol sipper

Down with the zipper, cause nobody wants to kiss her

She's the peek a boo pro, yeah you know

Sportin' high heels and swimsuits, dancin' at the strip show

Used to have a real name now they call her Cocoa

Cocoa went loco so they paid to see her solo

Dancin' on the stage, crowd's a rage

They fill up the garter belt to keep the girl paid
It's a trip cause the girl's clockin' dollars with her hips
Like a ape doin' flips for gratuity tips
Such a shame she's lookin' up the deep throat fame
A porno queen with a plastic name
Hot black babes meet chocolate men
That's the peek a boo game and you know the end

[Chorus]

(Peek a boo) - 4X

[Verse 3]

Girls, girls, girls flesh for sale
But you ain't worried cause your pimp puts up the bail
That's the game, table dancin' led to prostitution
Payin' some punk to avoid prosecution
Sleepin' with cops, chasin' jocks
Twenty dollars a knock, now your smokin' the rock
You started out topless, but tricks want the bottom
Then the rock man got 'em
Rolled you, sold you, then the punk told you
Get on the strip, get me paid or I'm a fold you
Your sellin' yourself, but you say your just a stripper
Your mother's at home, alone, but you forget her
Never mind, your contemplatin' a suicide
Trippin' on black tar, trapped and you wanna hide
Strippin', but they would get you through college
Girl you know that whacked out game, ain't solid
But you chose it, and you got stuck wit it
Jump on a table for a dollar a minute
Gamble with AIDS when you ramble
But the Mobil's got your mind all scrambled
Bandits, but the song just a canvas
I paint a picture of life, cause some demand this
From here to Japan, freak show for pay
Peek a boo is the game your daughter just might play

[Chorus]

(Peek a boo) - 4X

[Verse 4]

Now your big time, lookin' up to Hoochieoni
Your butt got bigger, your fingernails phony
Dollars for dames it's a game full a sellouts
I know your name, so I'm qualified to yell out
Baby, seventeen wit a child
Strippin' for perverts and drivin' 'em wild
But there's a man in the back, red eyes and a hat
He wants more than a dance, and a sit on the lap
He wants you Cocoa, he's gone crazy
He thinks pain is a pleasure for a lady

Why? Because your dancin' like a bimbo
Touchin' yourself, makin' love to a pencil
He's hot, turned on, wants to beat your brains out
And he'll pay if you let him just plain out
Beat you, like your some kind a pet
And yo wit it Cocoa, did you forget?
There's a killer on the loose, nickname Green River
Creative with the knife and a young girl's liver
Elusive, smooth, never been spotted
Lookin' for a girl with a Jones and you got it
Cash, the root of your sin
Opportunity knocked but you were never in
But now it's over Cocoa, forever you will sleep
It off, it all started when your father took a peek

[Chorus]

(Peek a boo) - 7X

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