

WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Perfect Gentleman"

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(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!)

in paradise. Look at all these crystals [what's
up in scores? (uh-huh)
Yo straight up this the new anthem for anybody
working hard tryin to make that
Money (giddyup giddyup giddyup), check it out,
y'all.

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 1]

Ten 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 buy

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse 2]

[Wyclef]

Excuse me, what is your name?

[Hope]

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 or Visa

Lap dance fantasy

Picture us on an all 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

[Chorus 2X]

(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, What are 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

[Chorus 2X]

Call up my mama said I'm in love with this strippah yo!

(Yo baby, can I get another lap dance? I tell you I

Got nothing but funny money, man. New York Dogs.)

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