

Wyclef Jean

"Perfect Gentlemen"

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Drop a BEAT!)

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

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 champaigne room'
Forty grand, looked into her eyes, I saw tears falling
down, type of tears that money couldn't buy

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Excuse 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
Black mans fantasy
Picture us on a 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

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(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

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