

Sir Mix-A-Lot, Cake Boy

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 gettin' 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.
Straight-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
'Cause 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.