

Wrestling

"Salt N Pepa- "Whatta Man""

Visit "[Salt N Pepa- "Whatta Man"](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, yeah (ooo)

Uh, hey hey

All right, yeah

Oooo

CHORUS:

What a man, what a man, what a man,

What a mighty good man (we've got the same again now)

What a man, what a man, what a man,

What a mighty good man (he's a mighty mighty good man)

What a man, what a man, what a man,

What a mighty good man (yes he is)

What a man, what a man, what a man,

What a mighty good man (yes)

I wanna take a minute or two, and give much respect due

To the man that's made a difference in my world

And although most men are ho's he flows on the down low

'cause I never heard about him with another girl

But I don't sweat it because it's just pathetic

To let it get me involved in that he said/ she said crowd

I know that ain't nobody perfect

I give props to those who deserve it

And believe me y'all, he's worth it

So here's to the future 'cause we got through the past

I finally found someone that can make me laugh

(Ha ha ha) You so crazy

I think I wanna have your baby

chorus:

what a man, what a man, what man

what a mighty, mighty good man (yes he is)

what a man, what a man, what a man

what a mighty, mighty good man (he's a mighty, mighty good man)

what a man, what a man, what a man

what a mighty, mighty good man (we've got the same again now)

what a mighty good man (yes)

My man is smooth like Barry, and his voice got bass

A body like Arnold with a Denzel face

He's smart like a doctor with a real good rep
And when he comes home he's relaxed with Pep
He always got a gift for me every time I see him
A lot of snot-nosed ex-flames couldn't be him
He never ran a corny line once to me yet
So I give him stuff that he'll never forget
He keeps me on Cloud Nine just like the Temps
He's not a fake wannabe tryin' to be a pimp
He dresses like a dapper don, but even in jeans
He's a God-sent original, the man of my dreams
Yes, my man says he loves me, never says he loves me
not

Tryin' to rush me good and touch me in the right spot
See other guys that I've had, they tried to play all that
mac shit

But every time they tried I said, "That's not it"

But not this man, he's got the right potion

Baby, rub it down and make it smooth like lotion

Yeah, the ritual highway to heaven

From seven to seven he's got me open like Seven
Eleven

And yes, it's me that he's always choosin'

With him I'm never losin', and he knows that my name
is not Susan

He always has heavy conversation for the mind

Which means a lot to me 'cause good men are hard to
find

CHORUS

what a man, what a man, what a man

what a mighty, mighty good man (he's a mighty,
mighty good man)

what a man, what a man, what a man

what a mighty, mighty good man (we've got the same
again now)

what a man, what a man, what a man

what a mighty, mighty good man (yeah)

My man gives real loving that's why I call him Killer

He's not a wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am, he's a thriller

He takes his time and does everything right

Knocks me out with one shot for the rest of the night

He's a real smooth brother, never in a rush

And he gives me goose pimples with every single touch

Spends quality time with his kids when he can

Secure his manhood 'cause he's a real man

A lover and a fighter and he'll knock a knucker out

Don't take him for a sucker 'cause that's not what he's
about

Every time I need him, he always got my back

Never disrespectful 'cause his mama taught him that

CHORUS

Visit [Wrestling](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.