

Santana * f/ Mary J. Blige, Sleepy Brown, Big Boi

"My Man"

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* Carlos Santana only plays guitar

[Intro - Big Boi]

Booooooom, booooooom, boooooom...

Santana's in the room

Booooooom, booooooom, boooooom...

Mary J's in the room

Booooooom, booooooom, ba-BOOM boom...

Big Boi, Beat Bullies let's ride, WOOF!!

[Chorus 2X - Mary J. Blige]

I got a man and he's so good to me

I give love and he gives it back to me

Say it for me once if you know what I mean

I said, my man's what a man's supposed to be

La-la-la-laaaaaaaaa (laaaa-laaaa-laaaaa)

La-la-la-laaaaaaaaa (laaaa-laaaa-laaaaa)

La-la-la-laaaaaaaaa (laaaa-laaaa-laaaaa)

aaaaah, la-da-da-daaaaa

[Verse One - Mary J. Blige]

He opens his arms, and holds on to me

He tells me he loves me, and ohhh I feeeeeel it

And all that I am, and all that I'll be-ee

Is there in his eyes, when I hear him sayin' pleeeeeeease

[Big Boi (Sleepy Brown)]

(Who loves you baby?) I do, I do trust you

See see this ain't just bout havin sex, I don't even have to touch you

But you lustful I'm buggin, you feel me bulgin while we huggin

We all over one another - scattered, covered, smothered

You're my choosey lover, never lovin others, only rubbin me [me]

Satisfy Big to the utmost mentally and physically [-ly]

Every king must crown a queen to make his kingdom mean anything

Thro', thick and slim we gon' win, we a TEAM by any

means, shy'all

[Chorus 2X]

La-la-la-laaaaaaaaa (laaaa-laaa-laaaaa)
La-la-la-laaaaaaaaa (laaaa-laaa-laaaaa)
La-la-la-laaaaaaaaa (laaaa-laaa-laaaaa)
aaaaah, la-da-da-daaaaa

[Verse Two - Mary J. Blige]

The TOUCH of his hand, the sound of his voice
The way that he loves me, 'til he knows I feeeeeel it
And all through the night, forever rejoice
The angel above me, starts to sweetly sing to
meeeeeeeee...

[Big Boi (Sleepy Brown)]

(Who loves you baby?) I do, I do adore you
I'm the best man for the job, another man couldn't do
nothin for ya
Cause you're spicy just like me, we come together like
thunder and lightning
With all of that scratchin and bitin - so excitin it's
frightening!
I'm your do-right MAN and you're my do right not my
just for to-night woman
Makin me feel just like a baker - quick to put sumthin in
your oven!
Not no dumplin's or no stuffin but our own lil' flesh and
blood'n
A bouncin lil' baby sumthin, pretty gurl or handsome
son chiiiiild..

[Chorus]

La-la-la-laaaaaaaaa (laaaa-laaa-laaaaa)
La-la-la-laaaaaaaaa (laaaa-laaa-laaaaa)
La-la-la-laaaaaaaaa (laaaa-laaa-laaaaa)
aaaaah, la-da-da-daaaaa

[Outro - Mary J. Blige]

He opens his arms...
And hooooooooolds on to me...
I got a man, yeah..
I got a maaaaan, yeah yeeaaaaaaaah, yeah
(My man's what a man's supposed to be...)
It's what a man's supposed to be
Yeah, 'ey, eyyyyyy-EYYYYYYY
(My man's what a man's supposed to be...)
YEAH yeah
IIIIIIIIIIII got a man!

IIIIIIIIII got a man!
(My man's what a man's supposed to be...)
IIIIIIIIII got a man-yea yeaaaaaaaah errrrhah yeah...

[Carlos Santana plays a soul-touching guitar riff til
music fades]

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