

**Flo-Rida****"I Know You Got A Man"**

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I know you got a man, man, man  
But tell me what your man, man, man  
Got to do with me, me, me  
(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)  
Got to do with me, me, me  
(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)

I know you got a girl, girl, girl  
But tell me what your girl, girl, girl  
Got to do with me, me, me  
(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)  
Got to do with me, me, me  
(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)

Listen, I know you got a man  
But your man ain't Luda  
So please don't let him fool you 'cause  
The nigga don't really know how to do you

Who's your daddy rollin' all up in the Caddy?  
Sunroof top with the diamond in the back  
Comin' to get some of the bomb in the sack  
Like a bomb in Iraq I'ma come and attack

Every inch of your body after the after party  
And then on to the hotel lobby ridin' me like a Ducatti  
Faster than a Bugatti, I'm like, whoa, Kimosabe  
Good golly, shawty a freak or she been practicin'  
Pilates?

I'm probably just strippin' tongue sk-skippin' like a track  
broke  
But if she think I'm frontin' just wait 'til she see my back  
stroke  
I be your side piece but what's our future plans?  
'Cause I be on you like damn

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Hey, okay, okay, so that's your man's honey I'm in  
I ain't tellin' you to cancel him  
Do, do your thing, look, shawty  
I gotta respect your answerin' him

Them th-th-there's your boyfriend  
I just wanna be your toy friend  
Your other, other man  
Not your lo-lo-lover man, a undercover man

How many rubber bands it will take for you  
Lil mama to be a part of my plan?  
What do you need in advance?  
I can see both of us showin' in France

I can look back at your thong in my hand  
Louis Vuitton, no more Donna Karen  
Couple of stacks, so what is you sayin'  
Like Denzel Washington "My Man"

I don't wanna hear no mo-more 'bout him  
What it gotta do with me?  
You a grown ass woman, I'm a grown ass man  
So we both know a lot about the birds and the bees

Hold up, shorty, let's conversate  
Conjugate, constipate  
Get stuck on each other  
You comin' up outta your lingerie  
Hey, I know you got a man

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(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)  
Got to do with me, me, me  
(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)

Nada, nada, not a damn thing  
He wouldn't know what to do if he tried it  
And I ain't hatin', you need some room to breathe  
And I could be your ventilation

You need a lil lovin'  
Just a lil' stimulation  
A hug, a lil' kissin'  
And a lil' penetration

Give it to you like you never had it before  
And you ain't never gon' think about his ass again  
Lips, hips, eyes, thighs  
Here I'm gon' have to give that ass a ten

And they can get a five  
Even though one of them kinda fine  
But ain't none of them got nothin' on you, you

So let's go somewhere to dine  
And sip some expensive wine  
Later on tell me what we gon' do, do

We gon' bump and we gon' grind  
So good it should be a crime  
And next time tell your friends to come too, too

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