

Frankee "Gotta Man"

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At the bar when this six foot star
Came walking my way
He said shorty your looking kinda bored
Do you mind if I stay

My best friend said you gotta talk
'Cause I think he plays for Atlanta Hawks
But I can't play, maybe someday
But right now I'm okay

I gotta man
(What's that got to do with me?)
I gotta man
(I'm not tryin' to hit at, see)

I gotta man
(What's that got to do with me?)
I gotta man
(I'm not tryin' to hit at)

I gotta man and he may not be a baller
But he's so good to me
He's around, pick up every time I call him
And he makes me so happy

See there's this guy from New York
That I know wanna be with me
Got it all, plenty ends
Plenty friends from my house in Miami

Takes lots of trips, wanted me to go
And then one day I had to let him go
It sounds good and it's real sweet
But my man's all I need

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(What's that got to do with me?)
I gotta man
(I'm not tryin' to hit at, see)

I gotta man
(What's that got to do with me?)
I gotta man
(I'm not tryin' to hit at)

I gotta man and he may not be a baller
But he's so good to me
He's around, pick up every time I call him
And he makes me so happy

I don't want nobody else plus
He's perfect for me that's what's up
Can't nobody do it better
No worries and I'm happy

He's all that I need, all I want
He's perfect for me that what's up
Can't nobody love me better
No worries and I'm happy

I gotta man
(What's that got to do with me?)
I gotta man
(I'm not tryin' to hit at, see)

I gotta man
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I gotta man
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