

Js**"Somma Time Man"**Visit "[Somma Time Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Somebody's knockin' at my door [Yo, yo!] [Who is it?]

Somebody's ringin' my bell [Open the door!] [I'm comin']

Somebody's knockin' at my door [Let me in, please] [Damn!]

Somebody's ringin' my bell [Come on, baby]

It's your man driving to my house every day

Trying to get a play but I say no way

Keep him on a leash cuz he's a D-O-G

Hot-diggity-dog comin' for my coochie

Boom-bam-boom, knock-knock-knock

Waking up my Moms, waking up my Pops, somebody call the cops

And get this fool off my stoop, see

Can you believe that your man is a groupie?

Not-not dedicated, ought to get him spaded

Cut the nuts and get his shots upgraded

So what ya feed him at home? It must be bones

Give him some meat so he can leave me alone

He's a somma time man, so what ya gonna do?

Like Eddie Murphy said, "Yes, your man, too"

CHORUS

He's a somma time man, some of hers, some of mine

He's a somma time man, get ya some of the time

He's a somma time man, some of yours, some of mine

He's a somma time man all year 'round

(repeat)

Now here's a description of the (nigga) that I'm dissin'

If your man fits this category then dismiss him

You gotta dig him, get rid of him, have no pity for him

Send him on his way, yeah, girl, and forget about him

He's got a problem, and it's similar to drugs

Not weed, cocaine, crack or dud, it's an erection, huh

He's a mission, a sexual transition

Addiction, affliction, so girls, sign the petition

He's a man that likes easy pickin'

Thinking that every girl is like easy stickin'

You gotta realize that girls are not store-bought

Like Newports, a pack of cigarettes smoked to the butt

So now I know that what I know I know is now true

You're being true to lovin' a brother that's not with you

You wanna bootie smack from the back

But if you come like that you might catch a Diggum
smack

He's a somma time man

[Yo, this is dedicated to all you somma time fools

And you know who you are

Sometimes you will, sometimes you won't

Now you see 'em, yo, now you don't

1993, you know what I'm sayin'?

It's time to be true to the paid

Cuz this AIDS thing's goin' crazy

So don't you ain't throw it out there, baby]

CHORUS

He's a somma time man, a summer somma time

Especially when it's hot sex is always on his mind

Lookin', dippin' and dog your short skirts, no stockings

No matter who it is, long as he's boot-knockin'

???

???

La-di-da-di all the way to ?

Runnin' through girls like it's musical punanee

So come one, come all, he try to right you all

With that greater than Tibet-time free-fall

Talking that same old same lame ???

Diggity-yack cat brother talking that bullcrap

But everytime he parts his lips

It's funny because I always seems to smell his (shit)

From June, July, August, September

All year-round so girls, just remember

CHORUS

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