

## Juliane Werding

### "Whatta Man"

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Oh  
All right, come on, y'all  
Oooo, uh  
Yeah, talk to me (yeah)  
Oooo

#### CHORUS

What a man, what a man, what a man  
What a mighty good man  
What a man, what a man, what a man  
What a mighty good man  
What a man, what a man, what a man  
What a mighty good man  
What a man, what a man, what a man  
What a mighty good man

Yeah, well that's true so I'm-a have to, like, speak on it  
And let my brother Herb drop some well-deserved  
beats on it  
Then I float like a boat on a lazy river  
Hey, yo, this one goes out to my nigger  
My man, my number one fan, my baby  
I know we can make it, and I don't mean maybe  
I know you wish that you could be in my shoes  
Believe me when I tell ya that I had to pay my dues  
To get to this position, did I forget to mention  
The pain? The hurt? The lies? The aggrevation  
I went through before I hit the jackpot?  
I dated assholes, perverts, and wannabe hard rocks  
It wasn't always in a bed of roses I slept in  
But in a bed of nails when I felt I got wrecked in  
So here's to ya, may we live long and prosper  
I love ya more than Italians do pasta  
More than a dred loves a head full of locks  
More than I love hip-hop (Mmmm, not!)

#### CHORUS

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 everytime 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

#### CHORUS

Check me out  
Big Twan Lov-Her, six-two and a half  
The one that makes you laugh and spends some lovely  
cash  
I got the honeys screamin' "What a man!"  
Cuz I'm splittin' your Oreo, eatin' the cream, it's the  
Punanee Man  
Well, like I really ain't got nothin' to say  
But let me break it down to you anyway  
You heard I'm shy so stop it, you're makin' me blush  
even, baby  
A nigger knows how to love his lady

#### CHORUS

I got a fly man, he's a ragamuff roughneck  
Bigger, bigger, my man gets respect  
He's a goddamn man in every sense of the word  
Act like ya know and forget what ya heard  
Brings a fat check to me home each week  
A brother from the hood but suckas go to sleep  
And intelligent, too, and his mind's profound  
Sometimes he gets rude, but he will break it down  
Down to the bone, that's how we like to do it  
Nice and slow and he won't run right through it  
My daddy-o just how I like it  
Smack it up, lick it, but baby don't bite it  
I loves my man, uh-huh, word is bond  
He keeps it on until the break of dawn

#### CHORUS

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