

Ludacris

"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-skipin' 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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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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