

Whatta Man

Salt-N-Pepa with En Vogue

Whatta man, whatta man, whatta man, whatta mighty good man
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Whatta man, whatta man, whatta man, whatta mighty good man
I wanna take a minute or two and give much respect to
To the man that's made a difference in my world
And although most men are hoes, he goes on the down low
'Cuz I never heard about him with another girl
But I don't sweat it because it's just pathetic to let it
"Get me involved in that", he said, she said, "Crowd"
I know that ain't nobody perfect
I give props to those who deserve it
And believe me ya'll he's worth it
So here's to the future 'cuz we got through the past
I finally found somebody who can make me laugh
You so crazy, I think I wanna have yo baby
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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 nose, 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 9 just like intended
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
Yes, my man says he loves me, never says he loves me not
Not to rush me good and touch me in the right spot
See other guys that I've had, they've tried to play all the mac
But everytime they tried, I've said, "That's not it"
But not this man, he's got the right potion
Baby rub it down and make it smooth like lotion
He's the original highway to heaven
From seven to seven he's got me open like seven eleven

And yes, it's me that he's always choosin', with him I'm never loosin'

And he knows that my name is not Susan

He always has heavy conversation for the mind

Which means a lot to me 'cuz good men are hard to find

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I said, "Whatta mighty good man

Know what I'm saying?

He's a mighty mighty good man

Ya'll don't hear me, now check him out"

My man gives real lovin', that's why I call him killa

He's not a wham bam, thank you mam, he's a thrilla

He takes his time and does everything right

Knocks me out with one shot for the rest of the night

He's a real smooth brotha, never in a rush

And he gives me goose pimples with every single touch

Spends quality time with his kids when he can

Secure in his manhood 'cuz he's a real man

A lover and a fighter and he'll knock another out

Don't take him for a sucka 'cuz it's not what he's about

Everytime I need him, he always got my back

Never disrespectful for 'cuz his momma taught him that

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Whatta man, whatta man, whatta man, whatta mighty good man

Whatta man, whatta man, whatta man, whatta mighty good man

Whatta man, whatta man, whatta man, whatta mighty good man

He's a mighty mighty good man, yo

What a mighty mighty good man, yo, yeah

What a mighty good man, yeah

Now break it down, I break it down one time

Whatta man, whatta man

Whatta man, whatta man

Whatta man, whatta man

Whatta man, whatta man

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