I Know You Got a Man (feat. Flo Rida)

Ludacris

+ (Ester Dean)
I know you got a man, man, man
But tell me what your man, man, man
Gotta do with me, me, me (uh-oh, uh-oh-oh)
Gotta do with me, me, me (uh-oh, uh-oh-oh)
(I know you got a girl, girl, girl)
(But tell me what your girl, girl, girl)
(Gotta do with me, me, me - uh-oh, uh-oh-oh)
(Gotta do with me, me, me - uh-oh, uh-oh-oh)
Hahaha, listen
I know you got a man but your man ain't Luda (Luda)
So please don't let him fool ya
cause the nigga don't really know how to do ya
Who's your daddy rollin all up in the Caddy
sunroof top with the diamond in the back? (back)
Comin to get some of the bomb in the sack
like a bomb in Iraq, I'ma come and attack
every inch, of yo' body after the af-terparty
And then on to the hotel lobby ridin me like a Ducati
Faster than a, Bugatti I'm like, whoa kemosabe
Good golly shawty a freak, well she been practicin Pilates (woo!)
I'm probably just trippin, tongue sk-skippin like the track, broke
But if she think I'm frontin just wait 'til she see my backstroke (hah!)
I'll be yo' side piece, but what's our future plans?
Cause I be on ya like DAAAAMN!
Hey, okay okay
So that's yo' mans and dem, damn I ain't tellin you to cancel him
Damn d-do yo' thang, look shawty I gotta respect yo' antonym
Damn d-dere yo' boyfriend, I just wanna be yo' toy friend
Yo' other other man, not yo' l-l-lover man, a undercover man
How many rubberbands it would take for you lil' mama to be apart of my plan?
What do you need in advance? I can see both of us showin in France
I got the back of yo' thong in my hand, Louis Vuitton, no more Donna Karan
Couple of stacks, s-so what is you sayin? Like Denzel Washington, "My man"
I don't wanna hear no mo'-mo' 'bout him, what he 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 shawty let's conversate, conjugate, constipate
Get stuck on each other, you comin up out of yo' lingerie

Hey, I know you got a manNot a, not a, not a damn thang
He wouldn't know what to do if he tried and I ain't hatin
You need some room to breathe and I could be yo' ventilation
You need a lil' love and just a lil' stimulation
A hug, a lil' kiss and then a lil' penetration
Give it to you like you never had it befo'
and you ain't never gonna think about his ass again
Lips, hips, eyes, thighs, yeah I'm gonna have to give that ass a ten
And they can get a five, even though one of 'em kinda fine
But ain't none of 'em 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 yo' friends to come too, too (woo!)

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