

# I Know You Got A Man

## Ludacris

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 youWho'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 attackEvery 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-skippin' 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 damnI 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)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' himThem 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 manHow 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 FranceI 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 beesHold up, shorty, let's converse

Conjugate, constipate

Get stuck on each other

You comin' up outta your lingerie

Hey, I know you got a man 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) 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 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)

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