

# 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 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-skipppin' 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 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) 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  
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  
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Got to do with me, me, me  
(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)  
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But tell me what your girl, girl, girl

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(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)  
Got to do with me, me, me  
(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)

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