

# I Know You Got a Man

## 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 man Not 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!)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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