

Somma Time Man

Salt-N-Pepa

Somebody's knockin' at my door (Yo, yo!) (Who is it?)
Somebody's ringin' my bell (Open the door!) (I'm comin')
Somebody's knockin' at my door (Let me in, please) (Damn!)
Somebody's ringin' my bell (Come on, baby)

It's your man driving to my house every day
Trying to get a play but I say no way
Keep him on a leash cuz he's a D-O-G
Hot-diggity-dog comin' for my coochie
Boom-bam-boom, knock-knock-knock
Waking up my Moms, waking up my Pops, somebody call the cops
And get this fool off my stoop, see
Can you believe that your man is a groupie?
Not-not dedicated, ought to get him spaded
Cut the nuts and get his shots upgraded
So what ya feed him at home? It must be bones
Give him some meat so he can leave me alone
He's a somma time man, so what ya gonna do?
Like Eddie Murphy said, "Yes, your man, too"

He's a somma time man, some of hers, some of mine
He's a somma time man, get ya some of the time
He's a somma time man, some of yours, some of mine
He's a somma time man all year 'round

Now here's a description of the (nigga) that I'm dissin'
If your man fits this category then dismiss him
You gotta dig him, get rid of him, have no pity for him
Send him on his way, yeah, girl, and forget about him
He's got a problem, and it's similar to drugs
Not weed, cocaine, crack or dud, it's an erection, huh
He's a mission, a sexual transition
Addiction, affliction, so girls, sign the petition
He's a man that likes easy pickin'
Thinking that every girl is like easy stickin'
You gotta realize that girls are not store-bought
Like Newports, a pack of cigarettes smoked to the butt
So now I know that what I know I know is now true
You're being true to lovin' a brother that's not with you
You wanna bootie smack from the back
But if you come like that you might catch a Diggum smack

He's a somma time man

(Yo, this is dedicated to all you somma time fools
And you know who you are
Sometimes you will, sometimes you won't
Now you see 'em, yo, now you don't
1993, you know what I'm sayin'?
It's time to be true to the paid
Cuz this AIDS thing's goin' crazy
So don't you ain't throw it out there, baby)

He's a somma time man, a summer somma time
Especially when it's hot sex is always on his mind
Lookin', dippin' and dog your short skirts, no stockings
No matter who it is, long as he's boot-knockin'

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La-di-da-di all the way to ?
Runnin' through girls like it's musical punanee
So come one, come all, he try to right you all
With that greater than Tibet-time free-fall
Talking that same old same lame ??
Diggity-yack cat brother talking that bullcrap
But everytime he parts his lips
It's funny because I always seems to smell his (shit)
From June, July, August, September
All year-round so girls, just remember