

Hit The Fan

Ice-T

Yo, what's goin on Ice?
Yo what's up Shawnie Shawn?
Man, just trippin off this girl, man
Girls?
You?
The Iceberg?
Aw man, come on, spill it, man

She was a swinger
Talkin 'bout high post
She was the most
Knew she was fine, dope, fly
She didn't have to try
She brought a eye on my eye in a crowded club
I tried to stare the girl down, but she didn't budge
She moved through the crowd in a straight line
The closer she got, mad thoughts ran through my mind
Yo, what would I say, yo, how would I chill?
My mind drew a blank, the whole scene was ill
She stepped in the light, she was dynamite
Her eyes said, "I wanna be with you all night
I wanna rub you down, I wanna kiss, caress your soul
Make your body warm and cold
Do everything sexually you ever heard"
And she hadn't said a single word..
I said, "Damn, what the hell am I gonna do?"
But my eyes said the same things too
I tried to speak, she put a finger across my lips
Followed it with a kiss
She said, "I want you bad," and she moved in next to me
This woman spelled out ecstasy
Said, "I've seen on the movies and TV
I love your records, but I ain't no groupie
Just wanna love ya, cause you're a real man
And you deserve this lovin like only I can"
I wanted her bad, and I am a man
That night the shit hit the fan

Damn, man
Keep on with it, man
Come on now kick it, man
You gotta kick it right, though
Let me know what's up

She had a 500 S-E-L airtight
Cellular phone, brand-new, it was white on white
As we walked to the car, I couldn't help but recognize
Her small waist and sexy thighs
She had a beach house she owned and a restaurant
Took me in her crib and put Sade on
As the waves hit the rocks in the moonlight
She came up behind me and squeezed me real tight
My mind started to trip, flip, roll, and roam
What about my girl who's at sleep at home?
But before I could lock in on that thought
She broke out with a new men's watch that she had bought
She put it round my wrist, it was a perfect fit

And said in my ear, "Want you to have it"
Then she unzipped her dress, dropped it to the ground
My mind was totally blown by now
She gazed at me nude in the moonlight
Pumps still on, her body was firm and tight
I looked at her breasts as they glistened and rised
Right before my eyes
And all I could say to myself was, "Damn.."
The night the shit hit the fan

Man, man, man
I understand...
(The night the shit hit the fan)
Come on now
I feel it
Come on
(The night the shit hit the fan)
Damn, man
It's all that
Shit
Come on, Ice
Kick that shit

Now I'm a player, I been all around the world
Made love to many girls
But tonight this was the big league
And I was worryin about fatigue
I wanna do this girl, so she won't forget me
And I knew that she'd let me
She moved close and took my shirt off
She said my skin was soft
Then slipped her hand
Between my stomach and my waist band
Man, I couldn't take it no more
Fuck the bedroom, we use the kitchen floor
We hit skins all weekend
We didn't even eat, we just hit em again
I love to think about how it went down
But she's no longer around
Left town with some fly guy
She's on some island drinkin D'Acqueray's and Mai Thai's
But she gave me the keys to the beach house
She knows what I'm about, at least now she figured out
I ain't nothin but a straight up man
And I might need those keys the next time the shit hits the fan

Yeah

Uh!

Yeah

Uh..

Yeah

Uh

I want her

Damn
All that, all that
And after all that

You know?
You always know, man
In the long run
You meet another one like the other one