

# 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