

The Horny Song

Vanilla Ice

Now that ya feelin it I see you're getting weak
You're gettin real close
You're reachin that peak

Uh

You're like high altitude in a lear jet
Work them hips like a pistons in a corvette
Slow down or I'll have to pull ya over
Search ya, handcuff ya, and do a move on ya
You get a gwb stands for girl with a body pump it like a hottie
Seems like you got switches and you're hittin em
Two wheel motion keep bumpin em
Now throw it east to west and put a hump in it
Back stroke, and boogie with a bump in it
Tell me how ya do it like that, how ya got stacked
How you scrambled like a quarter back
I want you weak in the knees and shaking in your pants
And all I wanna do is make you dance

Come on!

Here I come, here I come here I come, here I come here I come, here I come
Here I come, here I come here I come, here I come here I come, here I come
Here I come, here I come here I come, here I come See the sweat that you're lettin off

Now, keep it comin girl

Ya know I love it when you take it off

You got me sittin in the hot seat

Drippin from the body heat

From my head to my feet

We can do it by candle light all night

Keep it goin till the sunlight, that's right

Whatcha tryin to do, make the ice melt?

Don't you know my cream is good for your health?

You know you wanna shake what your mamma gave ya

You're getting real hot, now I'm gonna spray ya

Rub it in like lotion

Juices flowin everywhere

Like water in the ocean

You got that hourglass figure

Uh

All the right moves

And ya know I wanna dig ya

Got 31 flavors, know what I mean?

And I wanna take a dip in your ice cream Here I come, here I come here I come, here I come
here I come, here I come

Here I come, here I come here I come, here I come here I come, here I come
Here I come, here I come here I come, here I come Know I'll be the one to kick this shit off
And crank it up like a 250
Engine in a motorcross
And make ya feel it girl
Till ya get sick with it
And all that junk in your trunk
Don't be stingy with it
And I'm gonna make it all good like the weekend
You got enough for yourself and for all my friends
And it's enough of me to go round like the globe
Set it up like a tent, watch it unfold
I see your eyes glistening for the benji's
But you ain't gotta fake it
I just want you to shake it
Break me off a piece of that action like jackson
I ain't trying to hit it
And I ain't trying to wax it
Picture you and me on the beach and you be
Climbing up this tall coconut tree
All I wanna do is hump with it and make you scream
And eat you up
As I floss with your g-string Here I come, here I come here I come, here I come here I come,
here I come
Here I come, here I come here I come, here I come here I come, here I come
Here I come, here I come here I come, here I come
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