

Ice-T "Evil E-What About Sex?"

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Evil E:

Yo, Ice, Man, we halfway done with the album, man. You been throwing' all this strong, dope, stupid, fly, pimp shit, but what's up with the sex rhymes! You ain't thrown no sex rhymes yet, man. What's up with that?

Ice-T:

Yo, man. I didn't even want to really do none this year, man.

Evil E:

Yo! Why you "ain't want to do none", man? Titties, man. Sex, sex, sex, man, all that. We need some sex!

Ice-T:

(laughs) Man, I really wasn't about that, homes.

Evil E:

Not? C'mon, man, just throw one sex joint man for me and my boys, man, me and the man. The Niggas, man! Whassup?

Ice-T:

Oh, a-ight, Check this out, E, check this out: The other night I was out at this club, alright

Evil E:

Uh-huh, what happened? What Happened?

Ice-T:

I met this flyest freak. Crazy fly!

Evil E:

Word, she was dope?

Ice-T:

Dope. Had big-ol titties, right?

Evil E:

Shit! Big titties!

Ice-T:

Crazy titties and a big-ol' ass, right?

Evil E:

Word! Oh, shit! So what happened?

Ice-T:

I fucked her.

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