Fan It

Jaye P. Morgan

If the sun's too hot cool it if you can
Better go out and get yourself a five cent fan
And fan it, fan it, you gotta fan it and cool it
Honey till the cows come home
Just met myself a new girl and her name was Sue
She said, "To make love to you, honey tell you what to do"
You gotta fan it, fan it, you gotta fan it and cool it
Honey till the cows come home
My mamma's in the kitchen, I just heard that back door slam
Come out of that kitchen honey, quit scorching that ham
And let's just fan it, fan it, you gotta fan it and cool it
Honey till the cows come home
Well, I got six months in jail, my back turned to the wall
Fannin' that thing was the cause of it all
So fan it, fan it, gotta fan it and cool it
Honey till the cows come home

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