

Wash Your Hands

JJ DOOM

Uh, she got a cool body, damn she got a cool body
What I'm a tell you what to do with your
hands for?

Much less your dirty ass shoes on the dancefloor?

What a poor slob

Ain't wash his hands after peein' wound up touched the doorknob

What's your job at the pool party?

Drunk dude's spittin' up, earlin', droolin', snotty
Ooh, she got a cool body, ooh, she got a cool
body, yup

Bet you wouldn't say that hour ago

When she applied the itch cream to her camel toe

Shoulda kept her limp in' ass home

Santa Marta's dangerous as those who's glass chrome

Even worse-- it's the gift that keep givin'

Depends on after how many sleeps ya keep livin'

Come on G! It's only me

Tryna stay from bein' sick. Why I gotta be OCD?

Well, wash my balls and detour

Or leap from 30, 000 feet on a free fall

You so fine sista

What I gotta do to get your bovine visna?

Niggas draw heat

Up in the club a why ya stink of raw meat

I'm just sayin', wash ya hands fam

Before ya put your nasty thumbs in her underpants, damn

You like the way she shake her back area?

It's like a sex machine that make bacteria

Now that's a real funny business

Mad raw filthy fingers stickin' dirty money in it

Shit, before I get to stabbin' it

At least know her habits and what's in her medicine cabinet

Villain brings his own mug to the bar

And wore gloves till he go back to the car

Hey! Don't get cracked in the jaw

We tried to bring an end to the black on black war

The real enemy is microscopic

There go they trojan horse, you talkin' bout "drop it"

All them top models

Wanna come over here, chillin', pop bottles

Fine-- I take mine to the dome

You could get your own and take ya funky ass home

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

