

JJ Doom "Wash Your Hands"

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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?
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 limpin' ass home
Santa Marta's dangerous as those who's glass chrome
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
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"
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

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