

# Wash Your Hands

## Preschool Popstars

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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>