

# Tricky, Girls

Girls

When lonely

It gives and gives all over me

When love's strong

It goes on and on

All over me

Over me

Over me

Tricky:

Girls, Boys

Girls wish you never had boys

They grow up to be bad boys

Cry I've never had boys

Never seen your dad boy

I've never seen my dad boy

Without the Roy

And when my career stops kicking

I'm gonna stick him

John Frusciante:

Rock-a-dub now let me show you where it's at boy

Just a puppet and you grew into a fat boy

Make a dog and you chase another cat boy

Blow it up and let me show you where its at boy

Tricky:

Girls wish you never had boys

They grow up to be bad boys

Cry I've never had boys

Never seen your dad boy

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And when my career stops kicking

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Anthony Kiedis:

Staring through the sun tell your devil beware

I am not the son of your family affair

Baby breaks away and I've got my face in my hand

Genetics from my gun, trust me I don't care

Tricky:

I don't need no man

Little boys

John Frusciante:

Rappa rouser, bappa bouser

Shake it for me baby let me step into your trousers

I allow this

Come on baby let me take to the houses

I allow this

This is now and you better bow this

This is now and you better bow this

This is now and you better bow this

Anthony Kiedis & Tricky:

Staring through the sun tell your devil beware (jamaica's skirts and blouses)

I am not the son of your family affair (he didn't rob his houses)

Baby breaks away and I've got my face in my hand (fuck the biological)

Genetics from my gun, trust me I don't care

Tricky:

I don't need no man

Little boys

Tricky:

I'm not a fire starter

Cause I'm a little smarter

Smarter than the average bear

I don't care family's there

John Frusciante:

Rock-a-dub now let me show you where it's at boy

Just a puppet and you grew into a fat boy  
Make a dog and you chase another cat boy  
Blow it up and let me show you where it's at boy  
Anthony Kiedis & Tricky:  
Staring through the sun tell your devil beware (jamaica's skirts and blouses)  
I am not the son of your family affair (he didn't rob his houses)  
Baby breaks away and I've got my face in my hand (fuck the biological)  
Genetics from my gun, trust me I don't care  
I don't care  
(Repeated)