Tricky, Wash My Soul

Tricky:
Wash my soul, wash my soul, wash my soul
Tricky and Bob Khaleel:
I get paid while they starve
In the streets
Visa cards, VIP
Wash away and use you as a fan
Starving these children
And i change the channel
You know me, i'm Mr.Nice
You know me I survive at any price
So it seems i'm the devil's son
Lick it, wet it, you like it, you let it
Lick it, wet it, touch it, take your turn
On somedays, together we can learn
Wash my soul, wash my soul, wash my soul
Lick it, wet it, you like it, you let it
Lick it, wet it, touch it, take your turn
On somedays, together we can learn
I've served with gangsters
And I've served with kings
These are a few of my favorite things
Think about love, love now and then
It's no good
I am weak, I admit
Wash my soul
Lick it, wet it, you like it, you let it
Lick it, wet it, touch it, take your turn
On somedays, together we can learn
Wash my soul, wash my soul
Lick it, wet it, you like it, you let it
Lick it, wet it, you like it, take your turn
Take your turn, take your turn
Together we can learn