

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