

Wishy Washy

Migos

You know these hoes wishy washy
They'll fuck your partner
Take all of your guala, take your wallet
You know these hoes wishy washy
They hop in my bed, they can't wait to open their legs
They walk in the mall, they can't wait to spend all my bread
Wishy washy, wishy washy, these hoes wishy washy
Wishy washy, these hoes wishy washy
Wishy washy, I can not trust them
Wishy washy, I can not love them
You gotta watch them, these hoes wishy washy
Let me tell you a story
'Bout this lil' bitch named Tamara
She'll let you smash for sure today
And then smash your partner tomorrow
She'll ask you can you take care of her
That'll cost you 'bout a couple hundred dollars
Everybody know lil' mama on go
Everybody call her hundred gobbler
Got hoes on hoes like a roster
Is it because of my posture?
But I know it's cause a nigga's dollars
She got a baby, no, I'm not the father
She too wishy washy, she'll go in your pocket
And break your wallet, and you know she got it
But I got the knowledge to go tell her stop it
And she shake like an 8 hit a corner pocket
You can not play me
You know you're too wishy washy
Kick her out the house politely
We noticed you was too excited
No we not going for it, no we not going
You're too wishy washy lil' bitch and you know it
Ain't got time for a kid, the lil' bitch at the front door
These hoes wishy washy
Ain't no doubt about it
Quick to put your finger in a young nigga's wallet
And I know you fuckin' my partner
Quick to fuck a nigga for a couple hunna
High class pimpin' these niggas, she got the formula
Suckin' my anaconda, got the flower aroma
And on my mama I'm not fuckin' these bitches without a condom

Wishy washy
Cut these bitches off like hibachi
I'm fuckin' her and her whole posse
If you wanna fuck her then you gotta pay deposit
She givin' up her pussy for the profit
Her mama keep beggin' her to stop it
She really wanna be on red carpets
These bitches ain't shit, it's in the Bible
Talkin' 'bout you got a baby in your stomach
These bitches are funny
They're tryna take a nigga's money
I don't got no feelings for no bitches, I'm numbing
Up to par, my swag from London
These bitches bad, ain't worth nothin'
I'm just sayin', I can see your plan
You wanna get married to a rich man I can't fuck with you bitches, you wishy washy
Neiman Marcus shoppin', she want me to spoil her rotten
But I know that she's plottin' mama said don't trust nobody
This bitch is a vegetarian, all she want is broccoli
I told her if she knew better, she would prolly do better
That Rolex is a Sky-Dweller, got gold all on my Margielas
Pullin' up in a Bentley, no Mr. Bentley
She askin' me where my umbrella
Fox fur, put on my mink, chinchilla
Flawless diamonds, it's gon' be a cold winter, burr, burr
Don't wanna fuck you, lil' mama, I just want head
These bitches, they can't wait to open their legs
But soon as she pull in my driveway
Pull up to my front door, she got the panties in her hand
She know how to work the pots and pans
She watchin' me like I'm on demand
She the bomb, Osama Bin (Osama Bin Laden!)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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