

# 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>