

# Wiggle

Rick Ross

Bitch, I'm the richest nigga ya know (Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle)  
And I'ma fuck you better than any other rich nigga you done fucked (Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle)  
You heard me? (Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle)  
Yeah, get in line hoe (Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle, jiggle)  
Yo (M-M-Maybach Music)

They offered 30 years, I beat it on the loophole (Boss)  
2 days later, nigga pulled up in a 2-tone (Huh)  
Got bitches sleepin' on the floor like it's a group home  
The only question I can see is where ya movin'?  
Got 'em takin' off they clothes like it's The Luke Show (Luke Show)  
I'm the new king of Miami, even Luke know  
I got a mansion on the beach, I'm talkin' two boats (Two boats)  
And my new bitch of the week, I call her Deepthroat (Deepthroat)  
Deepthroat, yeah, she got a deep throat  
Bape sweats and a chemist with the kilos  
Drop the top and the hoes start hyperventilating  
I gave 'em dick and then they all just turned to mental patients  
Give 'em surge advances under different circumstances  
Uber to my house but go and get some purse and panties  
You got a dope boy, you better live with it  
Time of the month, you bleedin' on me, I'ma still hit it, uh

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle (Woah, aye)  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle (Woah, aye)  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle (Woah, aye)  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle (Woah)

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle  
Them hoes on you gotta  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle  
If it ain't about a bag, gotta  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle  
To get the jeans on the ass, you gotta  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle

Uh, I hit Miami, I got Johnny on the trap phone (Woo)  
Bad bitches, jet skis, we in that zone (ahn)  
Booby trap on a river, a hundred racks thrown  
That Versace mansion sleepin' good like I'm back home (ahn)  
Boss bitch, give a fuck what it cost, bitch  
You ever bet against Dream, that's your loss, bitch (huh)  
Wrist bussin', disgusting, my shit is frostbit (Woo)  
Ms. Mamas in that Maybach, and this ain't Ross shit (Maybach Music, Huh)  
On a big yacht, no a little boat (No cap)  
My bitches fuck with Cohiba's and do a little coke (Woo)  
Eggshell Birken bag, with a little yolk (ahn)  
If you ain't at the game courtside, you a little broke  
I gotta giggle at nigga who not official (Woo)  
My rearview, blue lights flashin', I gotta wiggle  
Shit in my trunk heavy, who know how much time it get you?  
Yo Rozay, this shit outta here, we got a missile  
(Dream)

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle  
Them hoes on you gotta (Woah)

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle  
If it ain't about a bag, gotta (Woah)  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle  
To get the jeans on the ass, you gotta (Woah)  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle (Woah, aye)

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle (Woah, aye)  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle (Woah, aye)  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle (Woah, aye)  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle (Woah, aye yeah)  
(Woah, aye yeah)  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle (Woah, aye yeah)  
(Woah, aye)  
Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle, jiggle