

Hey, Mickey! - Baby Tate Lyrics

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"Hey, Mickey!"

Hey, Mickey!

Oh, Mickey you're so fine!

You're so fine, you blow my mind!

Oh, Mickey you're so fine!

You're so fine you, uh, uh!

Oh, oh, Mickey you're so fine!

You're so fine you blow my mind!

Oh, Mickey you're so fine!

You're so fine you blow my mind!

Met this boy named Mickey

He had on some yellow Dickies

I knew he was a hubby

'Cause his neck had hella hickies

I said "It's nice to meet you!"

Shook his hand and it was sticky

I looked into his eyes and then

That's when it hit me I said

"Oh, Mickey you're so fine!

You're so fine you blow my mind!

I just might let you come into my life and waste my time

I don't see no other man

Boy, you done turned me blind

You make me deaf 'cause I believe you even when you lyin'"

(Never met a nigga like this

Make a b- wanna cash in all her chips

Tell my friends "I'll see ya later, girl, I gotta dip!"

'Cause I gotta meeting with a man named Tate)

But I call him Richard

He's richer than Bill Gates

Gets me wetter than Superior Lake

Takes me on hundred-thousand-dollar dates

And I don't even have to give him cake

He just call me Baby he don't call me Tate

He whip up that white girl he beatin' okay

I just might marry that nig- today
But then I found out that Mickey was gay, oh!

Oh, Mickey you're so fine!

Oh, Mickey you're so fine!

You're so fine you blow my mind!

Oh, oh, Mickey you're so fine!

You're so fine you blow my mind!

Oh, Mickey you're so fine!

You're so fine you blow my mind!

Hey, Mickey!

Hey, Mickey!

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