Waka Flocka Flame "Call Me Inky"

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(at 0:29)
They call me inky, inky Write on me, write on me call me Couple ounces of that purple got that Sprite on me (X4)
(at 0:59) R-Red polo red rory my shirt they caught me horsin Baby bring three friends so we can have a foursome I fucked em to my anthem hard in the paint Fucked her till the bed break Make that right leg shake You know how I do Bring a couple friends through Lemme know if it's cool Girl you a fool How you ride dick Got me sweatin' and shit
(at 1:21) I'm on that Gudda shit Man I need a Gudda bitch triple cutz on da phone I'm on that purple shit I'm out Gotta take another sip
They call me inky, inky Write on me, write on me call me Couple ounces of that purple got that Sprite on me (X4)

(at 1:58)
Zoo'd Cryst. at Benihana's
Stop flexin
you be in a Honda
Squad in the king
the giant will spend about a hundred
they got that long bread
you got that short caine

only thing i miss is money and my court date

feel sick
need a checkup nigga
I can't spend it all
cuz my check a nigga
dumpin the ball
better check up nigga
I don't need no stress
my respect up nigga

I'm up early in the morning
get my cab before the cereal
said I gotta eat
but I ain't talking cafeteria
Imperial
Killa cam in the cup
Southside beat with the whammie in tha trunk
Bitches in the back
Got my man's in the front
Baseball bat's 3 gram 1 hun
This ain't your ordinary pistol
Semi with the drums
Flocka smoke like he got a chimney in his lungs

They call me inky, inky
Write on me, write on me call me
Couple ounces of that purple got that Sprite on me (X4)

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(at 3:13) 4ozs of that drink Zoo me the sprite bad bitches all around so we gonna fuck tonight a couple black a couple spanish got a cup a white an' they all jumpin dick at the speed of light she say she lov me all because my body filled with ink i think king filled em with crazy need to see a shrink lot of smoke got a cup a yopps and a cup of paint Got my mind trippin out and I can't think i'm inked up

tell em write on me
no limit to my ink
call me master p
BSM Boys
We worth a million
You standin at the bottom
That's a fuckin filler

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