

Waka Flocka Flame "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)

(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

Chris Benedict

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