

# Call Me Inky

## Waka Flocka Flame

(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 datefeel 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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>