

## call Waka

## Waka Flocka Flame

Shawty want a eightball, tell her call Waka  
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Whipping through the cake in the black inner tube  
All I see is cocaine money coming through  
Pyrex pot, make it do what it do  
Re-rock the work, make one into two  
Cartel got goons trapping out the back door  
18 for a deuce, 35 for a four  
My bitch get mad 'cause she cooking all the time  
Check the work out when my bitch hit a line  
Million dollar cellie always stay ringing  
Dope so good, got the J's always singing  
What the fuck you want, shawty? Feeling on herself  
Shawty want a eightball, tell her call Cartel

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Selling weed and crack, fuck nigga, can't you tell?  
Made my first ten thousand with a pocket scale  
Hooked up with Cartel, now I got it by the bale  
Where we from, shawty? (Cutthroat Riverdale!)  
Where them niggas gangbang, roll dice, and smoke kush  
And these boys got power like they George Bush  
In the trap with some Mary or cocaine  
Them boys say they jacking, tell them we on the same thing  
Still the same nigga, ain't shit changed  
They think I won't cock back and blow out his brain  
You fuck with Cartel, better yet, MGM  
Kinto, Psycho, Brim, that's my partner them

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I chief-a the reefer, I blow-zo that dro-zo  
I sip-o that lean-o, I pop some them Rozo's  
I-I get so high, bitch, I-I cannot lie, bitch  
I pop a Superman and I believe that I can fly, bitch

I-I got to take a smoke, I take a pull and I inhale it  
I don't fuck with that average ass shit, I don't want it if I can't smell it  
What the fuck you smoking on? What the fuck you drinking on?  
I'm smoking on fruit loop and I chase it down with Goose and 'Trón  
And I'm with that huffing shit, I pop and roll and jump all night  
I'll throw you for your 5's and the 10's and the 20's to get my money right  
I keep that green and dro, green and dope that'll make you choke  
And I keep that icy watch, that's why that make you want to rob your hoe  
La Chat, that high bitch, promethazine with codeine  
Mix it with some yellow and some Reagan, I'm a dope fiend  
Yeah, I'm gon' keep it real, I get so wild, I'm full of pills  
It's something that you gon' have to try to find out how I feel

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