

Big Ballin' with My Homies

E-40

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Me and my Click-alation, at home away from home
In the Black Bentley Azura, with the faulty chip phone
I'm callin up the Mossie, it's time to get bent
Showcasin and collarpoppin, campaignin like the president
C-notes, hundred dollar bills
Playaz wit bread ridin houses on wheels
Jewels sparklin glistenin gleamin flossy crystal clear
Baguettes -- hangin from my fist like a chandelier
Felines holler, scream, "Oooh he got the BUMP!!"
Soundin like Godzilla tryin to get up out the TRUNK!!"
Jealous mark fuckin suckers wanna battle -- that ain't sharp
Wig-splitters that'll comb yo' natural, on my squad
Fuckin em up like that mayne, you know, my.. PANTS saggin
Look like I done dookied on myself
Bandana, tatted, swingin em sideways
Livin lavish -- big ballin on tycoon status, BEOTCH!

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Ka-ruise... cruuuuise...

Cruisin' Magazine, a Cutlass on them socks
Rap accumulated papers, so no more slangin rocks
We don't walk around like peons, instead we's bout our scrill'
The Click-alation family, straight up out The Hill
Everytime we do this, Cutlass candy on spoke
Po-Po billy club us cause they think that we sell dope
I told em that I rap, I told em that I spit
E'ry year we ship our cars to the Freak-a-Nik
Thugs, timers that own barbershops, tow trucks, and clubs
Homies, that open up they liquor stores on Sunday
for me, bo-nitch, BOOTCH
Hood trojan's boss, players from the sticks
Pocket stuffin, some of the homies hustlin
Some of my playaz are pimps, some of the homies strugglin
But none of my folks are simps, marks, nothin of that there magnitude
Saps, sarches got me twisted, what ch'all do? BEOTCH, BEOTCH!

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Rrrrollin with the Mossie, we never get bored
There's not another Click, with more points scored
The breezies by the college, was lookin for a lift
Tryin to ride in first class and them haters wanna TRIP
Cause I never liked a sucker, who beat up on they broad
If you're lackin on your mackin then she's rollin with the squad
Mossie to the house party, girlies come in twos
No conversation needed, automatic pick and choose
Talkin up under your brisneath, hot air?
Comin off like you some sort of hellafied ass ninja - but youse a square
Whatchu doin Charlie? Just videotapin myself grindin, Candid Camera
Coonin' wit mo' scratch den dandra turf boomin'

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