

## 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... cruuuuuise...

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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Rrrollin 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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