

E-40

"Ballaholic"

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[E-40]

You know my.. my whole def-a-nation is to spit straight
game

You dig that? (Straight game) I I come from the game
baby y'know

I come from this motherfucker, you undersmell that?

Aya, and you know, it's like this nigga

Pimped-out all day you know Hillside Vallejo nigga

You undersmell me? Been speakin the real for many
moons

My niggaz in the 7-0-7 on down to Compton

I'm in my FUBU drawers, she in her gown

cause if some cats tryin to have at me,

I sick the canine in the background

I'm plannin on splittin my crown but it ain't gon' be too
simple

See I'm a baller, I got bars around the window

Rottweilers, pits, aikietas, doberman pischers tanked
up in the yard

With a sign on the fence that reads "warning: beware
of dog!"

You play the frog if you feel froggish nigga leap

I neglect my dogs, starvin, sometimes they don't eat

Elroy speak to me about my triple-beam; officer, I got
proof

Po'-po', that's for weighin nuts and fruits

Run with a whole bunch of rugged rowdy-ass

knuckleheads, knahwhatlmean?

Big nigga, the size of a football team

I wear these glasses so that I can look like a square

but if you ever see me in a fight with a bear

don't help me nigga, help the bear!!

Me and my wales, we be coonin

But see you the type of the nigga that'll go in the
backroom

and beep yo'self and act like yo' pager boomin

Yeah man, cause a real tycoon

gon' take this shit from the flo' to the moon

Still Northstar ridin, six-oh strikin

Switch up V-S cherry chokin the wrist and the pinkie

But keep it loose around the neck and make sure hoes
in check
So if you gon' fill a nigga cup, fill it up with paper
cause we ballaholics bitch, ain't that quiet about this
shit
If you're on it spend it like you mean it

Uhh, I'll have you
Ever since I was ankle low to a centipede's claw
I always wanted to play pro-baseball
Weepolization family, that's my favorite sport
but instead I'm back and forth to jail and in and out of
court
BEOTCH! Serious about my rock shrine
I don't give a fuck how much courage juice you had
Nigga yo' mug don't mean like mine!
I bring the noise like a cymbal {*CRASH*}
I fuck with 40 dem, make you stick your pistol out the
window
BEOTCH! Y'all oughta see me at the state fair
Showin off in front of my broad; tryin to win my lil'
nieces
one of the biggest stuffed animal prizes there
Nicknamed Charlie but my street name is Earl
Ballaholic like Felix Mitchell nephew Lil' Darrell
I know these streets like the Task Force know dope
I am the streets, my ghetto pass can't be revoked
Ten percent, I paid my tithes, forgive me for my sins
Smoke an ounce of weed a day, maybe that's why I
ain't go no ends

You see, you niggaz real truant mayne
Runnin around here puttin a black eye in the game
when we tryin to feed y'all somethin nutritional for the
brain
and nourish yo' game
You see there's two type of niggaz in this world:
those that eat and those that don't
What type of nigga is you, you know?
You see we got the tycoon status
Big hogs, tryin to pile the money up out your trash
You dig?

You can call me Lawry's cause I'm seasoned
I eat crevice, but not when it's bleeding
Don't get me wrong, I love sex but I don't play that part
I love Virginia, but not when the Virginia's tart
Toss me good, and I might Dolce and Gabbana it
Gave yo' ass some bread, and let you go buy up some
shit
Callin yourself takin advantage of my riches

I'm tryin to be nice to yo' ass
I normally talk bad about you bitches
Invested to "Tha Hall of Game" buggin and bein
notorious
for slappin chickenheads upside they weave-a with my
Nokia
Mayday mayday, callin all patrol cars and units
Be on the lookout for the Hillside managler, 40-Water
the Ballaholic
I'D RATHER FLY THAN RIDE AMTRAK
When I'm in Dallas I fuck with (?), and go hard black
Make an opera singer wanna write some raps
Papered up - like who? Like a fax BEOTCH

I know you didn't say papered up like a fats
(Yeah I did, yeah I did) Yeah, cause we do this shit
up off the ground on a pitcher's mound
Slidin, to the bad catcher, able to snatch ya
Bat yo' G out the pocket
Run it again with a nigga that's in the socket
And it ain't my problem, if the hoe hollerin
We all about dollars, and collar-poppin

Nigga, BEOTCH!!!
Baller, let me explain to you, a ballaholic nigga
Undersmell this nigga
If you got your ve-hi-cle in your baby's momma's name
nigga youse a ballaholic, nigga you undersmell me?
Please believe in a nigga
Ballaholic nigga, you undersmell me?
If you sittin on gold tennis shoe slippers nigga,
you undersmell me? Youse a ballaholic
Don't ever get it twisted nigga, yeah
If you put ten thousand down on some je-wels nigga
over at your house nigga in Frisco nigga
and go back and get it the next day, youse a ballaholic
You smell that nigga? Ballaholics nigga
Ballaholics fuck with Sic-Wid-It records nigga
Ballaholics listen to that mob shit nigga
We stick to the rules and regulations of this
motherfuckin game
you undersmell that? Please believe it, bitch-ass niggaz
IF YOUSE A BALLAHOLIC, nigga (scream it like you
mean it)
youse a baller, please believe that
That's what a ballaholic is nigga
We ball til we have it all you undersmell that?
Rick Rock, youse a ballaholic?
My nigga, my nigga D-Wiz a ballaholic
don't ever get it twitted nigga
My nigga Kaveo in the motherfucker with me you

undersmell that?
We some fools with it
My nigga Steve Garvey, (??), you undersmell that?
And that nigga Muggsy you know he's a fuckin
ballaholic
Gold-tooth motherfuckin pretty boy Floyd ass nigga
I love you to death motherfucker, fuck ya though
Fuck ya fuck ya fuck ya I'm in this MOTHERFUCKER FOR
LIFE!
V.. A.. L-L-H-O, L-I-C, it's me E-Feeze-E
L-I-C, it's me E-Feeze-E
BALLAHOLIC BEOTCH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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