

E-40

"Big Ballin' With My Homies"

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Big ballin' with my homies
Big ballin' with my homies

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 with bread ridin' houses on wheels
Jewels sparklin' glistenin' gleamin' flossy crystal clear
Baguettes hangin' from my fist like a chandelier

Felines holler, scream, "Ooh, 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, bitch

Big ballin' with my homies
Big ballin' with my homies, Mossie up

Karuise, cruise

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
Every 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, whatch'all do? Bitch,
bitch

Big ballin' with my homies
Big ballin' with my homies
Come on with it

Rollin' with my 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 you'se a square, whatchu doin' Charlie?
Just videotapin' myself grindin', candid camera
Coonin' wit mo' scratch den dandra turf boomin',
boomin'

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Big ballin' with my homies
Mossie up

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