

# Ballin' Outta Control

## E-40

Pushed in the game at a young age  
Feel me touch me as I turn the page  
A little past ten, roughly about  
Eleven years old dropped in the good location  
My scratch is smellin' sour and it's stinkin'  
Got a nigga seriously thinkin'  
"How can I kill this odor, and purchase me a Lincoln?"  
Minimum wage flippin' patties, nope I'd rather fuck around with Coca Cola, yola  
Ice cream, candy, granola, huh  
Slave for men, that's what they told me  
And I'll break you off somethin' suitable  
Brought you a key of crack quicker than you bring me back  
(Can you)  
There are some things recoupable  
Gonna smooch your black and beautiful  
For my partner she used to be plucked and ugly  
Hangin' around them old squeegee boys  
Man them the motherfuckers that have love for me  
They straight cut for me, deal me, touch me  
L O V E, E to the F to the R T Y I spits the shit from the T O P, it's me, the E  
Droppin' it nuclear all the time  
Motherfucker comin' from the motherfuckin' mud  
Fuck you niggaz, you think I sell my soul  
But I'm way too cold, motherfucker  
Sittin' in my livin' room, thinkin' of a master plan  
Tryin' to find a way out, then I snatch the scratch  
And laugh, so I painted me a picture of a life  
To make a dream, can you feel me now?  
Ballin' outta control, ballin' outta control  
Fresh off the showroom flo', bought me a ninety-fo'  
Now I'm havin' long money, like Ross Perot, so take  
Notes from a big ol' Shokie the pimp, pretty much established  
Livin' out of hand, lavish, throwin' parties so madrid  
Closer feeling with big time folks makin' big time cabbage  
Become a savage, guess your boat was  
Twenty, and you tried to stab us  
Six figure digits, just like I 'ot you like I got the whole city sewed up in stitches  
Your product'll win if you gots top grade, but you gotta  
Keep, your lawyers and your bail bondsmen paid  
The word on the street's is that I done, came up too fast  
Motherfuckers want a piece of my soul  
Playa haters wanna cut my grass  
You don't wanna bring your bitch into what the top act is pourin'  
Out of control sittin' on tickets  
Million dollar spots, technology chops  
And a motherfucker proud fool, assed ridiculous  
Straight fuckin' 'em up like that, throw me my strap man

I want these fools to feel me  
 Reverend, would you put some blessin' oil  
 On my head and hear me  
 I'd never sell my soul 'cause I'm way too cold  
 Motherfucker, ballin' outta control  
 This ol' game, kids they run, never get a second chance  
 So take me to this world, now there's always time, to getch'a  
 I guess by now you get the picture of what I'm tryin' to say  
 I'm ballin' outta control  
 Niggaz trippin' off me, 'cause I was a young motherfucker ballin'  
 Every other fuckin' day I'm tellin' my fahaha's I quit  
 Niggaz trippin' off me, 'cause I was a young motherfucker ballin'  
 We can get it on, we can get it on  
 Niggaz trippin' off me, 'cause I was a young motherfucker ballin'  
 Forty one, and let them know  
 But even though my pocket's fat my belly's bigger  
 Gots to come sic strict strict wid it  
 Throw the hoe, y' know in a big ass gumbo pot  
 Full stir, let it settle to make it lock  
 Horse races, trips to Vegas, frequent flier  
 Whass up you timah, when your ass gonna retire?  
 I ain't knowin', keep tellin' myself that I'ma call it quits  
 But I got myself too much motherfuckin' cabbage  
 Out there runnin' in the streets  
 Lookin' up out the way for the one time  
 Po-Po Penelope be seriously concentratin'  
 Noided as I watch the back for all of my chemistry  
 'Cause fools be playa hatin'  
 Lucrative spots and blows, investments bonds and stocks  
 Esquired land and crops, techno chops and glocks  
 'Cause niggaz be tryin to make movies  
 When they get all in front of these bootch ass hoochies  
 I be like poppin' the cap like a hungry mother  
 I ain't even gon' lie I'm to', twoasted, looped, to' back, souped  
 Plastered, puked, on the get back fully recouped  
 Fuck these niggaz, they think I'll sell my soul  
 But I'm way too cold, motherfucker  
 Sittin' in my livin' room, thinkin' of a master plan  
 Tryin' to find a way out, then I snatch the scratch  
 And laugh, so I painted me a picture of a life  
 To make a dream, can you feel me now?  
 Ballin' outta control, ballin' outta control  
 Yeah, yeah, I'm ballin' outta control  
 Out of motherfuckin' control  
 I'm ballin' outta control 'cause I'm way too cold  
 Yeah, I'm ballin' outta control  
 Yeah, feel me man  
 I feel you man, can you feel me man  
 Yeah, I feel you man, Vitti can you feel me?  
 I feel ya, motherfucker can you feel me?  
 Yeah, feel me man  
 I feel you man, feel me boy?  
 I'm ballin' outta control  
 Every fuckin' time, yeah, yeah, yeah  
 All day, motherfucker, yeah

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