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' Shakie 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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