

# Ballin' Out Of Control

## E-40

Chiti chiti, bang bang, Don Chi Chi, that's me  
Rollin' with you nigga Nate D  
You know these niggas straight bang, big game D  
Ballin' with the 21st streetChiti chiti, bang bang, Don Chi Chi, that's me  
Still makin' tight ass beats, that's right  
I'm rollin' in my brome, I stay sweet  
Ain't nobody ballin' like meIt goes, mirror mirror on the wall  
Who's the biggest baller of all  
I got a 700, a Bentley and a Magine  
The girls just die when I'm ridin' pastLive life like I'm sellin' pies  
Arabian with two or three wives  
Two or three houses to hide  
Ten cars parked outside  
And they all got bodies that's wideFollow me as the Leer jet flies over Crimson Tides  
Four bedroom duplex in the sky  
Nicknamed Lottery 'cuz I don't stop spendin'  
When the wheels stop, the chrome keep spinnin'Like the six moon walkin', shit I ain't talkin'  
I'm straight livin' it, it's a wonder I ain't shiverin'  
I'm so frozen and you've been chosen  
To roll with me and Nate D O double G, singIt's five o'clock in the mornin'  
I've already downed five, I've already downed five Mo's  
See you around my block on the weekend  
All we do is chase bad, all we do is chase bad hoesAsk me, "What we did was crime?"  
If not then I just say no, then I just say no  
Three girls a date, that's my limit  
We ballin' outta control, we ballin' outta controlNow whether you like me or not, whenever I drop  
You know I give you number one hits, platinum hot  
It's so much clarity in my rocks, I'm thinkin' like  
It's gotta be somebody greater, maybe it's not'Cuz I flow for those who get that dough  
Hits for every chick with a size C tits  
See it's like this, I don't mind wavin' at you kids  
But I can't manage to raise my wristJewels so heavy, y'all fools ain't ready  
My twenty two shot the streets into confetti  
Move like Andretti, red linin'  
Whatever city I'm in, I'm headlinin'At five a.m., I'm still lookin for Mo'  
Still gettin' crunk, still lettin' it flow  
Bar outta Cris', now I'm drinkin' Mo'  
Stomach upset, I feel like I'm about to let it goIt's five o'clock in the mornin'  
Got my pedal to the flow, got my pedal to the flow

It's time I test my 600  
Wonder how fast this bitch go, wonder how fast this bitch go  
Three girls and two of 'em sleepin'  
One got her hands on my bow, one got her hands on my bow  
Sun's comin up, we still drinkin'  
We ballin' outta control, really ballin' outta control  
Dance, everybody  
And everybody just clap your hands, let me see y'all  
Dance, everybody  
Everybody just clap your hands, let me see y'all  
Dance, everybody  
And everybody just clap your hands, let me see y'all  
Dance, everybody  
Everybody just clap your hands  
Chiti chiti, bang bang, Don Chi Chi  
Rollin' with you nigga Nate D  
You know these niggas straight bang, big game D  
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I'm rollin' in my brome, I stay sweet  
Ain't nobody ballin' like me

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