

# Ballaholic

## E-40

You know my, my whole defanation is to spit straight game  
You dig that? 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 wit' a whole bunch of rugged rowdy-ass knuckleheads  
KnowwhatI mean? 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  
Bitch, 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  
I fuck with 40 dem, make you stick your pistol out the window  
Bitch, 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 [Incomprehensible], and go hard black  
Make an opera singer wanna write some raps  
Papered up, like who? Like a fax, bitch I know you didn't say papered up like a fats  
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, bitch, baller, let me explain to you, a ballaholic nigga  
Undersmell this nigga  
If you got your vehicle 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? You'se a ballaholic Don't ever get it twisted nigga, yeah  
If you put ten thousand down on some jewels 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, [Incomprehensible], 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 bitch

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>