

# Big Ballin' with My Homies

## E-40

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 scroll'  
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're a square, whatchu doin' Charlie?  
Just videotapin' myself grindin', candid camera  
Coonin' wit mo' scratch den dandra turf boomin', boomin'  
Big ballin' with my homies  
Big ballin' with my homies  
Mossie up

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