

# E-40, Ballin' Outta Control

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 TRAPPED IN A GHETTO CAGE  
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 ?  
? recoupable  
? future black and beautiful  
My partners 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 MIND  
Fuck you niggaz, you think I sell my soul  
But I'm way too cold, motherfucker!

Chorus: LeVitti

Sittin in my livin room  
Thinkin of, a master plan  
Tryin to find a way out  
HOW TO STACH the scratch  
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' ? pimp, pretty much established  
Livin out of hand lavish  
Throwin parties ?  
with big time folks makin big time cabbage  
Become a savage, get swoll by ones  
Twenty a drum's established  
Six figure digits, just like I tell you like  
I got the whole city sewed up in stitches  
Your product'll win if you gots top grade  
Keep, your law-yers 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  
to what type of ? 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  
? feel me  
Reverend would you put some blessin oil on my head  
and hear me  
I never sell my soul cause I'm way too cold  
Motherfucker! Ballin outta control

## Interlud: LeVitti

This ol' game, kids they run  
Never get a second chance  
so take me to this world  
Now there's always time, to getcha  
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 SOHABS OUGHTTA 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-Water, straight lettin em know"  
"Even though my pocket's fat and my belly's bigger..  
gots to come Sic-Sic-Sic-Wid-It"

Throw, the WHOLE  
UNIT in a big ass gumbo pot  
Full stir  
Let it settle to make it lock  
Horse races, trips to Vegas, frequent flier  
"Whassup 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 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!