

E-40, Ballin' Outta Control (In The Element Of Su

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 ?
? 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.. mud
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
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' ? 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 sahies how to 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 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
"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!
Chorus
[LeVi]