

# E-40, Ballaholic

I'm in my Fubu drawers, she in her gown  
Is it some cats tryin'a have at me or is it the canine and the batteram  
Plannin' on splittin' my crown but it ain't gone be too simple  
See I'm a baller, I've got bars around the windows, Rottweilers, pits, Akitas  
Doberman Pinchers taped up in the yard With a sign on the fence that reads  
Warning Beware of Dogs  
Leap like a frog if you feel froggish, nigga leap  
Like to neglect my dogs, starve em, sometimes they don't eat  
Elroys questioning me about my triple beam officer, I got proof!  
Po-Po! That's for weighin' nuts and fruits!  
Run with a whole bunch of rugged-ass rowdy knuckleheads know what I mean  
Big niggas the size of a football team  
I wear these glasses so 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 whales, we be  
coonin' but see you the type of nigga that go in the back room and Beep  
yo'self and act like yo' pager's boomin'  
(B-LEGIT COMMENTARY)  
I'll have you know ever since I was ankle low to a centipede's toe I always  
wanted to flow 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  
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 nem, make ya stick yo' pistol out the window  
Y'all otta see me at the state fair showin' off in front of my broad tryin'a  
win my little nieces  
One of the biggest stuffed animal prices there  
Nickname is Charlie but my street name is EARL!  
Ballaholic like Felix Mitchell newpew little Darryl  
I know the streets like the task force know dope  
I am the streets my ghetto pass can't be revoked  
Ten percent I pay my tithe forgive me for my sins  
Smoke a ounce a weed a day maybe that's why I ain't got no wind  
(B-LEGIT COMMENTARY)  
You can call me Lawry's cause I'm seasoned I eat crevey but not when it's  
bleedin'  
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  
And if it's good then I might Dolce & Gabbana it  
Gave yo' ass some bread and let you go buy up some shit  
Callin' yo'self takin' advantage of my riches  
I'm tryin'a be nice to yo' ass, I normally talk bad about you bitches  
Inducted into the hall of game back in the via  
Notorious for slappin' chicken heads upside they weava wit my nokia  
Mayday mayday I can't call it all patrol cars and units be on the lookout for  
the hillside finagler forty water the ballaholic  
I'd rather fly than ride Amtrak! When I'm in Dallas I fuck with C-Bo and Go  
Hard Black  
Maka opera singer want to write some raps  
I'm papered uuup! (like who?) Like a fax  
(B-LEGIT COMMENTARY)  
If you's a ballaholicyou's a baller.