

E-40, Big Ballin' With My Homies

{editor's note: this is a remake of Sir Mix-a-Lot's "My Posse's on Broadway"}
[E-40]

Big ballin' with my homies!

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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 wit bread ridin houses on wheels

Jewels sparklin glistenin gleamin flossy crystal clear

Baguettes -- hangin from my fist like a chandelier

Felines holler, scream, "Oooh 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, BEOTCH!

Big ballin' with my homies!

Big ballin' with my homies! Mossie up!

Ka-ruise... cruuuuise...

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

E'ry 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, what ch'all do? BEOTCH, BEOTCH!

Big ballin' with my homies!

Big ballin' with my homies! C'mon widdit!

Rrrollin with the 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 youse a square

Whatchu doin Charlie? Just videotapin myself grindin, Candid Camera

Coonin' wit mo' scratch den dandra turf boomin'

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