

## **Twista F/ The Legit Ballers**

### **"Final Four"**

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Esoteric, representin' in my home territory  
Boston, rock the house

[Reks]

Enter my tea party, mind ya manners  
My fingertips flip more alphabets than Vanna  
Raisin' the banner, count em' sixteen, it seems y'all  
MCs forget  
We got to have it but we can't have it yet  
After the Reks number seventeen  
Follow, I swallow and spit bobbles  
Like the hollow tips, shatter ya dreams a mass lotto  
Northern border slaughter runnin' up  
B-O-S-T-O in the state to blow the whole planet when we  
flow  
Skydivin' off the Prudential like I'm demented  
Cause I chill with all these drunk MCs who  
schizophrenic  
Reks and Eso mix like Terry Glenn and Bledsoe  
Pass complete, E how the rest go

[Esoteric]

Yo, we breakin' necks of these space cadets  
Makin' threats, J and Reks make checks and star-laced  
cassettes  
My rap style whoops MCs like a crack vile  
You suck vibe, like whitey duck five  
Up inside march the mass, rap and talkin' trash  
Cats in body caskets  
Don't have to ask when it come to rippin'  
Just chill, I fit the bill  
Fit the skill from that abandoned hill  
I know you sucker ducks wanna join in my fleet  
When ya see me in the Lex swingin' up the street  
Straight destroyin' the Bean, you could learn from this  
Esoteric and Reks, two microphone mass murderers

It's ya man Mr. J-live  
And it's ya man Sahdeeq I be a household name

[J-Live]

In New York we conquer like Ghengis, with no need to  
con  
Straight up and down like ya head when the beat's on  
Infiltration camp just like Marine recon  
And kick ass with cleets on, dangerous to sleep on  
Like cats with mattress but you put the sheets on  
Equipped with the lost by stewards from dusk till dawn  
In other words, you made ya bet so lie in it  
Career-wise the sleek shall now be infinite  
I punk and pro-name from proper to pronoun  
Cause we chase clowns from Medina to Beantown  
Whatever's left, let my man Reks shut it down  
Cause they banned from both spots, yo Shabaam how  
that sound

[Shabaam Sahdeeq]

It sounds monstrous, most MCs poposterous  
Wearin' hoes in they straw like rhinoceros  
In BK, we quick to light shit like phosphorous  
Leave ya burnin' like a witch huh, screamin' like a bitch  
huh  
Ride till you die like a kid in a hearse  
Slummin' a verse, leavin' layin' under a nurse  
Worst flow I heard since rappin' dukes flute  
If we was on a plane I'd push you out the cargo chute  
With a parachute, full of dishes, best of wishes bitches  
Bater up this rap game's all hits and misses  
Keep it cookin' like kitchens  
And lace y'all fools with the fixins  
Start up ya engine, I'll race y'all niggas till the endin'  
That's all that matters

Pacewon

It's Young Z I gets high off ends  
Represent it in my home territory  
Straight out of Jersey, you heard me

[Pacewon]

Yo, nigga been jayed, Redman and El De Sensai  
Ballers hit the club every Wednesday  
Flossin' love us, tall boy dizzy off of us  
Chillin' on Chancellor right by Ruckers  
Check it, CEO see me blow  
Man with more friends than the TV show  
Like milk, got a creamy flow  
Easy yo, roll like C3-PO  
Kidnap the president, don't leave evidence  
Body get injured don't use medicine  
Even if I'm guilty, step off innocent  
Born in Brooklyn, now a North citizen

[Young Z]

Look, a motherfuckin' stoned crook  
Erase ya whole family name right out the phone book  
Accident, is you kiddin' me  
We enemies, I blast them niggas delibrently  
In North, it's lil' niggas on the creep  
I'll take Jigga's rims and sell that shit to Bleek  
Run yo mouth they catch you in the street  
With the 4-5 out just smacked you to sleep  
Yeah, he ain't know def is real  
Yeah, half a Sweet up in Bed it's real  
Yeah, all y'all talkin' slick  
It's Bricks motherfucker get off my dick

Danja Mowf...Lonnie B.  
Represent

[Danja Mowf]

Hey yo, my words get around like he say, she say  
When I rhyme and connect the lines like freeway  
Tried to be the most def like I'm from BK  
But I'm Danja Mowf, Down South from the VA  
Since I came I been in the game like EA  
When I had gazelle and the snake skin BK's  
Now I run around niggas like I was a freeway  
Get up in they ass so fast I should be gay  
Don't give a fuck and keep talkin' like BJ  
Talk shit but I back it up like a DJ  
VA nigga what, make it look easy  
As I pass the mic to Lonnie B. watch what he say

[Lonnie B.]

I got something for all y'all who like to battle niggas for  
fame  
VA gon' tear y'all other spots out of the frame  
My name alone will have you gaspin'  
I be dashin' through ya lines like a running back in  
action  
Head crackin' wack rappers like Bo Jackson  
Ya out for lifetime, never deal with ya right rhymes  
Face who, I'll make ya hold ya breath till ya face blue  
Ya whole crew gon' look like Smurfs when I'm through  
I'll go on and on like Erykah  
Maybe next lifetime I'll be scared of ya  
But right now I'm ahead of ya  
Out the hucket bucket, ya funeral when they bury ya  
And scream VA up in this bitch, who wanna carry ya

