

Ludwig Von 88

"Legit Ballers"

Visit "[Legit Ballers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Feel the heat from our gunfire, when you see us
coming
Their your niggas running, wild and heartless and we
steady gunning
Don't fuck with a legit baller, don't cut your ass
Come up out the trunk so fast
Y'all will get murdered when the pump go blast
Set this bitch on fire, when we roll on chrome,
smokin' blow in the zone
Kicking up more shit than a broken bone
Don't fuck with a legit baller, steady stackin' money
Getting down and dirty, try to come at the mob and get
your body bloody

Havn't you heard off these muderous cats, ballin' for
scratch
Niggas shootin' nervous with gats, so hot we circle this
drought
I drops them hollows, shots to swallow, my motto be
"fuck tommorow"
Sorrows improbable
In Chicago motherfucker, bones get fractured, crumble
like crackers
Rush the stage, allow the crowd to witness your
massacre
You ain't bone, you're marrow, the lead travels from
barrels
Bloody apperal, unravvle, chances is narrow
Thugs get judged when I drop slugs like gavels
Embarrassed and baffled
Got people and cattle getting slaughtered in battles
In gang land, we bang and ride, vibed gettin' high
Ain't no explaining, reprecussions if you don't comply
Get ready motherfucker, my city's full of brothers who
struggle
Breed's, T's, I's, U's, C's, Four Corner Hustlers
Black souls, magic kings and if gats could sing
My lyrics squeeze desert ease will rock you to sleep

Feel the heat from our gunfire, can you see us coming
Making niggas running, wild and heartless and we

steady gunning
Don't fuck with a legit baller, don't cut your ass
Come up out the trunk so fast
Y'all will get murdered when the pump go blast
Set this bitch on fire, when we roll on chrome,
smokin' blow in the zone
Kicking up more shit than a broken bone
Don't fuck with a legit baller, steady stackin' water
When y'all come up shorter
Try to come at the mob and get your body slaughtered

I got love for all niggas yelling out "fuck the police"
I'm a Jeffery Manor Gangsta wit' the mobsta elites
Legit Ballers the family 'til the day that I die
They let the south and the westside hook up in the city
of Chi'
Lettin' off rounds, fifty rounds, 'bout to shut you
bitches down
From the Manor in that K-Town, I say it's too late now
For you niggas that hate now, better stay out my way
now
Before you end up facedown
You motherfuckers don't know a thang about me
I roll wit' G's from Cabrini down to the Ida B's
Lakeside, 9-Tre, the Long City
Wild Hundreds got love for that nigga Nitty
Give me room when my adrenaline rushing
Cause if I go in that trunk, you know I'm 'bout to start
dumping
You hear the cries as the bullets fly by
And in the end that motherfucker died

Feel the heat from our gunfire, can you see us coming
Making niggas running, wild and heartless and we
steady gunning
Don't fuck with a legit baller, don't cut your ass
Come up out the trunk so fast
Y'all will get murdered when the pump go blast
Set this bitch on fire, when we roll on chrome,
smokin' blow in the zone
Kicking up more shit than a broken bone
Don't fuck with a legit baller, steady stackin' money
Gettin' down and dirty, try to come at the mob and get
your body bloody

Hungry, I was lookin' for the fetti', ready
With the mental that was heavy, now her niggas ain't
ready
Fuck the Navigator, we was filling holes in that 87'
Chevy
Sitting on thirty-thirties

Selling leaf and syrup on the corner trying to stir this
Had a strap with the handle that was pearly
Up early, (?)
Know the game don't scare me, competition better
flury or get buried
Either scuffle or scurry, brother hunt the word down
If you want a piece better hurry
Got off our knees and putting arrows on our tip
But there's really no need for you to say we ain't shit
Got up the cheese by telling motherfuckers freeze, and
run in their cribs
Now we like to ball legit
Got to get up off the gold and the dick
Roll with a clique of hustlers thats strugglin'
Pistol bustin' and mean muggin'
Get up out the way my armored heavy family huntin'
Cause ain't nothin' gonna stop us from rollin'
Rap flow and the strap holdin', tired of feeling like I'm
closed in
In the back, roll in on my ass when we got going
Out the back door like smoking,
and tripping on the brink of success or failure
Momma, I can't call when I'm caught in the thin line
And it's kinda hard to tell ya'
But on the blood of my city, I'm a' keep crawling up the
barbed wire
Hold your guns higher, cause ain't none higher

Feel the heat from our gunfire, can you see us coming
Making niggas running, wild and heartless and we
steady gunning
Don't fuck with a legit baller, don't cut your ass
Come up out the trunk so fast
Y'all will get murdered when the pump go blast
Set this bitch on fire, when we roll on chrome,
smokin' blow in the zone
Kicking up more shit than a broken bone
Don't fuck with a legit baller, steady stacking bread
And be ready for the armageddon
Try to come at the mob and get your body deadened

Visit [Ludwig Von 88](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.