

Twista "Grand Finale"

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(feat. The Legit Ballers)

[Toxic]

Check this out ya dig?

You've vome to the last and final record

Toxic gettin crunk on you hoes

My nigga KX-Zilla, Steve The Guitar Man droppin the
rythm

And I got the whole Legit Ballers family up in hea nigga

A yo Beanie Franks

You the early bird of this muthafucka

GUNNIN!!

[Beanie Franks]

Picture a niggas thats raw

Amber fire his ass and what we'll say is what we saw

Muthafuckas I slaughter

Blow 'em out the water

L-E-G-I-T that's Ballers

My styles as lethal

As a bitch that's found with AIDS gettin loose

Nigga before you get spraid wit some hot shit

While you run I pop shit

Yo ghetto aint no harder than mine, fuck that block shit

You cant manage them thangs

The robber takin and born in the range

Battle the match and bang

I hold my gun up high screamin "Fuck 'Em All"

Then I get in that as like cholesterol

I got the game lock down like Alcatraz

And if you escape you betta haul ass

Cause when I catch ya physically and mentally

I bring yo ass on the block thats the penalty

Put 'em in the hot seat grab a hoe

I'll show you some shit that'll make your eyes explode
out ya skull

Cause bein odd ont the block is a N-O

Niggas didnt know that I could go off, and show off,
and throw off the law

Turn, send ten shows that'll burn

Whats left is a muthafuckin dent in the alley

Beanie Franks is the shit on the Grand Finale

[Toxic]

Yeah

Thats tha shit I'm talkin about nigga
Now its time for Turtle Banks to spit

[Turtle Banks]

Turtle Banks

You know its my turn to buss
And make weak muthafuckas turn to dust
And if you weak you die in the streets of Chi
Its deep drive by my bullets fly in the seat
Them niggas aint ballin mufuckas fakin
Scared of facin Legit Ballers at ya crib waitin
And now you shakin
Call the guys to come chase me
I make them punk muthafuckas buckle up for safety
A bitch, a pickle, a chicken, a clique, niggas is sick
For they skits and they scurges
Now I'm pimpin the pain cause I'm urgin
And rearrangin your muthafuckin face like a surgeon
Lyrics layin wit a four thats what I be fuck settin every
peace
My shit to yo ass I see
O, for my mob status I'ma lay low
Representin Legit Ballers and niggas biten the flow
On the streets or the stage
A 45 or a gauge
Thats why me and the Twista always hittin the front
page
For what? cause we so damn cold
And when we enter the car niggas cluthcin they hoes
So fuck it, fall wit dust and get snatched
While Nitty bustes the facts in the Grand Finale

[Toxic]

Yeah 'lil nigga its been once for you bitches
Y'all cant touch Legit Ballers
And just when you thought it was over
T-Nitty in here doin danger

[T-Nitty]

The names Nitty, you know I'm comin off like a gangsta

Disrespectin the mob I gotta bang ya
An everyday, ciation when I was caught by
Fuck a car, I do a muthafuckin walk by
When the G to the A-M-E
Leavin whole fuckin familys greivin
Cause if I miss some I gotta burn ya
Then I'm aressted (For what?) attempt murda

Never out done only out doin
Fuckin them bitches and then I leave 'em boo-hooiin
Why?, cause they addicted, to what the dick did
The pleasure and pain the wing ding inflicted
Given niggas two to the head
Boy you can't mess wit a mad and hard head
Fool, I'm a straight low neva broke
Cause today I be a balla, shot shot caller
I dont give a fuck about one
Them hoes aint even got love and they boo-hooiin
Now when I take it pass rap
While I'm still gang bangin bitch nigga catch a cap
Not easy but my nine easy to kill wit
Especially if you poppin bullshit
The N only I to the T
Especially my dogs on the muthafuckin Grand Finale

[Toxic]

Yeah that shit was bangin
Last but not least Twista up in hea
The originator of the style all y'all niggas been biten
And to show you how its done
GUNNIN!

[Twista]

Swingin, singin my raw was through rap
To the rythm c-cock back T-O is in the back
So if it makes you giggle I figure you thinks its petty
But to me its kinda Tilly
(Tell 'em what) I'm makin fatty
Trippin off the man tho we buzzin while I'm thuggin
Get drunk and discustin the way I be bustin pistols and
hustlin
Dont take second for me to pop off my nine
Cause I'm the tiggy-tiggy Twista nigga what have been
on out of the pick
But I was harder T-W-I-S-T-A to the formula
Its cold cause we been smokin on dro
So nigga when you take a listen
You wonder who I'm dissin
D-O-N-T L-E-A-V-E without permission
The "Baller-T" aka "The Swisher Roller"
"The Bigger Gun Holder" so I be damned when a nigga
role up
Ever compete wit Mobster Elites
Much Less beef
Its like you comin on my tip wit no heat
Never smile when the Twistas in the club
Cause I got a mask and gloves
And I might be bustin out slugs
I'm comin raw cause I'm smokin on kali

Gang bangin wit Mobsta Elites on the muthafuckin
Grand Finale

[(Toxic) & Twista]

(Yeah thats how real muthafuckin ballers lay it down
nigga)

(Now its time to run down all the muthafuckas that
made this shit hea happen)

My nigga Jag

(My nigga Big Ed)

Big Fud

(Charleman)

Calla One

(Chris The Engineer)

KX

(And these all the niggas from Legit Ballin family)

Ty-Nitty

(Beanie Franks)

Miss Cane

(Darkside)

Turtle Banks

(That nigga High Beam)

The mobstas Liff and Maze

(Chine White bangin the beats)

Toxic

(My nigga Twista)

And the rest of the whole Legit Ballers family

Ya dig?

[Both]

Weeee Straight!!

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