

Twista "Legit Ballers"

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Once again another Trax productions
Rush for the 9-8, mobsta elites
Ain't it a shame how we make ballin' look so sweet
Especially when you ain't gotta hide your shit

You know what I'm sayin', you can just ball for free
Campaignin' your nation in a legit demonstration
And gotta face incarceration
Eh yo, Liffy Stokes, let 'em know what's happenin'

A nigga been hustlin' so long, God knows I've done so
much wrong
I was 16 grown and holdin' chrome, servin' blows, we
in' zones
My mom didn't understand me, "Boy, you gon' die just
like your daddy"
From two to the head, dumped in the riverbed
I didn't to hurt you so badly

I was young and dumb
Fast life sprung of the money and hoes that it brung
Had a clip full of hollows to bring your momma sorrow
But now regret what I've done

Drama's all in the game, whether gang bang or slang
I had to do my thang
When the shots rang, that's when it clicks in my brain
All the shit's the same, my nigga need a change

I had to get off out these streets to get you out your
seat
Flip a Trax beat, hit the crib and puff on a sweet
And let 'em feel something deep, deep so the realest
can feel
How I felt right before I bust that steel
Rappin' 'bout my life of skril
And the everyday struggles of a nigga in the chill

Come on and take a little trip with a legit balla
Chi shot-callers
(Shot up the chrome and let's swang)
Tigers all up in the wall

(Some bitches in the back and a pocket full of scratch
Take a match and spark up a little bud and get blown
away)

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This shit I've been tokin' is potent
Got me straight thinkin' about takin' Mary Jane and
eloping
Blowin' smoke with the sunroof half-way opened
Countercode with the scope in close range
I guess he gotta aim and stick a few thangs in the
nigga's brain

No face straps [unverified] thinkin' that he can
Puttin' food on table is an everyday strain
But now I did finally flip my shit legit
And workin' a different angle of the game
Even though my hussle ain't changed

I'm still prayin' my best presence to overcome my pain
Singin' tapes of Cain
The roads to riches seems longer than the freight train
And every little stop keep a nigga tryin' to plot
On the paper you done gain until you drain

But I put that on the foe
I'ma flow 'til I got no choice or better yet no voice
But still by that time I hope to write enough rhymes
To own a fleet, real estate with a Rolls Royce

Rollin' deep through this Chi-Town streets
With my mobsta elites on the way to North Riverside
Mall
Givin' thanks to the all for givin' me a legit where to ball
at
Keepin' shit tight for y'all

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On the bus in disgust, will I able to throw rocks in my
pocket?
Nickel sacks in the other
For po po's who watch, can't stop, it's hot
But I gotta make a profit for my baby and my mother
Straight up hustler

What's the mental frame of mind? That nigga had to
have the roll
Be sold or be poor up in these city streets
Or with the pistol playin' for you Mr. Reaper
Forgive those, I explode like C 4, so give me 50 feet

Bustin' shots in every directions
A nigga stop a moment from getting made
I done witnessed public aid, people get sprayed, the tip
raise
And Momma cry, "Why my bills won't get paid"

If I have to, I'ma send cheese from blows
Nobody can hurt me or run thugsta greed, GDs or foes
Workin' the spot 'cause we need some clothes
Who ever thought I'd be making money off of my CDs
and shows

My crib got gats in the hall, rats steady crawl
Roaches comin' out the cracks in the wall
On the tip, bust it with my back to the wall
Work my way up to an ounce, now I'm back to a ball

Now I fin' to spend stacks at the mall
Bend the blocks on barbers, hopin' my profits stack a
bit taller
Twista a.k.a "The Bitch Caller", bring your money to the
mob
Just to be a pimp-shit talker

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If it's on, I gotta ride out with my Mobstas
If it's on, then I gotta ride out with the Mobstas
If it's on, I gotta ride out with my Mobstas
If it's on, I gotta ride out with my Mobstas
Mobstas, Mobstas
If it's on, I gotta ride out with my Mobstas
(Mobstas)

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