

## **Luisa Fernandez & Peter Kent**

### **"Grand Finale"**

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[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, citation 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-hoo in  
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 fetty  
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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