Grand Finale

Neil Peart

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 rhythm
And I got the whole Legit Ballers family up in here, nigga
A yo Beanie Franks, you the early bird of this muthafucka gun
Picture a niggas that's raw, amber fire his ass
And what we'll say is what we saw, muthafuckas, I slaughter
Blow 'em out the water, Legit, that's Ballers
My styles as lethal as a bitch that's found with AIDS gettin' loose
Nigga, before you get sprain wit some hot shit
While you run, I pop shit, yo ghetto ain't no harder than mine
Fuck that block shit, you can't 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, that's 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
On the block is a no, niggas, didn't 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
Yeah, that's tha shit I'm talkin' about, nigga
Now it's time for Turtle Banks to spit
Turtle Banks, you know, it's my turn to buss
And make weak muthafuckas turn to dust
And if you weak you die in the streets of Chi
It's deep drive by my bullets fly in the seat
Them niggas ain't 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 scourges, now I'm pimpin' the pain
'Cause I'm urgin' and rearrangin' your muthafuckin' face like a surgeon
Lyrics layin' wit a four that's 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 gauze
That's 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
Yeah, 'lil nigga, it's been once for you bitches
Y'all can't touch Legit Ballers
And just when you thought it was over
T-Nitty in here doin' danger
The names Nitty, you know, I'm comin' off like a gangsta
Disrespectin' the mob, I gotta bang ya, and everyday
Situation when I was caught by, fuck a car, I do a muthafuckin' walk by
When the G to the AME, leavin' whole fuckin' familys greivin'

'Cause if I miss some I gotta burn ya, then I'm arrested, for what?
Attempt murda, never out done only out doin'
Fuckin' them bitches and then I leave 'em boo-hooin', 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 don't give a fuck about one
Them hoes ain't even got love and they boo-hooin'
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
Yeah, that shit was bangin'
Last but not least Twista up in here
The orignator of the style all y'all niggas been biten
And to show you how it's done, gun
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 it's petty but to me its kinda tilly
Tell 'em what? I'm makin' fetty, trippin off the man
Though we buzzin' while I'm thuggin', get drunk
And discustin' the way I be bustin' pistols and hustlin'
Don't take second for me to pop off my nine
'Cuse I'm the tiggy-tiggy Twista nigga what have been

On out of the pick but I was harder Twista to the formula
It's cold 'cause we been smokin' on dro
So nigga when you take a listen, you wonder who I'm dissin'
Don't leave 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, it's 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
Yeah, that's how real muthafuckin' ballers
Lay it down nigga, now it's time to run down
All the muthafuckas that made this shit here happen
My nigga Jag, my nigga Big Ed, Big Fud
Charlemagne, Calla One, Chris The Engineer
KX, and these all the niggas from Legit Ballin' family
Ty-Nitty, Beanie Franks, Miss Cane, Dark side
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?
We straight

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