

# Grand Finale

## DMX, Ja Rule, Method Man & Nas

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 clutchin' 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 originator 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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>