

Legit Ballers

Twista & The Speedknot Mobstaz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 playa 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 tricks 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, was it gang bang or slay
I had to do my thang
When the shots rang, that's when it clicks in my brain
All the shits 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' about my life of screel
And the everyday struggles of a playa in the chill
Come on and take a ride, triple to legit ballers
Shot-shot callers
(Shot up the chrome and let's swang)
Tigers all up in the wall
(Some in the back and a pocket full scraps to get matchin')
(Spark a couple of and get blown away)
Come on and take a ride, triple to legit ballers
Shot-shot callers

(Shot up the chrome and let's swang)
Tigers all up in the wall
(Some in the back and a pocket full scraps to get matchin')
(Spark a couple of and get blown away)This sweet I've been talkin' was potent
Got me straight thinkin' about takin' Mary Jane and eloping
Blowin' smoke with the sunroof half-way opened
Laid back with the scope in close rangeI guess he gotta aim, and stick a few things
In the somebody's brain
No face straps we be thinkin' that he can
Puttin' food on table is an everyday strainBut now I did finally flip my shit legit
And workin' a different angle of the game
Even though my hustle 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 trainAnd every little stop keep a nigga tryin' to plot
On the paper you done gain until you drain
But I put that on the floor
I'ma flow 'til I got no choice, or better yet no voiceBut still by that time I hope to write enough rhymes
To own a fleet real estate with a Rolce Royce
Rollin' deep through this Chi-Town streets
With my mobsta elite on the way to the Riverside Mall
Givin' thanks to the all for givin' me a legit where to ball at
Keepin' tight for y'allCome on and take a ride, triple to legit ballers
Shot-shot callers
(Shot up the chrome and let's swang)
Tigers all up in the wall
(Some in the back and a pocket full scraps to get matchin')
(Spark a couple of and get blown away)Come on and take a ride, triple to legit ballers
Shot-shot callers
(Shot up the chrome and let's swang)
Tigers all up in the wall
(Some in the back and a pocket full scraps to get matchin')
(Spark a couple of and get blown away)On the bus in disgust will I able to throw rocks in my pocket
Nickel sacks in the other
For po-pos who watch, can't stop, it's hot
But I gotta make a profit for my baby and my motherStraight up hustler
What's the mental frame of mind
That playa 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 feetSee ya checkin' in every directions
Somebody 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 paidIf I have to I'ma send cheese from
Nobody can hurt me or run thugsta greed, GD's or foes

Workin' the spot 'cause we need some clothes
Who ever thought I'd be making money off of my CD's and shows
My crib got trash 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 AKA 'The Trick Caller', bring your money to the mob
Just to be a pimp-shit talker
Come on and take a ride, triple to legit ballers
Shot-shot callers
(Shot up the chrome and let's swang)
Tigers all up in the wall
(Some in the back and a pocket full scraps to get matchin')
(Spark a couple of and get blown away)
Come on and take a ride, triple to legit ballers
Shot-shot callers
(Shot up the chrome and let's swang)
Tigers all up in the wall
(Some in the back and a pocket full scraps to get matchin')
(Spark a couple of and get blown away)
If it's on, I gotta ride out with my mobstas, hmm-hmm
It it's on, then I gotta ride out with the mobstas, hmm-hmm
If it's on, I gotta ride out with my mobstas, hmm-hmm
If it's on, I gotta ride out with my mobstas, hmm-hmm
La-da-da, la-da-da, da-da-da-da, da-da
(Mobstas)
La-da-da, la-da-da, da-da-da-da, da-da
(Mobstas)
La-da-da, la-da-da, da-da-da-da, da-da
(Mobstas)
If it's on, I gotta ride out with my mobstas hmm-hmm
(Mobstas)

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