

## Legit Ballaz

Twista

Feel the heat from our gunfire, when you see us coming  
Their your niggas running, wild and heartless and we steady gunning  
Don't fuck with a legit baller, don't cut your ass  
Come up out the trunk so fast  
Y'all will get murdered when the pump go blast  
Set this bitch on fire, when we roll on chrome,  
smokin' blow in the zone  
Kicking up more shit than a broken bone  
Don't fuck with a legit baller, steady stackin' money  
Getting down and dirty, try to come at the mob and get your body bloody

Havn't you heard off these muderous cats, ballin' for scratch  
Niggas shootin' nervous with gats, so hot we circle this drought  
I drops them hollows, shots to swallow, my motto be ''fuck tommorow''  
Sorrows improbable  
In Chicago motherfucker, bones get fractured, crumble like crackers  
Rush the stage, allow the crowd to witness your massacre  
You ain't bone, you're marrow, the lead travels from barrels  
Bloody apperal, unravvle, chances is narrow  
Thugs get judged when I drop slugs like gavels  
Embarrassed and baffled  
Got people and cattle getting slaughtered in battles  
In gang land, we bang and ride, vibed gettin' high  
Ain't no explaining, represcussions if you don't comply  
Get ready motherfucker, my city's full of brothers who struggle  
Breed's, T's, I's, U's, C's, Four Corner Hustlers  
Black souls, magic kings and if gats could sing  
My lyrics squeeze desert ease will rock you to sleep

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Don't fuck with a legit baller, steady stackin' water  
When y'all come up shorter  
Try to come at the mob and get your body slaughtered

I got love for all niggas yelling out ''fuck the police''  
I'm a Jeffery Manor Gangsta wit' the mobsta elites  
Legit Ballers the family 'til the day that I die  
They let the south and the westside hook up in the city of Chi'  
Lettin' off rounds, fifty rounds, 'bout to shut you bitches down  
From the Manor in that K-Town, I say it's too late now  
For you niggas that hate now, better stay out my way now  
Before you end up facedown  
You motherfuckers don't know a thang about me  
I roll wit' G's from Cabrini down to the Ida B's  
Lakeside, 9-Tre, the Long City  
Wild Hundreds got love for that nigga Nitty  
Give me room when my adrenaline rushing  
Cause if I go in that trunk, you know I'm 'bout to start dumping  
You hear the cries as the bullets fly by  
And in the end that motherfucker died

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Hungry, I was lookin' for the fetti', ready  
With the mental that was heavy, now her niggas ain't ready  
Fuck the Navigator, we was filling holes in that 87' Chevy  
Sitting on thirty-thirties  
Selling leaf and syrup on the corner trying to stir this  
Had a strap with the handle that was pearly  
Up early, (?)  
Know the game don't scare me, competition better flury or get buried  
Either scuffle or scurry, brother hunt the word down  
If you want a piece better hurry  
Got off our knees and putting arrows on our tip  
But there's really no need for you to say we ain't shit  
Got up the cheese by telling motherfuckers freeze, and run in their cribs  
Now we like to ball legit  
Got to get up off the gold and the dick  
Roll with a clique of hustlers thats strugglin'  
Pistol bustin' and mean muggin'  
Get up out the way my armored heavy family huntin'  
Cause ain't nothin' gonna stop us from rollin'  
Rap flow and the strap holdin', tired of feeling like I'm closed in  
In the back, roll in on my ass when we got going  
Out the back door like smoking,  
and tripping on the brink of success or failure  
Momma, I can't call when I'm caught in the thin line  
And it's kinda hard to tell ya'  
But on the blood of my city, I'm a' keep crawling up the barbed wire  
Hold your guns higher, cause ain't none higher

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Don't fuck with a legit baller, steady stacking bread  
And be ready for the armageddon  
Try to come at the mob and get your body deadened