

## Legit Ballers

Twista

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 nigga 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 hoes 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 whether gang bang or slang  
I had to do my thang  
When the shots rang, that's when it clicks in my brain  
All the shit's 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 'bout my life of skril  
And the everyday struggles of a nigga in the chill

Come on and take a little trip with a legit balla  
Chi shot-callers (Shot up the chrome and let's swang)  
Tigers all up in the wall  
(Some bitches in the back and a pocket full of scratch  
take a match and spark up a little bud and get blown away)

This shit I've been tokin' is potent  
Got me straight thinkin' about takin' Mary Jane and eloping  
Blowin' smoke with the sunroof half-way opened  
Countercode with the scope in close range  
I guess he gotta aim, and stick a few thangs in the nigga's brain  
No face straps (?) thinkin' that he can  
Puttin' food on table is an everyday strain  
But now I did finally flip my shit legit  
And workin' a different angle of the game  
Even though my hussle 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 train  
And every little stop keep a nigga tryin' to plot  
On the paper you done gain until you drain  
But I put that on the foe  
I'ma flow 'til I got no choice, or better yet no voice  
But 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 elites on the way to North Riverside Mall

Givin' thanks to the all for givin' me a legit where to ball at  
Keepin' shit tight for y'all

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 mother  
Straight up hustler  
What's the mental frame of mind  
That nigga 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 feet  
Bustin' shots in every directions  
a nigga 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 paid  
If I have to I'ma send cheese from blows  
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 gats 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 Bitch Caller", bring your money to the mob  
Just to be a pimp-shit talker

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 (Mobstas) hmm-hmm