

# Legit Ballers

## Twista & The Speedknot Mobstaz

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 moms didn't understand me  
Boy, you gon' die just like your daddy  
From two to the head, dumped in the riverbed  
I didn't mean to hurt you so badly  
I was young and dumb, fast life sprung  
Off 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 clicked in my brain  
All the shits the same  
My nigga need a change, I had to get up 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 nigga in the chill  
Come on and take a lil trip with a legit balla  
Chi-shot callers  
(Shot up the chrome and let's swang)  
Tigers wetter than the wall  
(Some bitches in the back and a pocket full of stacks, take a match and spark up a lil bud and  
get blown away)  
Come on and take a lil trip with a legit balla Chi-shot callers  
(Shot up the chrome and let's swang)  
Tigers wetter than the wall  
(Some bitches in the back and a pocket full of stacks, take a match and spark up a lil bud and  
get blown away)  
This shit I've been tokin on's potent  
Got me straight thinkin' about takin' Mary Jane and eloping Blowin' smoke with the sunroof  
half-way opened

Calico with the scope in close range  
I guess he gotta aim, and stick a few things  
In a nigga's brain No face straps we be 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 give a nigga time 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 voice  
But still by that time I hope to write enough rhymes  
To own a fleet real estate with a Rolls Royce Rollin' deep through these Chi-Town streets  
With my mobsta elites on the way to the Riverside Mall  
Givin' thanks to the all for givin' me a legit where to ball at  
Keepin' shit tight for y'all  
Come on and take a lil trip with a legit balla  
Chi-shot callers (Shot up the chrome and let's swang)  
Tigers wetter than the wall  
(Some bitches in the back and a pocket full stacks, take a match and spark up a lil bud and get  
blown away)  
Come on and take a lil trip with a legit balla  
Chi-shot callers  
(Shot up the chrome and let's swang) Tigers wetter than the wall  
(Some bitches in the back and a pocket full stacks, take a match and spark up a lil bud and get  
blown away)  
On the bus in disgust with a 8-ball full of 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 direction  
A nigga stoppin my money from getting made  
I done witnessed public aid, people get sprayed, the tip raise  
And mamma cry, why my bills can'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 Come on and take a lil trip with a legit balla

Chi-Shot callers  
(Shot up the chrome and let's swang)  
Tigers wetter than the wall  
(Some bitches in the back and a pocket full stacks, take a match and spark up a lil bud and get  
blown away)  
Come on and take a lil trip with a legit balla  
Chi-Shot callers  
(Shot up the chrome and let's swang)  
Tigers wetter than wall  
(Some bitches in the back and a pocket full stacks, take a match and spark up a lil bud and get  
blown away)  
If it's on, I gotta ride out with my mobstas, hmm-hmm  
If 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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