

# Cross That Line

## Wade B

Yeah, see I'm the son of a working man  
And heâ€™s the son of man who lived off his land  
Yeah, he chewed red and drank whiskey straight  
His heart pumps Southern pride but never filled with hate  
Nah, he shook your hand and meant what he said  
He never took a handout he busted ass instead  
And when you met him then you knew that shit was real  
Cause his morals never changed over a couple of dollar bills, nah  
Now fast forward to his grandson  
What type of shit you think I'm on we got the same blood  
Yeah, see I was raised by the real and these soft mothaâ€™fucker  
just donâ€™t know how that feels, nah

Oooh, if you gonna cross that line then baby be ready  
cause you never met another mothaâ€™fucker thatâ€™s quite like me  
Oooh, and they aint talking bout nothin just a lot of gun bumpin  
if they really want somethin then fuck it that aint nothin, baby we gonna see

and yeah, Iâ€™m just a product of some tough times  
like when they ran that fire water across them county lines  
yeah, they loaded Chevy beds down kept a lookout for the law  
and took the long way around, yeah  
see that survivor shit it runs deep  
and Iâ€™ll be happy to remind ya if you think shit is sweet  
because that weak shit aint really what Iâ€™m on  
and every mothaâ€™fucker branch in this family tree is strong, whoo  
so miss me with that funny shit  
and if you feel some type of way then go on and run it bitch  
I got a hundred saying you be feeling funny quick  
Bitch I been told yâ€™all you aint fuckin with this country shit

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we gonna see if you bout that life if you really gonna ride  
when I pull up outside baby please believe  
whoo-ooo I said we gonna see if you bout that life if you really gonna ride

when I pull up outside baby please believe

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Lyrics Submitted by Amber Vickery

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