Cross That Line

Rick Ross

Convict
Up Front, yeah
Convikt Muzik
Ross, Triple C's
If you ever cross that line
I guarantee you there'll be nothin' to save ya
I got a whole bunch of gorillas
Ready to pull the trigga
And we all for that paper
Comin' from a life of crime
Tryna be on my best behavior
You see my rep's gettin' bigger
But still that same ***
Bustin' shots at them haters
But only if you cross that line
I was birthed in the ***
But what made it worse, every first is a packed house
Little brother knowin' life illegal
No toys, just playin' wit pipes and needles
I'm gon' find knights and regals
5000 on the paint just so life will see ya
Green cards for the free lunch
Now his green cards scream larger than seats crush
Big *** for the other side
Try me I'ma teach his momma homicide
I wanna see his momma eyes
I done cried 20 years now I'm runnin' dry
If you ever cross that line
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Tryna be on my best behavior
You see my rep's gettin' bigger
But still that same ***
Bustin' shots at them haters
But only if you cross that line
Don't cross that line

Hopin' that you don't cross that line
Don't cross that line
Baby, don't cross that line
When I'm low on funds, I'ma load up
Slap ya in the head I'ma open one
African in bed, she just hope I'm done
See the voodoo priest, then the *** gon' come
Open up a drum, I'm eatin' Oprah crumbs
Got poor credit, got *** debit
Walk in the 40-40, I'ma score, bet it
Four tennis chains ***, I'm progetic
But the 4 pellets will getcha prosthetics
If you don't get it, just don't let it
A life sentence is a light sentence
All my homies got 'em, they just like business
If you ever cross that line
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Don't cross that line
Hopin' that you don't cross that line
Don't cross that line
Baby, don't cross that line
Don't push me, I ain't ***
You 'Would be killas', that is 'Could be'
The last minute of your last breath
I'm the last entrance right before your last step
Shot a *** papa, my block gotta
Cross the line, pay the fine, cop dollar
No matter you're age, creed or color
Can't cut it, stay choppin' through the butter
Critics wonder will I last long
Even though I showed my *** on my last song
I gets my mash on, no mask on
Cross Ross, baby, it'll be a sad song
If you ever cross that line
I guarantee you there'll be nothin' to save ya
I got a whole bunch of gorillas

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