

## **Crawford Michael**

### **"Young Line Leader"**

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[Trae]

Showing up is automatic, when you skating up the block  
With the trunk on knock, body rock when I'm in my drop  
For the 2K2 I just can't stop, a nigga don't wanna see us  
on

Guerilla Maab representing this to the end, bubble  
eyed on twins

Setting trends, gonna keep it up when I'ma ride on  
winds

It's straight like that, we superstars like that Fat Pat  
So niggaz out here better recognize, that we look alive  
It's been my time since '99, and it's going down when I  
rock the block

Got fo' 18's in a bumper kit, I'm a billion dolla bleeder  
Strapped up with a heater, with a beamer, on the mic  
I straight up wreck the speaker, while Big Moe straight  
up wreck Aaliyah

We got mo' heat than gonorrhea, so in the rap game  
we be the leaders

A Southside thug made swanga, it's that type tight  
bump

For the trunk Trae ain't no punk, you fuck around and  
fin to wind up dumped

Like millions that's gon off sherm, I pray that you  
niggaz learn

That we can't be stopped, just like Screw you on top  
We got the game on lock, and anything else ain't us  
You get out of line and we'll bust, on top of the game  
it's a must

[Hook - 2x]

I'm a young line leader, a billion dolla bleeder  
All my bopping baby mamas say what (say what)  
Banging Screw down the feeter, catch a hata with the  
heater  
All my Southside niggaz say huh (say huh)

[H.A.W.K.]

I'm a leader not a foll'a, chump ass niggaz get swalla'd  
If you ain't about that dolla, move the fuck or I'ma holla  
In a 6-4 Impala, and I'm leaning to the side

Got hoes flagging me down screaming, let me ride  
I represent the Southside, along with Dougie D and  
Trae  
It's the H-A-W-K, and it's mandatory that I pray  
For my G's not here today, and my niggaz that's doing  
time  
I gotta spit these rhymes, to let y'all know you on my  
mind  
Me and the Maab we gon shine, cause we some young  
block bleeders  
Dedicated line leaders, on the cuts wearing Adidas  
These other cats can't see us, not even with bifocals  
We some super thoed locals, with some breath taking  
vocals

[Hook - 2x]

Southside, is where we gon swang  
Pulling up thoed when we, rolling  
Time to show up, in the truck  
Or in the slab, reclining on buck  
Southside love, it's them thugs  
H-A-W-K, Trizxae, and Doug

[Dougie D]

I'm a young line leader, a billion dolla block bleeder  
Keeping my heater right by my side, everytime that I  
creep up  
Mr. Dougie Daddy, bopping baby mamas wanna have  
me  
They touch me and grab me, cause Dougie crawling in  
a Caddy  
When I come through and I drop my top, and I'm  
flossing in the wind  
With a shining gold grin, get the game again cause  
looked at my win  
Making my Screw swang another diamond feeter  
Swerved it from lane to lane, I B.P. the dealer key while  
I'm creeping  
All of my Southside niggaz, getting bucked and they  
hollin' huh  
Now tell em what we do, we get this motherfucker wild  
up and crunk  
This one for Screw this is your majesty, some god  
damn G's I had to be  
Mashing for the cash you see, nothing but the dolla  
sign that's all I see  
Ain't nothing but a Southside thang

[Hook - 4x]

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