

Miami Shit

Pitbull

Introducin' Mr. 3, yeah, 0, yeah, 5Hop in the bucket and haul ass

Fuck 'em, hop in the bucket and haul ass

Fuck 'em, hop in the bucket and haul ass

Fuck 'em, hop in the bucket and haul assThis to them boys on their way to Tennessee

Listenin' to M.J.G, breakin' dem birds and 8-balls

Be careful with them ki's, don't hesitate to squeeze

Watch out for them Feds 'coz they hate y'allBank accounts overseas, when them Feds come for me

All they gon' find is CD's, no weight, dog

But wait, dog 'coz Pit is back, bigger, badder, stronger

It's alright, you can hate, dogBut don't be surprised if a chico do you like Nicholas Cage

And blow your motherfuckin' 'Face Off'

Who the fuck wanna face off?

'Coz I'm willin' and ready to cock, aim and bangShow the world what it means to be born and raised

In the home of the K's, that's the County of Dade

Well, they used to shoot straight phase, now they shoot AK's

So if they kick in your door, I suggest you do what they sayThese are the facts of life minus them three bitches

They don't rap no more, all they do is snitchin'

I went from no pot to piss in

To gettin' taught how to whip up a pot in the kitchen, listenCook, cook, whip, whip, chop, chop, oh

Hear the shots, don't look, stop, drop, roll

Hit the block, tell them fiends stop, cock, go

Used to be my life but not no moreFuck 'em, hop in the bucket and haul ass

Fuck 'em, hop in the bucket and haul ass

Fuck 'em, hop in the bucket and haul ass

Fuck 'em, hop in the bucket and haul assTake my banana clip to a banana click

Now that's some Miami shit

Give me your big old shit with a ton of bricks

Now that's some Miami shitChevys on 22's, 24's, 26

Now that's some Miami shit

That's right, that's what, that's right, that's what

That's right, I'm from Miami, bitchI eat, sleep, shit, talk rap

See that 745 LI, yeah, I bought that

They never thought but I thought that

Give 'em a brick, bakin' soda and a peaka and it's brought backPyrex to be exact, I bring it back

How you want it, from the stove or the microwave?

How you want it, high yellow or light brown

Or feel that Method Man, I got 'em fiendin' with they pipes outLet's ride, I done reminisce on them days

When they used to jack tourists everyday in Dade

That's how JT Money got his name

Miami, all it equals is tons of cocaine
This is what we grew up and learned to do
These Cubans'll teach you 'bout a bird or two
Keep actin' like these boys won't murder you
Now here the sun ain't the only thing burnin' you
This where the bitches go two ways
Niggas love gun play and a triangle equals a one way
If you know what I'm talkin' 'bout then you from Dade
If you don't then welcome to where I've been raised
Welcome to rappin' raised the crib
Welcome to rappin' raised Magic City
Welcome to rappin' raised 305, county of Dade
Let's ride
Hop in the bucket and haul ass
Step on the gas, step on the gas
Fuck 'em, hop in the bucket and haul ass
Step on the gas, step on the gas
Take my banana clip to a banana click
Now that's some Miami shit
Give me your big old shit with a ton of bricks
Now that's some Miami shit
Chevys on 22's, 24's, 26
Now that's some Miami shit
That's right, that's what, that's right, that's what
That's right, I'm from Miami, bitch

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