

Miami Shit

Pitbull

Introduc'in Mr. 3, yeah, 0, yeah, 5
Hop in the bucket and haul ass
Fuck 'em, hop in the bucket and haul ass
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This 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'all
Bank 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, dog
But 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 bang
Show 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 say
These 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, listen
Cook, 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 more
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 ass
Fuck 'em, hop in the bucket and haul ass
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
I 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 peak
and it's brought back Pyrex 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 out
Let'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
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