

305 Anthem

Pitbull & Lil Jon

It's that little Chico Pitbull
This my way of letting my city know
That I'd ride for 'em, I'd cry for 'em
Bust 5 for 'em and most of all fucking die for 'em
Hey, 305 till I die, hey, 305 till I die
Hey, 305 till I die, hey, 305 till I die
Nigga, I ride for my motherfuckin' click
I die for my motherfuckin' click
I bust heads with my motherfuckin' click
My nigga talk shit, once my shit go click
Nigga, I ride for my motherfuckin' click
I die for my motherfuckin' click
I bust heads with my motherfuckin' click
My nigga talk shit, once my shit go click
Man, I've been on the grind, 1 in the head
16 in the nine, I'm extra man
The game is mine in due time
It's alright, I'm patient, man
I know how to play my position
I know how to play my part
I know how to play these bitches
I know how to play with they hearts
I've done some dumb things but for the most
I've played it smart, who cares if you run things?
'Cause I'm as live as 106 and Park
This game is nothing but a pool of blood
With a bunch of sharks only the strong survive
It's do or die, get it right
That's why I roll for my peoples
Cock back, go to war for my peoples
Break bread with my peoples
Man, ill die for my peoples
Everybody knows it's the truth
That's why, they respect everything that I do
Everywhere that I go, every friend every foe
Every bitch every hoe, man, I sold it all
From the weed to the X, from the X to the blow
Mark my words, I'm next to blow
P to the I, I to the T, T to the B, B to the U

Double the L, me, I'ma sell like ice cream in hell
This for my peoples that's locked up in jail
I'ma succeed, I'm never gon' fail, papo, just watch me
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Man, I'm watchin' the game closely
Uncle Luke that man did coach me
He taught me the who, what, where's and whys
How to cross T's, how to dot I's
Little did he know he created a monster
Pitbull nigga I'm that monster
D.B. them chicanos is monsters
Lil'Jon that niggaz a monster
Everybody in the clique is well equipped
Ready for Pit to take over shit
This here is not a game, this here is our lives
We can't fuck this up, we gotta get it right
If you with us and you ready for war
Then let's ride, let's show how we do in the South
Kick in they door, run in they house
Since them boys think they spit fire
Fuck it, put the gun in they mouth
Follow me now, all these bitches wanna swallow me now
All these niggaz that I don't even know
Wanna holla at me now 'cause they wanna be down
But fuck 'em man, me, I'ma turn it up a notch
To my hustlers, be careful when they murder in the blocks
To my killas, be careful when you burnin' up the glocks
Last thing you wanna be is runnin' from the cops
Pits gon' take it from the bottom to the top
Haters can hate but it ain't gon' stop
Everybody knows I'ma blow just listen to the flow
This chico got it on lock
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