

# Defend Dade (feat. Pitbull & Casely)

## DJ Khaled

Khaled, check this out right  
I know we global now, world wide 305  
But I see that they are trying to bring down the movement  
I'm telling everybody in the crib they can bet on me  
One time, new Diaz  
(That's right)Put your money where your mouth is, bet on me  
Put your money where your mouth is, bet on me  
Put your money where your mouth is, bet on me  
Put your money where your mouth is, bet on meTell them boys to keep running that shit out they mouth  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey)Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they mouth  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey)  
You're back won't last with checks you can't cashKeep disrespectin', in the everglades they'll find ya  
I'm not from San Fransisco, but the chopper of forty-ninya  
I grew up listenin' to Lou, and, and, and pumpin' Trick  
Them boys done open doors, so respect is owed  
I got love for Rick, and congrats you made it  
I was a fan from the mix tape you sold me at Foxy LadiesI seen them trying to bring you down  
But fuck that dog you one of the greatest  
Khaled mix 96er, but even back then though you had haters  
I remember the Temple at Oynx, I was too drunk to get in  
I was still outsider selling Chronic you know getting' it in  
I remember Ump beating the rape mistrial, celebrating the win  
Ya'll can try to stop Miami but this shit will never endTell them boys to keep running that shit out they mouth  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey)Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they mouth  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey)  
You're backs won't last with checks you cant cashOne time TS, two times Fat Joe  
I remember them boys in Wynnwood hood stack short

I remember them Cash Money Boys in Little Haiti  
All running with zozs, Banana Azuri, soft drop top that's fo sho  
Flo Rida, Groundhogs always show love before  
Dammit been paying dues, now its my time to blow Even when 50 come through, he don't roll no less than 50

ZOZS

Cause they will push your shit back, way back to trues and vows  
My dog Nosesnaker, come through the block on something clean  
Sounding like an earthquake, he is what these dope boys dream  
Hit a lick, flip a brick, snatch a Brinks truck  
That's them Miami boys don't get it mixed up Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they mouth  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey) Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they mouth

I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey)

You're backs won't last with checks you cant cash I'm Mr. 305, I'm a part of Miami's Heat

I grew up in all types of neighborhoods, I am Miami's street

Low key and stay quiet, that's how these Chico's in Miami eat

I love it when these boys come from out of town And thinking Miami's sweet

All of them down looking for pussy, trying to Miami skeet

That's when they run up in they hotel room and give them a Miami treat

When the choppers start a raining, its hard to stop a Miami leak

That's what they get for thinking Miami's just Miami Beach Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they  
mouth

I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey) Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they mouth

I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Don't talk about it, be about it, hey)

You're backs won't last with checks you cant cash Hah, you know how this ain't a neighborhood right?

Don't let your mouth write a check your ass can't cash, ha, ha, ha

If the moneys on the wood, it's all good

But if the moneys out of sight it going to be a fight

And the last thing you want is a fight with the 305, ha, ha, ha

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>