

Bitch I'm From Dade County

DJ Khaled ft. Trick Daddy, Rick Ross, Trina, Dre,

[DJ Khaled]Diaz Brothers

DJ Khaled

I rep my city

Dade County, let's go!

[Trick Daddy]Dade County stand up right now

All the from Carol City to Florida City, Opa-Locka

By way to Overtown, Atlantic City

Coconut Grove to South Miami

Wedwood Highlear, Little Haiti, Little Bana

South Miami Heights, P-Rhymes

Dade County, let it do what it do

[DJ Khaled]Rest in peace to Uncle Al

We The Best

Dade County, let's go

I rep my city

Nigga, I rep my city

Miami, listennn

[Trick Daddy]

I'm well-connected, well-respected fo' gangsta shit

I'm from the city of Caprices and Impalas bitch

Yo I'm from down the way, you know--around the way

Dade Country, 305, rep the whole M-I-A

A.K.'s and Chevrolets, nappy braids and heads shaved

Look here, shit real, we really get it how we live

We get on heavy creel, we get on heavy pills

Me and my niggas, and my Cubans and my Haitians them

Bitch I'm from Dade County, we go way harder

We do it way bigga (Why?), 'cause we some made niggas

Born, bread, and raised to get money ways

We gon' get it off they pop like we get it down in Dade

Aye

[Chorus]

Bitch I'm from Dade County

Bitch I'm from Dade County

Bitch I'm from Dade County (I'ma be forever thuggin', baby)

Bitch I'm from Dade County

Bitch I'm from Dade County

Bitch I'm from Dade County (I'ma be forever thuggin', baby)

[Trina]

305, it's my city
Yes, I'm from Dade County
Plus I'm fly, so I keep some bad bitches 'round me
Whuddup Khaled, you my nigga so hold, lemme git 'em
Yes I'm back, plus I'm mad, so I ain't playin' wit 'em
Any bitch wanna come test me,
Yup, come to my city, that's where I be
I ride all in the hood in my new Bentley wit' my ass sit on Jag'
I don't give a fuck (What?!)
Ride out, 'cause I'm runnin' the South
Got some real gangsta niggas that'll run in ya house
Wanna open my mouth shit that's the sound
They go "brra-tat-tat" so you betta watch out
Ouch!

[Rick Ross]

Bitch I got money too
Trilla album comin' soon
Triple C's, 305, B-O-E give us room
Whip the keys (Twenty-five!), in the kitchen (Cookin' food!)
Baby we the best, quit, hate the rest
Dade County, you name it (Whudd?!)
You roll it, I light it (Ross!)
She rollin' wit moa (Moa!)
Fuck who don't like it (Yuh!)
Khaled's the boss
Like Ricky's the Ross
Everyone of my doggs, where my Dickies in The Source

Come here girl, lemme get you this
This one Rick try to get you rich
Candy paint on my six-six (six), you can call that bitches rich
I'm out this sports, I'm in the game
Fallin' the blaze, causin' fo' Dade

[DJ Khaled]

Doe Boy, Slip-N-Side
Epedemic, Dope Ridas, Cash Money, Terror Squad
Dade County, I do this fo' us

Listennn

[Brisco]

Yuh, I got money too
Bris', I be comin' thru
Cash money, money bags (Yes!) got me livin' comfortable (Yeah!)
Still hood, still real (Unhh!), Opa-Locka is real (Yeah!)
Off my dog's daddy dad, so wanna cook it on them pills
Dade County dope-boy, best believe I'm 'bout dat der

Chose come up get 'em yep, ye ain't really by that der
Yeah, I'm the future, got the goons 'round me
And yeah I rep my city, bitch
I'm from Dade County

[Flo-Rida]

Ayy!

Don't you for I really get 'em up throw 'em up, who ya wanna be?
Gitt'em, we hit 'em, we split 'em, we stick 'em, touch you wanna Mine gotta grill 'em

Boii, the city where they got the illest, killas
M-I-A my niggaz, hommie we don't play
Better get out the way, you ain't ever seen real gorilla
Do not be thankin' we soft or we sweet
Come on the opposite side of the beach
They got the choppas that'll put you to sleep
Yeah, that's them choppas, you know what I mean
That's when I top wanna say about your dreams
We on the tox' clippin' that clean
Holla on the block 'cause we under degrees
That's what about rep that A-P-T's
Dope boy, just call me a Poe Boy
I'm that international boy, Flo-Rida fo' sho boy
Triple C's the second, I get it fo' low, boy
We trillin' 'cause we the best in Dade County
You better know it, 'cause

[Chorus]

[C-Ride]

Carol City on my mind, we mobbin' out the line
Hoppin' out dat Chevy on 28's, I'm dodgin' power lines
We work hard, nigga you sleep, pu-pu-pushin', we run the streets
You are whatchu eat, young pussy, go brush ya teef
Try to keep that cash money like big city,
I got a girl, I got a boy I'm big city
I gotta rep my city, C-Ridin', Dirt Bag, Dre, let's go get it
Dade County goons, open Dade County cocks ho'
Get yo'self if you don't get with it Dade County my ho!

[Dre]

Unhh

From the def to C's back to Opa-Locka
D-R-E, Nuff Miami shoot up off ya block
Went solo on that ass, but it's still the same
I got a choppa in the kitchen, Betty Croc' is the name (Yup!)
I needs my big county in big booty ho' she pretty
Let her push the Chevy, hogg thru city
Let 'em know that 54 cuz on the video overtime
They got rockin' every city them niggaz back pounds of that purp'

Yeah--what it is, what it does, we are th-th-the best
I'm from the city where you need to wear a vest underneath your vest
Ain't no other city realer then the city I stay in
There can't, 'cause there can't be a realer city than Dade
Nigga!!
[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>