

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. [Repeat: x4][Chorus]
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 back won't last with checks you cant cash.Keep disrespecting, in the the everglades they'll find ya,
I'm not from San Fransisco, but the chopper of forty ninya.
I grew up listening to Lou, and, and, and pumping 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 Ladies.
I seen them trying to bring you down, but f**k 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 gettin it in.
I remember Ump beating the rape mistrial, celebrating the win.
Yall can try to stop Miami but this shit will never end.[Chorus]One 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 for sure.
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 Nose shaker, 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.[Chorus]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 chicos in Miami eat.
I love it when these boys come from out of town and thinking Miamis 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 Miamis just Miami Beach.[Chorus]Ha, You know how this ain't a
neighborhood right?
Don't let your mouth write a check your ass can't cash
If the moneys on the wood, its 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,

Songwriters

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