

Pitbull, Born N Raised

(Intro:)

Born and Raised in the County of Dade (ahhhh)

Born and Raised, Born Born and Raised, Born and Raised in the County of Dade. (continues in ba

DJ Khaled!

When I ride, I ride for Trey-0-5

Trick Daddy! (When I ride, I ride for Trey-0-5)

Rick Ross!

Pitbull!

The Bottom!

Listenn Nigga!

(Verse 1: Trick Daddy)

Till a nigga D-I-E, I be forever thuggin baby!

the same nigga that's why the streets still love me baby!

Bitch I'm from Dade County.

See I'm a 7-Trey Chevrolet Impala dope ridah.

I'll blow ya doors off.

You race your car 'gainst my car,

I'll leave your ass so far you'll doze off.

And when I take off, it's like i TOOK off.

And when i ride by, it's like i FLY by.

You like a slow motion.

All in 3-D.

'cause everywhere I go, they by like "ey yo!"

I fit the description,

Black T addicted, big glock wit me,

For Dade County Nigga!

(Verse 2: Pitbull)

{Intro:}

It's that little chico Pitbull,

I'd just like to welcome y'all to where I been born, (ey Khaled spin that up dog!)

I been raised... In the County of Dade, you know?

You got them boys that pass by in them old school chevies wit the top downs,

Beats that, you know, make the trunk rattle, rear-views shake,

Then they look at you wit they gold smile,

Let you know what it is.

{Verse:}

I been born and raised in the county of dade,

The land of the haze, the cocaine capitol.

We aint just hittin yaou buddy, we Warren Sapp'n ya.

We comin hard like them Cubans in the 80's dog.

Go ahead, throw it in the pot I bet it's raw,

Better ten cuidado con un tunbe por se lo llevan todo

llama al baba la preguntale por un despojo

por en final de todo tu no puedes tu no bobo..

(

Everything that I do, do,

Everything that I say, say,

Everywhere that I go I let 'em know hey I'm from the County of Dade!

Old school chevy heaven,

Old school niggas preachin,

Young niggas wild'n gettin rich of keys and violence.

Trick, he's the mayor.

Luke, he's the king.

I'm Mr. 305, put that on a triple-beam.

I bet I weight out more than a boat out in the keys,

Holla at them haitians, let them know this nick's on me.

What's up? Dade.

(Verse 3: Rick Ross)

{Intro:}

You see him.
You see him.
Ross.
You see him.
You see him.
Trick.
Pitbull.
DJ Khaled.
305 M-i-yayo.

(Born and raised, born and raised born and raised in the County of Dade.)

{Verse:}

I got road dogs doin that 20-to-life,
You try me, and ima get 20 tonight.
You think your bitch bad, man i got 20 alike,
Not the car but you know i be pushin the white.
Dippin chevy in syrup,
Digital dash,
No bank accounts,
My money in bags.
Go do the physics,
Cause when i whip it,
And i love to whip it,
That's just another digit.
This my city, in my city ya gotta tote fire.
Over town, they'll bust ya head 'cause it won't slide.
Brown sub'll wet ya ass like a dope ride.
You're dead wrong for thinkin them chicanos won't ride.
Opa Locka revolve around that big 4-5.
Them lil haitians they take ya ass for a boat ride.,
In carol city, niggas quick to blow the plane wit it,
Unpack the sack and kill the game wit it! (ROSS!)

(Outro:)

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{Outro Verse: DJ Khaled:}

Yeah it's DJ Khaled, do or die, Big Dog Pitbull, Terror Squad-ian, a.k.a the Beat Novacaine.
Rest in Peace to my dog Uncle Al!
I rep my city.
Dade County.