

Pitbull, Intro

Yea niggas, Welcome to Dade County
Where we slang rocks that claim blocks
And those red and blue lights just keep our streets hot
C'mon and ride with a nigga so I can show you what Dade County really got
See don't be fooled by South Beach
Thinking when you come to the Bottom you can just run these streets
You and your jewels are like a menu
And trust me nigga we intend to eat
F**k around and cross that I-395
You just run into a bunch of dead end streets
Niggas with wifebeaters and bare feet
That's right, I'm talking straight goon style
Go beyond that about 3 miles and you're now entering the infamous Lil Havana
Now I know yall studio gangsters be vibing off the movie "Scarface"
But the wrong move in this place, you'll f**k around and meet the real Tony Montana
So f**k them palm trees
I got shit for you to really see
Like there's a graveyard with bury sub with niggas buried 4 generations deep
And I aint even talking about sister lined next to brother

I'm talking granddaddy to grandmother piled up on top of each other
And all that rap about you're Lil Haiti connections?
Nigga you don't even know a real zo
But I can introduce you to one that'll kick in your door
Put you faced down on the floor
And have your whole family wiring money from Chicago
But you a star, though
Okay, nigga if you a real G
This is where you tell your car to go
Opa Locka
Where there is continuous spotlight helicopters and a triangle full of choppers
Carol City will make holes in you so big, they can't be plugged by doctors
Nigga, this is the real Dade County
Where we are soldiers from birth to the hurst
That's why my childhood consisted of a bulletproof vest and a pyrex
Nigga, you haven't even seen the real Miami, yet
So Welcome to Miami-Dade County, the real Miami
Where we live and die, for life