

Pitbull, Melting Pot

(feat. Trick Daddy & Skope)

(Verse 1)

I'm not a thug
No, no, no, no
I'm not a gangsta
But I won't hesitate
To cock back, bust and point blank ya
Lord thank ya
I'm like that coke and weed
When it burn slow
Motherfucker I'll stank ya
Thats what I been
Taught on these streets
Aint a god damn thing
That can't be bought on these streets
You want a life gone
That could be done
I'm like a nigga that did ten years
I'm eager to come
In the game
And do more than entertain
I'm loco in the brain
I'm that man with the methods
And I always bring the pain
They know me out here
All these bitches cocaine
Cause they blow me out here
I'm always out here
Y'all keep it real
But I keep it realer
Ima make my first mill off the deal
But I'm still gon be labeled
A cuban dope dealer
I'm just statin the facts
Motherfucker

(Chorus)

I hang with Puerto Ricans and
Haitian killers and
Cuban dope dealers
And these here my niggaz
I ride for 'em
And god dammit I'd die for 'em (2X)

(Verse 2)

I got that really foul
Kung flo flow
I'm tryna get that really foul
Kung do doe
But you dont know me homie
So dont judge me
I rep the real Miami
Thats why the city loves me
The feds wanna bug me
Haters wanna slug me
I thank God
Cause he's the only thing thats above me
Y'all gon feel me till it hurts
Like
Losin your family over someone elses work
Or
Losin your case cause your co-defendent chirped
Or

Losin your brain cause them thangs done burped
It gets worse
This is for those
That'll never see the sun again
That'll pick through shit
For a balloon just to get it in
This is what was fed to him
This is why the game let him in here
Being me (me)
Being Pit (Pit)
Being It
Pitbull and Trick (Trick)
Both from the down south
Bitch we from the bottom, shit

(Chorus)

(Verse 3) - Trick Daddy
Lord your son got problems
And I know that you know
Cause you made this all possible
I live a dangerous ass life you know
So I thank you for your doctors and your hospitals
Thank God for the thugs too
He understand what these drugs do
He wanna see us all pull through
But only if niggaz in the hood knew
Hell, prayin ain't wrong
But the squeezin trigger
Could you go kill a innocent man
While these weak niggaz grillin his end
They tellin ya dawg
Reducin they buisness
If I wasnt doin this
Then I'd go do him in
Cause if he was dead
He couldnt say he knew me then
For them niggaz who lie
When they pull me in
Its in the same older cell that they threw me in
And I just pray for 'em

(Chorus)