

# Pitbull, Miami Kid

[50 Cent]

Yeah nigga! Ha ha  
Let's go nigga, this is what it is  
Tupac cut his head bald  
Then you wanna cut yo' head bald (You PUSSY Nigga!)  
Tupac wear a bandana  
You wan' wear a bandana  
Tupac put a cross on his back  
You wanna put 2 crosses on yo' back  
Nigga you ain't Tupac... THIS is Tupac!

[Verse One: 2Pac]

They say more money and women are funny,  
but in this tragic endings I can make a million and still not  
get enough for spendin'  
And since my life is based on sinnin', I'm hell-bound  
I'd rather be buried than be worried different than be held down  
My game plans to be trained well  
Military mind of a thug lord sittin' in a cemetery car  
I've been lost since my adolescent callin from Jesus  
Ballin' as a gangsta wonderin' if you see this  
Young black male crack sales got me three strikes  
Livin in jail, this is hell, enemies die,  
Wonder when we all pass, is anybody listenin?  
Got my hands on my semi-shotgun, everybody's snitchin'  
Please God can you understand me, bless my family  
Guide us all before we fall into insanity  
I'm makin' a point for all my people to be warlike  
Buy some shit to have you stupid bitches all tight

[Chorus]

Go niggas wanna get on thats right  
I gots some niggas in my click that make they muthaf\*\*kin' jaws tight now  
Go niggas wanna get on thats right  
I gots some niggas in my click that make they muthaf\*\*kin' jaws tight now

[Pitbull]

I'm doing the impossible  
I gotta big flow thats unbelievable,  
I'm achieving the unachievable  
I'm taking over like coke and baking soda  
The streets are waiting for me  
but for those who dont know me dont hate on me come on homie  
Ya'll should know me better  
dont be mad cause im a go getter from the bottom of NY to LA  
Cubans and Essays and old school Chevys  
Blacks and Hispanics getting money I know yall cant stand it  
That's why I say f\*\*k 'em that just gives me more reason to buck 'em  
If you're felling lucky, then dog, press your luck  
And watch how quickly you get stuck I'll make sure when they hoes you down  
You wont get up, Dade County back that up.  
For building me the way I've been built to the day I get killed  
I'ma get money and run through bitches like rigid stilts  
Chamberling emptied the chamber in in your face  
and leave your brains outa place  
thats what happens to slow niggas that think they can live life at a fast pace  
to them boys on the way to Tennessee listening to MJ G breaking there verse down in Eightballs  
Be careful with them keys  
Don't hesitate to squeez watch out from them feds  
'cause they hate ya'll  
Bank accounts over seas when them Feds come for me all they gonna find is CDs and tapes, dog  
Sipping hypnotic and hennessy I know ya'll envy me but I wont let my tallent go to waste, dog.

[50 Cent]

Now since you're cryin for mercy I promise  
My success'll be the death of you  
Lo and behold you sold your soul  
Nigga there's nuttin left of you

Look in the mirror, ask yourself who are you?  
If you don't know who you are, how could your dreams come true?  
Motherf\*\*ker, I sat back and watched  
You pretended to be 'Pac, you pretended to be hot  
But you're not NOW!  
I see it so clear  
You can't take the pressure, you pussy  
I warned you not to push me  
You see me and chills run up your spine  
Hardly even in the same war, but your heart ain't like mine  
Press, they look at me like I'm a menace  
I was playin with guns  
while your momma had your punk ass playin tennis  
[Chorus]