

Pitbull, Miami Shit

Introducing

Mr.

Three, yeah,

O, yeah

Five

Hop in the bucket and haul ass

F**k em, Hop in the bucket and haul ass

F**k em, Hop in the bucket and haul ass

F**k em, Hop in the bucket and haul ass

This is for them boys on there way to Tennessee listening to M.J.G
breaking dem birds and 8-balls

Be careful with them keys

Don't hesitate to squeeze

Watch out for them feds 'cause they hate y'all

Bank accounts overseas

when them feds come for me all they gon find is cd's no weight dog

But wait dog

'cause Pit is back, bigger badder stronger its alright you can hate dog

But don't be surprised if a chico do you like they can escape then blow your motha f**kin face off
who the f**k wanna face off

'cause I'm willing and ready to cock, aim and bang

Show the world what it means to be born and raised

In the home of the 'Canes thats the county of Dade

well they used to shoot straight phase now they shoot ak's

So if they kick in your door I suggest you do what they say

These are the facts of life minus them three bitches

They don't rap no more

All they do is snitchin

I went from no pot to piss in

To gettin taught how to whip up a pot in the kitchen

Listen

Cook Cook whip whip chop chop oh

Hear the shots don't look stop drop roll

Hit the block tell them fiends stop cop go

Used to be my life but not no more

F**k em, hop in the bucket and haul ass

F**k em, hop in the bucket and haul ass

F**k em, hop in the bucket and haul ass

F**k em, hop in the bucket and haul ass

Take my banana clip to a banana click

Now thats some Miami shit

Give me your big old shit

With a ton of bricks

Now thats some Miami shit

Chevys on 22's 24's' 26

Now thats some Miami shit

Thats right thats what thats right thats what thats right

I'm from Miami bitch

I eat sleep shit talk rap

See that seven forty five LI yeah I bought that

They never thought but I thought that

Give em a brick baking soda and a beaka and its brought back

Pyrex to be exact I bring it back

How you want it from the stove or the microwave?

How you want it? how yella? or light brown

I Feel like Method Man I got him feenin with they pipes out

Let's ride out and reminisce on them days

When dey used to jack tourists everyday in Dade

That's how JT Money got his name
Miami all it equals is tons of cocaine
This is what we grew up and
Learned to do
These Cubans'll teach you bout a bird or two
Keep acting like these boys won't murder you
Down here the sun ain't the only thing burning you
This where the bitches go two ways
Niggas love gunplay
And a triangle equals a one way
If you know what I'm talking bout then you from Dade
If you don't then welcome to where I been raised
The bottom
Welcome to where I been raised
The crib
Welcome to where I been raised
Magic city
Welcome to where I been raised
305 County of Dade

(Let's Ride)

Hop in the bucket and haul ass step on the gas step on the gas
F**k em, hop in the bucket and haul ass step on the gas step on the gas

Take my banana clip to a banana click
Now that's some Miami shit
Give me your big old shit
With a ton of bricks
Now that's some Miami shit
Chevys on 22's 24's 26
Now that's some Miami shit
That's right that's what that's right that's what that's right
I'm from Miami bitch

Outro