

## **Dj Khaled f/ Pitbull, Casely**

### **"Defend Dade"**

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Khaled check this out right.  
I know we global now, world wide 305.  
But I see that they are trying to bring down the  
movement.  
I'm telling everybody in the crib they can bet on me.  
One time, new Diaz (that's right)

Put your money where your mouth is, bet on me. [x4]

Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they  
mouth,  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY)  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY)  
Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they  
mouth,  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY)  
You're back won't last with checks you can't cash.

Keep disrespectin', in the the everglades they'll find  
ya,  
I'm not from San Fransisco, but the chopper of forty-  
ninya.  
I grew up listenin to Lou, and... and... and pumpin Trick  
Them boys done open doors, so respect is owed.  
I got love for Rick, and congrats you made it,  
I was a fan from the mix tape you sold me at Foxy  
Ladies.  
I seen them trying to bring you down, but f\*\*k that dog  
you one of the greatest!  
Khaled mix 96er, but even back then though you had  
haters.  
I remember the Temple at Oynx, I was too drunk to get  
in,  
I was still outsider selling Chronic you know gettin it in.  
I remember Ump beating the rape mistrial, celebrating  
the win.

Ya'll can try to stop Miami but this shit will never end.

Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they  
mouth,  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY)  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY)  
Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they  
mouth,  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY)  
You're backs won't last with checks you can't cash.

One time TS, two times Fat Joe.  
I remember them boys in Wynwood hood stack short.  
I remember them Cash Money Boys in Little Haiti, all  
running with zozs.  
Banana Azuri, soft drop top that's fo sho.  
Flo Rida, Groundhogs always show love before.  
Dammit been paying dues, now it's my time to blow.  
Even when 50 come through, he don't roll no less than  
50 zozs!  
Cause they will push your shit back, way back to trues  
and vows.  
My dog Nosesaker, come through the block on  
something clean.  
Sounding like an earthquake, he is what these dope  
boys dream.  
Hit a lick, flip a brick, snatch a Brinks truck.  
That's them Miami boys don't get it mixed up.

Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they  
mouth,  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY)  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY)  
Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they  
mouth,  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY)  
You're backs won't last with checks you can't cash.

I'm Mr. 305, I'm a part of Miami's Heat.  
I grew up in all types of neighborhoods, I am Miami's  
street.

Low key and stay quiet, that's how these chicos in  
Miami eat.  
I love it when these boys come from out of town and  
thinking Miamis sweet.  
All of them down looking for pussy, trying to Miami  
skeet.  
That's when they run up in they hotel room and give  
them a Miami treat.  
When the choppers start a raining, it's hard to stop a  
Miami leak.  
That's what they get for thinking Miamis just Miami  
Beach.

Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they  
mouth,  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY!)  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY!)  
Tell them boys to keep running that shit out they  
mouth,  
I'm the guard of my city, can't knock me down like  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
(Don't talk about it, be about it HEY!)  
You're backs won't last with checks you can't cash.

Hah, You know how this ain't a neighborhood right?  
Don't let your mouth write a check your ass can't cash  
Ha ha ha.  
If the moneys on the wood, it's all good.  
But if the moneys out of sight it going to be a fight.  
And the last thing you want is a fight with the 305, ha  
ha ha

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