

Dj Khaled

"Bitch I'm From Dade County"

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(feat. Trick Daddy, Rick Ross & others)

[DJ Khaled:]

Diaz Brothers
DJ Khaled
I rep my city
Dade County, let's go!

[Trick Daddy:]

Dade County stand up right now
Always from Carol City to Florida City, Opa-Locka
By way to Overtown and look at this city
Open to Grove and the South Miami
Wedwood Highlear, look Eddie, look 'Bana
Some many ice P-Rhymes rich
Dade County, let it do what it do

[DJ Khaled:]

Rest in peace to Uncle Al
We The Best
Dade County, let's go
I rep my city
Nigga, I rep my city
Miami, Listennn

[Trick Daddy:]

I'm well-connected, well-respected fo' gangsta shit
I'm from the city of Caprices and Impalas bitch
Yo I'm from down the way, you know--around the way
Dade Country, 305, rep the whole M-I-A
A.K.'s and Chevrolets, nappy braids and heads shaved
Look here, shit real, we really get it how we live
We get on heavy creel, we get on heavy pills
Me and my niggas, and my Cubans and my Haitians
them
Bitch I'm from Dade County, we go way harder
We do it way bigga (why), 'cause we some made
niggas
For on pray they raised to get money waist
We gon' get it off they pop like we get it down in Dade
Aye

[Chorus:]

Bitch I'm from Dade County
Bitch I'm from Dade County
Bitch I'm from Dade County (I'ma be forever thuggin',
baby)
Bitch I'm from Dade County
Bitch I'm from Dade County
Bitch I'm from Dade County (I'ma be forever thuggin',
baby)

[Trina:]

305, it's my city
Yes, I'm from Dade County
Plus I'm fly, so I keep some bad bitches 'round me
Whuddup Khaled, you my nigga so hold, lemme git
'em
Yes I'm back, plus I'm mad, so I ain't playin' wit 'em
Any bitch wanna come test me,
Yup, come to my city, that's where I be
I ride all in the hood in my new Bentley wit my ass sit on
jag
I don't give a fuck (what?!)
Ride out, 'cause I'm runnin' the south
Got some real gangsta niggas that'll run in ya house
Wanna open my mouth shit that's the sound
They go "Brra-Tat-Tat" so you betta watch out
Ouch!

[Rick Ross:]

Bitch I got money too
"Trilla" album comin' soon
Triple C's, 305, B-O-E give us room
Whip the keys (twenty-five!), in the kitchen (cookin'
food!)
Baby "We The Best", quit, hate the rest
Dade County, you name it (whudd?!)
You roll it, I like it (Ross!)
She rollin' wit moa (moa!)
Talk to 'em like it (yuh!)
Khaled's the boss
Like Ricky's the Ross
Everyone of my doggs, where my dickies in The Source
Come here girl, lemme get you this
This one Rick try to get you rich
Candy paint on my six-six (six), you can call that bitches
rich
I'm out this sports, I'm in the game

Fallin' the blaze, causin fo' Dade

[DJ Khaled:]

Doe Boy, Slip-N-Side
Epedemic, Dope Ridas, Cash Money, Terror Squad
Dade County, I do this fo' us
Listennn

[Brisco:]

Yuh, I got money too
Bris', I be comin' thru
Ca\$h-Money, money bags (yes!) got me livin'
comfortable (Yeah!)
Still hood, still real (Unhh!), Opa-Locka is real (Yeah!)
Off my dogs daddy dad, so wanna cook it on them pills
Dade County dope-boy, best believe I'm 'bout dat doe
Chose come up get em yep, we ain't really by that def
Yeah, I'm the future, got the goons 'round me
And yeah I rep my city, bitch
I'm from Dade County

[Flo-Rida:]

Ayy!
Don't you for I really get 'em up throw 'em up, who ya
wanna be?
Gitt'em, we hit em, we split 'em, we stick em, touch you
wanna mine gotta grill 'em
Boii, the city where they got the illest, killas
M-I-A my niggaz, hommie we don't play
Better get out the way, you ain't ever seen real go
realer
Do not be thankin' we soft or we sweet
Come on the opposite side of the beach
They gotta the choppas that'll put you to sleep
Yeah, that's them choppas, you know what I mean
That's when I top wanna say about your dreams
We on the tox' clippin' that clean
Holla on the block cause we under degrees
That's what about rep that A-P-T's
Dope-Boy, just call me a Doe Boy
I'm that international boy, Flo-Rida fo' sho boy
Triple C's the second, I get it fo' low, boy
We trillin' cause we the best in Dade County
You better know it, cause

[Chorus]

[C-Ride:]

Carol City on my mind, we mobbin' out the line
I'm on dat Chevy on 28's, I'm changin' all lines
We work hard, nigga you sleep, pu-pu-pushin', we run
the streets
You are whatchu eat, young pussy, go brush ya teef
Try to keep that Ca\$h Money like big city,

I got a girl, I got a boy I'm big city
I gotta rep my city, C-Ridin', durrt bags dro hound, let's
go get it
Dade County goons, open Dade County cocks ho'
Get yo'self if you don't get with it Dade County my ho!

[Dre:]

Unhh
From the def to C's back to Opa-Locka
D-R-E, 'nuff Miami shoot up off ya block
Went solo on that ass, but it's still the same
I got a choppa in the kitchen, Betty Croc is the name
(Yup!)
I needs my big County in big booty ho' she pretty
Let her push the Chevy, hogg thru city
Let 'em know that 54 cuz on the video overtime
They got rockin every city them niggaz back pounds of
that purp'
Yeah--What it is, what it does, we are th-th-the best
I'm from the city where you need to were somebody go
to fast
Ain't no other city realer then the city I stay in
The cake, I reppin the realest city we stay
Nigga!!

[Chorus]

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