

## Dj Khaled "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  
Put your money where your mouth is, bet on me  
Put your money where your mouth is, bet on me  
Put your money where your mouth is, bet on me

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 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 fuck 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 getting' 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 cant cash

One time TS, two times Fat Joe  
I remember them boys in Wynnwood 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 its 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 Nosesmaker, 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 cant 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 Chico's in  
Miami eat  
I love it when these boys come from out of town

And thinking Miami's 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, its hard to stop a  
Miami leak  
That's what they get for thinking Miami's 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 cant 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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