

# Pitbull

## "Dammit Man"

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Dammit man, D-D-Dammit man  
(Lil' Jon)  
(Pitbull)  
D-D-Dammit man, D-D-Dammit man  
Dammit man, D-D-Dammit man  
(Lil' Jon)  
(Pitbull)  
D-D-Dammit man, D-D-Dammit man

When you see dem boys 'round your way, holla dammit  
man  
(Dammit man)  
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man  
(Dammit man)

(What? Fuck with us, what)  
Y'all really can't fuck with us  
(Fuck with us, what)  
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(Fuck with us, what)  
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(Fuck with us, what)  
Y'all really can't fuck with us  
Y'all really can't fuck with us

I'ma kill 'em in the club with this one  
I'ma tear the club the fuck up  
I'ma have 'em goin' to war over this one  
Partna, just listen

If you don't want those things to click-clack  
Take a few steps back  
Because I'm playin' fo' keeps, go ahead keep playin'  
with me  
And watch how I hit 'em in the head once again

For those who didn't believe in the kid  
Y'all might as well be dead  
Because what y'all thought couldn't be done, I did  
I'm like Ray Charles dawg, I don't see none of y'all

I'm blind to the fact that half of y'all rap, and I'm  
outrunnin' y'all  
When I hit 'em from the back  
I got them mami's saying dammit man  
When I put it in they mouth

I got them mami's saying duh-huh-huh-muhh  
(Time out)  
When I hit 'em from the back  
I got them mami's saying dammit man  
When I put it in they mouth

I got them mami's saying, duh-huh-huh-muhh  
Put that up dammit  
But me and you both know that these niggaz ain't  
ready  
They're just too petty, I'm just too deadly

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Pitbull's that underrated, underdog, killin' the  
underground  
But that's just an understatement  
It's hard to understand why I'm still underpaid  
Just look in my blue eyes and see the hunger and pain,  
dammit man

But I don't plan it man, because I do what I wanna do  
Move what I wanna move  
Y'all gonna see what I mean when I live out my dreams  
I'ma tell you like biggie told me, cash rules everything  
around me

I could give a fuck about what you say about me

'Cause when those things get pulled out and squeezed  
They'll spray about three  
Hit 'em up, wet 'em up, get 'em up, give it up, that's  
how it goes

Pit's gon spit it up, flip it up, rip it up, but I'm a pro  
(Time out)  
Hit 'em up, wet 'em up, get 'em up, give it up, that's  
how it goes  
Pit's gon spit it up, flip it up, rip it up, but I'm a pro'  
So all ya'll amateur ass niggaz do-don't try to sit home  
Pit's co-co-comin', runnin' gunnin' fo-fo that throne

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