

Pitbull "Dirty"

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We gon' take it from the bottom, M I A M I to Houston
H town, Pitbull, Bun B
My dogg Demi, keep ya head up, I gotchu, I promise
All my chicos, I gotchu, I promise
Miami, I gotchu, I promise I'ma take over this bitch I
promise
So get ready mothafuckaz, this is not a game

I'm from the dirty dirty, where a lot of these cats mix
the weed
With the coke and blow dirty, we're off the chain meng
Rap game, crack game, cut it, cook it, chop it, record it
Album shop it, its all the same thang

Y'all look at these blue skies and think paradise
I look at these blue skies, and think what a disguise
That's why its called the "Magic City", it's a treat to your
eyes
Cross the bridge and it'll fuck with ya mind

Word of advice don't follow the streets, follow the
signs
'Cuz the last thing you wanna do is get lost
'Cuz it might just cost ya life
Y'all heard about the smash and grabs

So watch where you put the map on the dash
'Cuz they might end up clapping ya ass
Why you think the traffic lights, they blink at late night
They don't want you to stop

'Cuz the streets'll be filled wit red stripes
Like Jamaican beer, we fry 'em like bacon here
Yo' life'll get taken here, I just thought
I should make it clear, yeah

Everything we do is dirty
We pull up in the drop, it's dirty
We pound that twat, dirty
Miami, we're dirty

Where they lace 'em, roll 'em, smoke 'em

And blow 'em dirty
Guns they hold 'em, if they clean dogg
We make 'em dirty

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We pull up in the drop, it's dirty
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Straight up outta Texas, the reckless, PA to be exact
Where the streets is cutthroat and fiends kill you for a
G of crack
8 g's and Cadillacs, Chevys cut on the deltas
Might swang up on ya then hurt ya, nobody here gon'
help ya

2000 heltah skelta, talking 'bout families and killers
Vicious like silver back guerrillas see then peel ya
Niggaz down here ain't tryna feel ya, see ya, hear ya,
know ya
Serve ya, for ya or for ya

You pussy niggaz been hatin' on us for too long
So we finna prove you wrong, teach you hoes a new
song
'Cuz the time is now, the place is here
I could smell you scared nigga, I could taste your fear

Go make it clear and move the smoke outta yo' eyes
So that when everything go down, it won't be no kind of
surprise
And I got no time for yo' lies, save 'em for peter
Just remember my name, I'm facing my heater, let's
get it dirty

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These boys from the bottom are obsessed with old
school Chevys
We call 'em verts and donks, some we call box Chevys
Seven duece, seven trey, seven four, seven five
M I A M I till I die, 3 0 5

Candy paint and leather, they don't fuck wit' nothing
but dubs or better
Y'all call 'em street sweepers, we call 'em choppers
'Cuz when the bullets spit they spin like helicopters
This city's filled with crooked coppers and crooked
doctors

So how could these streets not be filled with crooked
bitches
And niggaz cocaine cooking brick flipping bitches
trippin' for figures
This Cuban has seen it, heard about it and lived it
That's why I spit it so vivid, you got it, I want it, you give
it

This is for everybody in county, TGK, Metro West and
Stockade
Doing time
And if you got more than 365
And you're up the road rep MIA with pride, that's right

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