

Pitbull

"Miami Kid"

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[50 Cent]

Yeah nigga! Ha ha

Let's go nigga, this is what it is

Tupac cut his head bald

Then you wanna cut yo' head bald (You PUSSY Nigga!)

Tupac wear a bandana

You wan' wear a bandana

Tupac put a cross on his back

You wanna put 2 crosses on yo' back

Nigga you ain't Tupac... THIS is Tupac!

[Verse One: 2Pac]

They say more money and women are funny,

but in this tragic endings I can make a million and still
not

get enough for spendin'

And since my life is based on sinnin', I'm hell-bound

I'd rather be buried than be worried diffrent than be
held down

My game plans to be trained well

Military mind of a thug lord sittin' in a cemetary car

I've been lost since my adolescent callin from Jesus

Ballin' as a gangsta wonderin' if you see this

Young black male crack sales got me three strikes

Livin in jail, this is hell, enemies die,

Wonder when we all pass, is anybody listenin'?

Got my hands on my semi-shotgun, everybody's
snitchin'

Please God can you understand me, bless my family

Guide us all before we fall into insanity

I'm makin' a point for all my people to be warlike

Buy some shit to have you stupid bitches all tight

[Chorus]

Go niggas wanna get on thats right

I gots some niggas in my click that make they

muthafuckin' jaws tight now

Go niggas wanna get on thats right

I gots some niggas in my click that make they

muthafuckin' jaws tight now

[Pitbull]

I'm doing the impossible
I gotta big flow thats unbelievable,
I'm achieving the unachievable
I'm taking over like coke and baking soda
The streets are waiting for me
but for those who dont know me dont hate on me come
on homie

Ya'll should know me better
dont be mad cause im a go getter from the bottom of
NY to LA
Cubans and Essays and old school Chevys
Blacks and Hispanics getting money I know yall cant
stand it
That's why I say fuck 'em that just gives me more
reason to buck 'em
If you're felling lucky, then dog, press your luck
And watch how quickly you get stuck I'll make sure
when they hoes you down
You wont get up, Dade County back that up.

For building me the way I've been built to the day I get
killed
I'ma get money and run through bitches like rigid stilts
Chamberling emptied the chamber in in your face
and leave your brains outa place
thats what happens to slow niggas that think they can
live life at a fast pace
to them boys on the way to Tennessee listening to MJ G
breaking there verse down in Eightballs
Be careful with them keys
Don't hesitate to squeez watch out from them feds
'cause they hate ya'll
Bank accounts over seas when them Feds come for me
all they gonna find is CDs and tapes, dog
Sipping hypnotic and hennessy I know ya'll envy me but
I wont let my tallent go to waste, dog.

[50 Cent]

Now since you're cryin for mercy I promise
My success'll be the death of you
Lo and behold you sold your soul
Nigga there's nuttin left of you
Look in the mirror, ask yourself who are you?
If you don't know who you are, how could your dreams
come true?
Motherfucker, I sat back and watched
You pretended to be 'Pac, you pretended to be hot
But you're not NOW!
I see it so clear

You can't take the pressure, you pussy
I warned you not to push me
You see me and chills run up your spine
Hardly even in the same war, but your heart ain't like
mine
Press, they look at me like I'm a menace
I was playin with guns
while your momma had your punk ass playin tennis

[Chorus]

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