

Pitbull

"Miami Shit"

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[Intro:]

Oohhhh

Introduce (introduce)

Mr. (mr.) Three (yep) O (yep) Five'

Hop on a bucket of hot legs, fuck it [x4]

[Verse 1:]

This for the boy who went to Tennessee

Listening to MJG, breaking 'em birds and 8 Ball

Be careful with them keys

Don't hesitate the squeeze

Watch out for them fans cause they hate y'all

Begging counts over seas

When the fast come for me

All they gon' found is cities

No wait dog

But wait dog

Cause Pity's back

Bigger, better, stronger

It's all right you can hate dog

But don't be surprised

Even thought you like Nicolas Cage

And blow you motherfuckin' face off

Who the fuck wanna face off

Cause my bullet is ready to cock, aim and bang

Show the world what is mean to be born n raised

And home of the cage that's the(chrome and paint)

Cause he uses a straight face

And he'll shoot AK

He will kick you and blow

So I suggest to do what they say

These are the facts of life

Mines are the three bitches

They don't rat no more

All they do is snitchin'

I went to no pot, the piston, to get in touch

How to whip out the pot in the kitchen

Listen

Cook, cook

Whip, Whip

Chop, Chop

Oohhhh

Hit the shot stop, look, stop, drop, roll
Hit the block tell them fins stock the gold
Use to be my life but not no more
Fuck it

Hop on a bucket of hot legs, fuck it [x4]

[Chorus:]

Sittin' on banana clips, you want banana clips
Now that's some Miami shit
Give me yo big ol' shit, with a ton of bricks
Now that's some Miami shit
Chevy's on 22's, 24's, 26's
Now that's some Miami shit

That's what, that's right [x3]
I'm from Miami bitch

[Verse 2:]

I eave, sit, shit talk right
You see that semi 45 L.I. yeah I buck that
I never thought but I thought that
Give him a brick, baking soda and a pica and he's
broad bad
Pirates and biases I bring it back
How you want it, from a stolen microwave
How you want it, high or yellow or light brown
I ain't feelin' nothing man
I gotta fell it where the pipes at?
Let's ride out a woman in a summer day
Money is to jack are everyday in day
That's how JT Money got his name
Miami is the equal is tons of cocaine
That's what we grew up
Learn to do
These cubes is the attention to a bird or two
Keep actin' like these boys will murder you
You hear the sun ain't the only thang burnin' you
This where the bitches go two way
Niggas love gon' play
And try to go equal to one way
If you know what I'm talkin' about
You from Day
And if you don't then
Welcome to where I've been raised
Nevada
Welcome to where I've been raised
The cribs
Welcome to where I've been raised
Magic City
Welcome to where I've been raised

Real fast count it a day
Let's ride

Hop on a bucket of hot legs
Step on the gas
Step on the gas, fuck it [x2]

[Chorus:]

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Now that's some Miami shit
Give me yo big ol' shit, with a ton of bricks
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Chevy's on 22's, 24's, 26's
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That's what, that's right [x3]

I'm from Miami bitch

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