

## DJ Clue F/ Jay-Z,Daz Dillinger,Kurupt,Beanie Siega "M.I.A.M.I"

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[Verse One]

Niggaz be sleepin on da M.I.A.M.I.  
Don't even test my bottom grounds dangerous towns  
Only reserve our tru representers  
like my niggaz feel free to enter  
Dont sleep cuz my streets won't time you,  
shit'll just hitcha wit no warnin,  
keep snorin we'll keep formin  
hits to make these bitch niggaz think twice before  
yawnin  
on da M.I.A.M.I., niggaz must wanna die in my area  
code 305  
Shit be to live, to hot outside, fuck the shades  
fake crews, then snooze, then wind up in the  
everglades  
Get your first aids right away  
To get rid of the battle scars that my sreetts made  
Niggaz backs cowards shit and try to act brave  
Dont let the hooves smack the plats up out your corn  
braids  
Ride away, nowadays crews get bruised for tryna prove  
shit  
And comin round my dangerous towns thinkin they  
bullshit  
Lookin all hot, aint even booted  
Dont even try to squash the beef now, we dun surround  
your whole unit  
Its a trip how quik these times change from the gauge  
Now they got shit stains all in their Hanes  
But whos to blame while you slept in the wrong lanes  
And got fucked like them dirty bitches up in Biscayne,  
you knahmsayin?

Chorus: First Platoon

M.I.A.M.I. it's do or die  
Yo you won't survive up in my streets (305)  
M.I.A.M.I. nowhere to hide  
Yo you won't survive up in my streets it's suicide  
M.I.A.M.I. it's do or die  
Yo you won't survive up in my streets (305)

M.I.A.M.I. nowhere to hide  
Yo you won't survive up in my streets it's suicide

[Verse Two]

From the Keys to Orlando I got niggaz ready to blast  
Don't ask who the fuck I choose stuff when you a statue  
You low on ammo, but these streets is full of heat  
Raisin sharp teeth right through your beef, bone  
appetite  
Son you're too sweet, so you take shots like diabetics  
The spotlight, flash a p set you photogenic  
You are protected, but these streets is runnin force  
Bullets all like over cross, and they saw an iron horse  
Tryna show off, not in my town you gettin hauled off  
In an ambulance gauged up to stop the blood loss  
You life force passed the weekend, we caught you  
sleepin  
So thats the reason why machines is now doin your  
breathin  
It's huntin season in the M.I.A.M.I.  
stay inside temperatures hot (305)

Chorus

[Verse Three]

Livin in the M.I.A.M.I. don't try to test mine  
You get clapped with tech nines I'm out to get mine  
So fuck the bright lights and big city  
Aint nuttin pretty, the nine milli spit silly in the magic  
city  
Cuz nighttime M.I.Action is gunclappin  
Shots blastin with gats up in yo back and your life  
flashing  
Lay shaken in your ass when you try to run some  
But got stun by the assassins gun  
Niggaz sleepin in the Dirty Southeast  
They get they back blown out leaves the crack mouth  
theives  
Then they bout theives, police gettin all ready see sight  
For power sheets, hoodlums that run streets  
The beast back the big teeth to make your body cease  
Like decease, now you rest in peace  
On the concrete streets where bodys lay, gotti plays  
Swing around my way you float in Biscayne Bay  
M.I.A.'s a jungle, survival is a struggle  
You try to beat the streets and end up with bloody  
knuckles  
Cowardly hearts with fake thugs that try to mouth  
Yet they don't send nobody home in a box, in the..

Chorus

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