

**DJ Khaled f/ Brisco, C-Ride, Dre, Flo-Rida, Rick Ross, Trick  
Daddy, Trina  
"Bitch I'm From Dade County"**

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[Trick Daddy samples]

"Bitch I'm from Dade County" {\*3X screwed\*}

"I'll-I'll-I'll be fo'ever thuggin baby"

"Bitch I'm from" {\*4X\*}

[repeat samples while Khaled and Trick are talking]

"Bitch I'm from Dade County" {\*3X screwed\*}

"I'll-I'll-I'll be fo'ever thuggin baby"

[DJ Khaled]

Diaz Brothers, DJ Khaled

I rep my city!

Dade County, let's go!

[Trick Daddy]

Dade County stand up right now

All the way from Carol City to Florida City, Opa-Locka

By way through Overtown and Liberty City

Coconut Grove to South Miami

Wentwood Hialeah, Lil' Haiti, Lil' Bama

South Miami Heights, P-Rine, Richmond Heights

Ned Ranch, Homestead, and can't forget about Gu

Dade County, let it do what it do

[DJ Khaled]

Rest in peace to Uncle Al, we the best!

Dade County, let's go

I rep my city

Nigga, I rep my city, Miami

Listennn!!!

[Verse One: Trick Daddy]

I'm well connected, well respected for gangsta shit

I'm from the city of Caprices and Impalas bitch

Yo I'm from down the way, you know, around the way

Dade Country, trey-oh-five, rep the whole M-I-A

AK's and Chevrolets, nappy braids and heads shaved

Look here, shit real, we really get it how we live

We get on heavy krill, we get on heavy pills

Me and my niggaz and my Cubans and my Haitians  
dem  
Bitch I'm from Dade County, we go way harder  
We do it way bigger, cause we some made niggaz  
Born bred and raised in gettin money ways  
Cause they don't get it off the top like we get it down in  
Dade, hey

[Chorus]

"Bitch I'm from Dade County" {\*3X screwed\*}  
"I'll-I'll-I'll be fo'ever thuggin baby"  
"Bitch I'm from Dade County" {\*3X screwed\*}  
"I'll-I'll-I'll be fo'ever thuggin baby"

[Trina]

Three-oh-five, it's my city, yes I'm from Dade County  
Plus I'm fly, so I keep some bad bitches 'round me  
Whattup Khaled, you my nigga so homey lemme get  
'em  
Yes I'm back, plus I'm mad, so I ain't playin wit 'em  
Any bitch wanna come test me  
You can come to my city that's where I be  
I'm ridin all through the hood in my new Bentley  
With my ass off purple I don't give a fuck, what  
Bow down cause I run the South  
I got some real gangsta niggaz that'll run in ya house  
When I open up my mouth I shoot diamonds out  
They go "Brrat-tat-tat" so you better watch out, ouch!

[Rick Ross]

Bitch I got money too, "Trilla" album comin soon  
Triple C's, three-oh-five, P-O-E, give us room  
Whip the keys, twenty-five, in the kitchen, cookin food  
Baby "We the Best" (best) quick to hate the rest (rest)  
quit  
Dade County united (what) you roll it, I light it (Ross)  
She rollin with mwah, now who don't like it (yeah)  
Khaled's a boss, like Ricky's a Ross  
Everyone of my thoughts run like they keys to the South  
C'mere girl lemme kiss you (bitch) this one Rick baby  
get you (rich)  
Candy paint on my (sixty-six), you can call that (Richie  
Rich)  
I'm outtie sports, but I'm in the game  
Callin to Blaze, throw shit for days

[DJ Khaled]

Homeboy~! Slip-N-Side  
Epidemic, Dark Ridas, Cash Money, Terror Squad  
Dade County I do this for us  
Listennnn

[Brisco]

Yeah - I got money too, Bris' I be comin through  
Cash Money money bags got me livin comfortable  
Still hood, still real, Opa-Locka is real  
Most my dogs daddy dead, don't want it gookin on  
them pills  
Dade County po' boy, best believe I'm 'bout that dere  
Choppers come up, and get done up  
Cause you run up, and you really ain't 'bout that dere  
Yeah I'm the future, yeah them goons 'round me  
And yeah I rep my city, bitch I'm from Dade County

[Flo-Rida]

Talk about it when they run 'em up, load 'em up, who  
you want it with?  
Get 'em, hit 'em, split 'em, stick 'em, touch one of mine  
for the grip gotta grill 'em  
Born in the city where they got no feelings, killers, M-I-A  
my niggaz  
Home of the we don't play, better get out the way, you  
ain't enver seen a real go-rilla  
Do not be thankin we soft or we sweet  
Come on the opposite side of the beach  
They gotta them yoppers to put you to sleep  
Yeah that's them choppers you know what I mean  
That's when the doctor stay boxin your dreams  
When on the docks where they flippin that clean  
Hot on the block it's a hundred degrees  
It's all about boppin the A-P-T's  
Oh boy! Just call me a dough boy  
I'm that "and ya know" boy, Flo-Rida fa sho' boy  
Triple C's the set and I get it for low boy  
We trillin cause "We the Best," Dade County tou better  
know it boy

[Chorus]

[C-Ride]

Carol City on my mind, we mobbin out of line  
I've been out there Chevy on 28's, I'm dodgin power  
lines  
We work hard, nigga you sleep, pu-pu-pushin we run  
the streets  
You are what'chu eat, young pussy go brush your teeth  
I'm tryin to keep Cash Money like Baby see  
I got a girl, I got a boy, I'm babysittin  
I gotta rep my city, C-Ridin', Dirtbag, Jo Hound, Dre,  
let's go get it  
We Dade County goons, but them Dade County cops  
hoe

Get yo' set if you don't get wet in Dade County my  
hoe~!

[Dre]

Unhh, from the depths of C.C., back to Opa-Locka  
D-R-E, North Miami shoot up up your block  
Went solo on that ass, but it's still the same  
I got a chopper in the kitchen, Betty Crock' is the name  
I needs me my Dade County big booty hoe and she  
pretty  
Let her push the Chevy all through the city  
Let her know that 54's is good, Haiti, Opa-Town they  
got work  
In Liberty City them niggaz smokin pounds of that  
purp', yup!  
What it is, what it does, we the be-be-be-best  
I'm from the city where you need to wear a vest  
underneath your v-v-v-vest  
Name another city realer then the city I stay in  
You can't cause there can't be another realer city than  
Dade, nigga!

[Chorus] - 2X

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