

Born-N-Raised

Pitbull

[Intro:]

Born and Raised in the County of Dade (ahhhh)
Born and Raised, Born Born and Raised, Born and Raised in the County of Dade
. [continues in background]
DJ Khaled!
When I ride, I ride for Trey-0-5
Trick Daddy! (When I ride, I ride for Trey-0-5)
Rick Ross!
Pitbull!
The Bottom!
Listenn Nigga!

[Trick Daddy:]

Till a nigga D-I-E, I be forever thuggin baby!
the same nigga that's why the streets still love me baby!
Bitch I'm from Dade County.
See I'm a 7-Trey Chevrolet Impala DUNK ridah.
I'll blow ya doors off.
You race your car 'gainst my car,
I'll leave your ass so far you'll doze off.
And when I take off, it's like i TOOK off.
And when i ride by, it's like i FLY by.
You like a slow motion.
All in 3-D.
Cuz everywhere I go, they by like "there he go"
I fit the description,
Black Tee an dickies, big glock wit me,
real Dade County Nigga!

[Pitbull:]

[Intro:]

It's that little chico Pitbull,
I'd just like to welcome y'all to where I been born, (ey Khaled spin that up
dog!)

I been raised... In the County of Dade, you know?
You got them boys that pass by in them old school chevies wit the top downs,

Beats that, you know, make the trunk rattle, rear-views shake,
Then they look at you wit they golds in they mouth
Let you know what it is.

[Verse:]

I been born and raised in the county of dade,
The land of the haze, the cocaine capitol.
We aint just hittin you buddy, we Warren Sapp'n ya.
We comin hard like them Cubans in the 80's dog.
Go ahead, throw it in the pot I bet it's raw,
pero ten cuidado con un tumbé porque se lo llevan todo
llama al babalaow preguntale por un depojo
pero tu no puedes con los lobos
Everything that I do, do,
Everything that I say, say,
Everywhere that I go I let 'em know hey I'm from the County of Dade!
Old school chevy heavy,
Old school niggas preachin,
Young niggas wild'n gettin rich of keys and violence.
Trick, he's the mayor.
Luke, he's the king.

I'm Mr. 305, put that on a triple-beam.
I bet it weigh out more than a boat load of keys,
Holla at them haitians, let them know this licks on me.
What's up? Dade.

[Rick Ross:]

[Intro:]

You see him.

You see him.

Ross.

You see him.

You see him.

Trick.

Pitbull.

DJ Khaled.

305 M-i-yayo.

(Born and raised, born and raised born and raised in the County of Dade.)

[Verse:]

I got road dogs doin that 20-to-life,
You try me, and ima get 20 tonight.
You think your bitch bad, boy i got 20 alike,
Not the car but you know i be pushin the white.
Dippin chevy in syrup,
Digital dash,
No bank accounts,
My money in bags.
Go do the physics,
Cause when i whip it,
And i love to whip it,
That's just another digit.
This is my city, in my city ya gotta tote fire.
Over town, they'll bust ya head cuz it won't slide.
Brown sub will wet ya ass like a dunk ride.
You're dead wrong for thinkin them chicos won't ride.
Opa Locka revolve around that big 4-5.
Them lil haitians they take ya ass for a boat ride.,
In carol city, niggas quick to board the plane wit it,
Unpack the sack and kill the game wit it! (ROSS!)

[Outro:]

Born and Raised, Born Born and Raised, Born and Raised in the County of Dade

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Born Born and Raised, Born Born and Raised, Born Born and Raised in the County of Dade.

Born and Raised, Born Born and Raised, Born Born and Raised in the County of Dade.

Born Born and Raised, Born and Raised, Born and Raised in the County of Dade

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[Outro Verse: DJ Khaled]

Yeah it's DJ Khaled, do or die, Big Dog Pitbull, Terror Squad-
ian, a.k.a the Beat Novacaine.

Rest in Peace to my dog Uncle Al!

I rep my city.

Dade County