

We gon take it from the bottom (M-I-A-M-I to Houston!!)
H-town! Pitbull, Bun B..
My dogg Demi, keep ya head up, I gotchu, I promise!
All my chicos, I gotchu, I promise!
Miami, I gotchu, I promise!! I'ma take over this bitch! I promise!!
So get ready mothafuckaz, this is not a game!! (Eeeeeeeeyooooouuu!!!!!!)

[Verse 1 (Pitbull)]

I'm from the dirty dirty, where a lot of these cats mix the weed
With the coke and blow dirty, we're off the chain meng
Rap game, crack game, cut it, cook it, chop it, record it
Album shop it, its all the same thang
Y'all look at these blue skies and think paradise
I look at these blue skies, and think what a disguise
That's why its called the "Magic City", it's a treat to your eyes
Cross the bridge and it'll fuck with ya mind
Word of advice don't follow the streets, follow the signs
Cuz the last thing you wanna do is get lost, cause it might just cost ya lif
e
Y'all heard about the smash-&-grabs
so watch where you put the map on the dash
cause they might end up clapping ya ass
Why you think the traffic lights, they blink at late night
They don't want you to stop cause the streets'll be filled wit red stripes
Like Jamaican beer, we fry 'em like bacon here
yo life'll get taken here, I just thought I should make it clear! Yeah!!

[Chorus]

Everything we do is dirty!!!!
We pull up in the drop, it's dirty!!
We pound that twat, dirty!!
Miami!!!, we're dirty!
Where they lace 'em, roll 'em, smoke 'em and blow 'em dirty!
Guns they hold 'em, if they clean dogg, we make 'em dirty!
[Repeat 2x]

[Verse 2 (Bun B)]

Straight up outta Texas, the reckless, PA to be exact
Where the streets is cutthroat and fiends kill you for a G of crack
8 g's and cadillacs, chevys cut on the deltas
might swang up on ya then hurt ya, nobody here gon help ya
2000 heltah skelta, talking bout families and killers
vicious like silver-back guerillas see then peel ya
niggaz down here ain't tryna feel ya, see ya, hear ya, know ya
serve ya, for ya or for ya (Feel it!!!)
You pussy niggaz been hatin on us for too long
So we finna prove you wrong, teach you hoes a new song (thats whats up)
Cuz the time is now (now), the place is here (here)
I could smell you scared nigga, I could taste your fear
Go make it clear and move the smoke outta yo eyes
So that when everything go down, it won't be no kind of surprise
And I got no time for yo lies (No time for lies!!), save 'em for peter
Just remember my name, I'm facing my heater (BITCH!), let's get it dirty!

[Chorus]

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[Repeat 2x]

[Verse 3 (Pitbull)]

These boys from the bottom are obsessed with old school chevys
We call 'em verts and donks, some we call box chevys
Seven-duece, seven-trey, seven-four, seven-five
M-I-A-M-I till I die, 3-0-5!!!
Candy paint and leather, they don't fuck wit nothing but dubs or better
Y'all call 'em street sweepers, we call 'em choppers
Cuz when the bullets spit they spin like helicopters
This city's filled with crooked coppers and crooked doctors
So how could these streets not be filled with crooked bitches
and niggaz cocaine cooking brick flipping bitches trippin for figures
This Cuban has seen it, heard about it and lived it
that's why I spit it so vivid, you got it, I want it, you give it
This is for everybody in county, TGK, Metro West and Stockade
Doing time
And if you got more than 365
and you're up the road rep MIA with pride, That's right!!!

[Chorus]

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