

Rock Bottom

Pitbull

I'd advise you to turn back
It's not safe

Rock Bottom
On the map
Where's it at

Papa Dade county nigga I rest my feam
Triple my dough with a triple beam
Laid back in the back with a cat on my lap
And a fastac ready to serve a feen
I live a dream and work my spot
I ain't talking about clicking rocks
I'm talkin' 'bout that shit you blow
When you ride around and you push that drop
Blueberry I put you down, 38 might get you a pound
34 how the fuck you sound
And 33 get a bitch shot down
Come down to overtown
Where them boys roll with a 4 pound
And and 4-5 with a deuce-deuce
Look at all boys they get loose
Watch out, Cubo's coming
Coming through when he spitting something
Some of y'all are spitting nothing
Frontin' like you killing, what!
Imma rep, 305, till the day, that I die
You niggas got a problem with a nigga like this
In the club, that shit, we could go outside
Let em fly, ride a clip, lose the clip, shoot the clip
Y'all niggas don't want no beef with me
I'm telling you niggas seriously
Ain't nothing wrong with bangers
Leave a nigga cooked like angus
Niggas wanna drop with that anus
I'm telling y'all niggas we dangerous

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Rock rock bottom of the map, where it's at
There's no receipts in these streets
If you cop it, you keep it, that's that
I got that fal-con of glued mentality
I do this for every hood, every block
To the ones that push keys
To the ones that push petty rocks
If you pull off that, then I pull it pop
Lemme show how them boys down here roll
They know how to cook a yellow slab
To match their mouth with yellow gold
No job's a handful of work
And the bitches down here work poles
These bootlegers pimp harder
They niggas they the ones that work hoes
D-A-D-E where we sell coke and hoes

From pools to C-C-O-T to OP, Windwood, to AP
Them boys up pull up in the van, jump out like the A-Team
And they love, and they love to spray things
Let's not talk about the night
Cause this just a motherfucking day thing
Welcome to the bottom, we call it the crib
B-E-T, that's how we live, banana clips will leave ya
You banana split, we got plenty bullets to give
So fuck that South Beach shit, yeah, that's what it is
Next time y'all come to the bottom
Make sure y'all come over the bridge

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On the map
Where's it at

I'm from the bottom of the map, the bottom of the atlas
The bottom of the globe, where they stuffing dope in the mattress
And how do they cash into yours, stashing guns in they rides
And be the snitch ass niggas be badder than pride
I'm in that big body, pins on fold, no grub
I don't ride with a Mork, and I don't roll with scrubs
I don't party in clubs, and don't laugh and clown
Keep it one hundred and one, man don't be fucking around
Cause in my side of the city, pretty shit don't live
Nice shit don't exist, and ain't no love to give
What you want out of this life you gots to go out and take it
Cause they ain't giving one no opportunities to make it
You come in this world naked, and mama can dress you
But sooner or later, you come out and deal with the pressure
There are niggas that you've lost only to not return
So whatever you've earned, protect it, or burn
It's time you learned

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