

The Bottom

Sammie

Ooh, ooh yeah
From the bottom to the top
I got 'em

Yeah, yeah Miami
Yeah the place to go
Cause we got beaches
We got them all
We got everything
Hundred and ten degrees
Sunshine city baby
Represent

I was up in the hood
Down at my boy's house
It was the summer time
When everyone would hang out
Down at the corner store
We had the best of times
Yelling bingo at every car that came by

I knew that I had this dream
And I wanted them to believe
That I was gonna make it

It happened so fast
I can't believe at last
I headed to the ATL
Just to hear the sound
Hooked up with Dallas
And he had a record planned
Then JT Money said
He would put Miami down

Yeah that bottom, yeah
I'm from the city where the bass drop
Where the girls and the temperature stay hot
That bottom where that bass game started
And the girls shake their thing whole-hearted
MIA, 48 cabinets
Straight luggin' and it don't be happening
Old school on the fools and the chumps
Let it out playing old school funk
Big Sammie put it down for the bottom
Fly honeys want money we got 'em
What'cha know about the Miami heat huh?
About how they shoot or what all that street?
A place where all the stuff retreat
Where they move to an up tempo beat
Never sleep, you know this thing don't stop
Coming from the bottom straight to the top
Fo' sure