

# 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

Rock Bottom  
On the map  
Where's it at

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

Rock Bottom  
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

Rock Bottom  
On the map  
Where's it at