

South Florida: A Love Story

Birds flying high
Sunshine in the sky
You know how I feel...
Extremely hot!
Which is necessary
Since dark skin vixens
Exist in the warmest weather
Dread heads
Chilling in outfits
Consisting of all leather
Grilled up they fill cups
With watermelon soda
Cuban mami's in flag shirts
Attracting attention
While they're strolling
If you picture me rollin'
It better be on
Nothing less than 26's
Chevy sitting high enough
To make more bleeds consistent
Windows rattling from the system
'Cause the volume level's ignant
Colors bright the paint wet
But it damn sure ain't dripping
It's the land of contradiction
Where old people
Live their lives
And their kids
They carry choppers
'Cause they don't care
They wanna die
It rains damn near every night
And mostly through the week
How's it sunny
Where you're standing
But down pouring
Across the street
It's the humidity
Not the heat
That'll finish you
With the quickness
So just hit the storehouse

To get your popsicle fix in
Hot sausages and chips
Is a max of a buck fifty
Or we can hit the
Jamaican store for
Cocoa bread and beef patties
Ox tails or curry goat
Preferring both
Is more likely
And if you're looking to get away
I suggest the turnpike
See this is the very place
Where three celebrities come
But the area I'm from
Don't appear in no song
Won't show up in no movie
Or be featured on tv
Broward County, Dade County
Tree gardens, pork 'n' beans
Guard your grill
And tuck your chain
Enjoy the scenery
While you're at it
Palm trees and bikini strings
A fantastic attraction
Oceanic sounds for relaxing
Smell the salt of the sea
And avoid the f*** n***as
'Cause they always starting beef
If I'm rambling pardon me
I get carried away
But it always seems to happen
When taking 'bout
My home state.