

Tequila Sunrise

Cypress Hill

Sipping on tequila, with Sheila, no doubt I'm bringing her on
Keeping her warm, leaving her heated like Tiger Balm
In the hot sun city of Mexico, it's a pity
My committee of witty niggas ain't with me to get gritty
Rhyme as fuck on the track, snappin your head back
Get the medic, cause a victim from my nigga Joey Crack
Stomping the wax, niggas spittin on wax
Giving the facts, beginners lack the methods of kicking wicked records
A second of time switch, as styles piles up
Mountains of various flows to rile up
Now what you wanna do, nigga? Tequila sunrise, nigga!
I'm coming to town with my bigger boogie down figga
It's the live shit, do you think you can survive it?
When you decide it, leave it to me and Joe can provide it
Cracking open the golden, holdin the bomb load
While records are selling singles, my albums are getting sold
Kicking the universal, never commercial techniques
Bang in the clubs, bang in the jeeps, bang in the streets

R: Tequila Sunrise, bloodshot eyes
Realize we're all born to die
So get the money, nigga!
(4x)

Now I'm back for the new year, yeah, I volunteer
Sources pioneer, millionaire status here
I never had no fear sellin records
I resurrected on my third, that's my word, it's a high selection
And everybody know standing near me,
I'm dangerous like Shannon Greary
Making the whole planet hear me
You feel me? I'm on my road to the riches
With hoes and bitches fulfilling my goals and my wishes
My flows is vicious, but showin' niggas since the early 90's
Where Onyx at? Niggas rockin' both easy 'round a grammy
Don't mind me, I just call 'em how I see 'em
Most these rappers is actors living off per diem
Me? I'm on my own shit, nothing but gold hits
Claimin the throne with my thuggish ruggish Bone clique
On the phone-flip, talking to B
He scooped me up in the six, we 'bout to hit overseas, what!

R:

That's right, we hitting you with the L.A./Bronx connection
Soul Assassins, Terror Squad family
All up in your dome... ha!
That's right, Soul Assassins style, Cypress Hill IV
Knocking on your door for the ninety-eight
That's right, eat the worm, motherfucker

Yeah... Terror Squad, Soul Assassins
B-Real, Joey Crack... wha-wha-wha-what!
Ugh! Puttin' it down, nigga!
East coast, West coast
And it's all the same, hahahaha... yeah, yeah