

# Tequilla

## The Isley Brothers

Rock the beat

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This is for my killas that shoot tequilla  
Con cigarillos while they ride out to the club

To get their freak on, to get their creep on

To get their drink on, to get their smoke on

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To get their freak on, to get their creep on

To get their drink on, to get their smoke on

Blaze up, all the homies bang

Round up all the little locs, high as the sky

Smash and mash your body, just another day

Real high until your pistols ain't reached for the sky

This quarter pound of bomb, a quarter pound of bud  
'Cause where I'm from thangs ain't never gonna change

So fuck where you from

Semi-automatic shotgun blast a herb

When I trip then, then unload the clip

Not giving a fuck is the motto

Bitches gobble and swallow, we bust hallows

And I'm first to launch off the hallow heads nigga

Hit the liquor store for sure right after I unload the forty-four

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Whether mathematical, actual dollar figures make a nigga feel bigger

Cap pealer for the soldiers, have a nigga feel older

And another gift from a sweet lick to a cheap trick

All a nigga get 'cause it get rich

Overnight flight to the top, first class

Miss Lady got a nice ass, fast as you want to be

Lady just follow me, I'm a southwest G

Team with Kurupt

Straight giving a fuck, I will make a tick know what's up  
Blowin' up, finish up when I bust a nut  
I'm in your girl's guts screaming, keepin' her feining  
Had to put on my team, fuck dreaming  
Mack-a-jack with the checkered flag  
Acting all bad, make me mad  
So be the first to blast, Miss Niva  
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To get their freak on, to get their creep on  
To get their drink on, to get their smoke on  
We organized the killings, don't be playin' the plots  
Come around here, you will get shot  
Me and my motherfucking homeboys run the block  
Pop, pop one of they homies drop  
I told y'all niggas never come around here  
'Cause y'all motherfuckers don't pump no fear  
Ain't nobody hard whether the day to dark  
Like the fourth of July when the candles spark  
Always knew what I wanted to see  
And that's having paper, have next to G's  
Ain't nothing but killers hanging with me  
Blast any nigga who steppin' left to me  
So soon we'll take your shit, whoop your ass, fuck your bitch  
Never thought it would happen but it did, you trick  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with this  
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