Black Tequila

Ghostface Killah

Throw me in a mosh pit, I'm liable to start shit
Melt the place then break out like an arsonist
Classified to get it in for a classic killin'
If I turn my back and walk that means I'm chillin'
Got bitches in mi casa boiling fresh lobsters
But I don't do the shellfish, I'ma just eat pasta
Turkey, Italian, sausage, chopped up kielbasa
Doing hits from home like an elite mobster
Love my onions diced up real little
Wiped up, gotta eat when it's real brittle
Poke your nose is where I go with the catboats
11 Sammy, the Bull's ready to whack those
I'm half black, yo, half oregano
That's half Italian, yo, who he I'm from that Island, yo
Staten, crushing niggas like aspirins
Commissioner Kelly, I'll kill your Captain
That's word to my bitch that's laid off
There no cats in the pussy world, I ate it all
T moved with hands in the air like Adolf
Hand me a big drink, bet I spray it off
La Costra Nostra, La Familia
What? That I make my family ties and I'ma kill y'all
Mi amor dame un beso
The capitan, get your hot sauce on my spaghetti, yo
Papi, what's up? Mexican handle her hoes
All my gutter game crew got border patrol
Like czar when I come through black sombrero
What? Two in the holster my code names Daryl
Ride off in the sunset Stark in the barrel
My boots on my horse named White Boy John
Rock the side of that bitch great Mexican song
Ass hanging off the brunt don't ever look at me wrong
And my heart beats strong like Julio Anguzzi
Up in the Arizona desert where the shit get ugly
All my Staten Island riders, ride or die honchos
Get cream all day, leave our ponchos
We bull fighting niggas, wrestle with broncos
And my team stay tight like Silver and Tonto
Carry a long whip, yo, I'll whip your ass

Hard head Mexican dope mixed with hash
Machetes behind door with a rip in the stash
Desperado kids me and Ghost back at last
Cinco De Mayo, imported guns from Cairo
Got back with the torch to beat the charge like rhino
This bitch who's albino, I met her out in Chi-Town
While I was out in Greek town ordering Gyros
The bad bitch keep a tool in her Bible
Quick to murder her rivals and her pops was a gangsta disciple
Killed about a dozen Vice Lords guns and knife wars
The feds came for him so he slid to the 9th ward
Down in the N.O. and right before he left
He wrote his daughter a memo, left stacks in a Benz-o
It got hot niggas selling giving out the info
He paranoid every 20 seconds out the window
Blowing into limbo, he spazzed on Lorenzo
Smashed him in the head with his own son's Nintendo
About a week later the boys came and rushed him
Kicked down his door while he was asleep they cuffed him

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