

# 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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