

Tequilla

Kurupt

Rock the beat
Rock the beat 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 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 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 This is for my killas that shoot tequilla
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To get their drink on, to get their smoke on 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 This is for my killas that shoot tequilla
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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 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 This is for my killas that shoot tequilla
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Songwriters

Rico Wade; Raymen Murray; Bolivar Troncoso; Ricardo Emmanuel Brown Jr.; Delmar Drew Arnaud; Patrick
Brown Published by

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