

Black Tequila (Ft. Cappadona And Trife)

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'm 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 ? real brittle
Poke your nose is where I go with the ?
11 Sammy the Bull's ready to wack 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
Comissioner Kelly I'll kill your captain
That's word to my bitch that's laid off
That ? in the pussy word I ate it all
T moved with hands in the air like Adolf
Hand me a big drink bet I spray it offLa Costra Nostra La Familia
What ? my family ties and I'm a kill y'all
Mi amor dame un beso
The capitan ?hotsauce on my SpaghettiO's
Papi ? 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 ?
Up in the Arizona desert where the shit get ugly
Or 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 & Tonto
Carry a long whip yo I'll whip your ass
Hard head Mexican dope mixed with hash

Machetes behind door where the ? is stashed
Desperado kids me and Ghost back at lastCinco De Mayo imported guns from Cairo
Got back with the ? 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 hed with his own son's Nintendo
Bout a week later the boys came and rushed him
Kicked down the door while he was asleep they cuffed him

Songwriters

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