## tequilla

## **YoungBloodz**

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 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 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 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 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 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

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