

Whitney Houston F/ Faith Evans % Kelly Price "Tequilla"

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Hook: 2x

Rock the beat
Rock the beat
This is for my killas
That shoot tequilla
? ? while they ride out to the club
To get their freak on(Rock the beat)
To get their creep on(Rock the beat)
To get their drink on(Rock the beat)
To get their smoke on(Rock the beat)

Verse 1: Kurupt

Blaze up
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 reach the sky
Quarter pound of bomb, 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
unload the clip
Not giving a fuck is the motto
Bitches gobble and swallow, we bust hallows(nigga)
And I'm first to launch off the hallow heads nigga
Hit the liquor store for sure
Right after I unload the forty-four(four, four)

Hook: 2x

Verse 2: T-Moe

Whether mathematical, actual dollar figures
Make a nigga feel bigger
Cap pealer for the soldiers
Make a nigga feel older
And another gift from a sweet lick, to a cheap trick

That's all a nigga get, 'cause it get rich
Overnight flight to the top, first class
Miss lady got a nice ass(ew shit)
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 her on my team and fuck dreaming
Mack-a-jack with the checkered flag
Acting all bad, make me mad
So be the first to blast
Miss Niva(Niva, Niva)

Hook: 2x

Verse 3: Kurupt

We, organized the killings, don't be playin the plots
Come around here and 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 to come around here
Cause y'all motherfuckers don't pump no fear
Ain't nobody hard whether it's day or dark
Like the fourth of July when the candles spark
Always knew what I wanted to see
That's having big paper have many g's
Ain't nothing but killers hanging with me
Blast any nigga who step to me

Verse 4: Daz

We will 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

Hook: 2x

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