

## Julian Austin

### "Tequila Sunrise"

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Intro: B-Real and Sen Dog

B-Real: Mira joven... si busco a alguien, que mueva  
producto

pero que lo mueva con madre...

Sen Dog: Pos sabes que compa?... yo aqui, en el norte  
yo soy

el que controla yo te lo puedo mover todo... 80, 100  
varos a la semana

te traemos toda la feria y limpio ese..

B-Real: Pues bueno, aqui tenemos un negocio... vamos  
hacer un bojitos...

tomamos no?... del gusano...

Sen Dog: Pa la salud!

B-Real: Pa la salud!... primero yo...

Sen Dog: Primero usted...

B-Real: \*grrrrrah!\*

B-Real and Sen Dog: \*mexican yells\*

B-Real: 'hora 'hora... quien estÃ¡?...

Sen Dog: Cometelo!

Verse One: B Smooth

Word up, Tequila style... eat the worm motherfucker

Tequila spice, hot nice

Feeling right, sipping on Jose Cuervo

Down in Tiajuana, Mexico

Thinking of the big score the night before

Met the connect, who was impressively dressed

In high fabrics

With troops like Babe Ruth, up on the mezzanine

Brandishing sub-machine guns, aye-yo

It's all about the money, son

Now that's the only reason

We came south of the border, to complete this work  
order

We gotta get it, no looking back, going all out for it

Ready to attack, die in a minute flat for it

As God is my witness, we got ditches

for all you motherfuckin fake bitches

It all boils down to the business

Nothing personal, when niggaz acting like they helping  
you  
I fuckin blast you like Frank Castle, motherfucker!

Chorus

Tequila Sunrise, bloodshot eyes  
Realize we're all born to die  
So get the money nigga!  
(repeat 2x)

Verse Two: B-Real

I never knew money like this, in the palm of my hand  
'Til I met the man with mad hook-up, and big plan  
Every where you look'a, he got everybody shook up  
Running for cover, the big bad WOOF, motherfucker  
He was like a father figure, show me the bigger picture  
Fuck slangin' on the corner, don't let the pigs get you  
Not like these fools who don't comprehend  
You end up doing a twenty-five bid in the pen  
You got that? Getting your cup, I took a swig  
The bitter taste of the 'mezcal', free worm shit  
Droppin' a lesson, he slapped my face, he said listen  
Pay attention brotha, you're my ace, but don't ever  
question  
Just do what I say, and you'll be rich  
And keep this in your mind: rats lay in a ditch with no  
spine  
Don't ever forget that golden rule in the game  
Cheers, they all know your name, it's like fame  
Why, women and money don't mix, like drinking an'  
driving  
Watch those conniving women and keep your eye out  
Always be aware of what's around you  
They wanna down you, and fuckin clown you  
Keep your shit in order the money won't stop  
Pretty soon you'll be on top

Chorus

Verse Three: B-Real

Tequila Sunrise, with the bloodshot eyes  
My, my, my, how time flies and goes by surprise  
My mentor passed on and passed a warn to me,  
emergency  
For my enemies who wanna murder me  
Eat the worm, motherfucker, while you burn,  
motherfucker  
Better kill me, don't let me return, motherfucker

Trust no man, cause I'll be back, you understand?  
With a plan, and my ace in hand, I want it all  
I recall the words from Jesus, you are the Juice  
Better go get it, don't let it get to your head, embed it  
Let these words stick, you better be ready to die  
Now take a fucking sip, caution it, but I never lie

Chorus

(music outro)

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