

## **Kool G Rap "Tekilla Sunrise"**

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Killers in spanish villas in Sante Fe  
Eses all about hammer play  
Desell Marachi preferred to watch me  
It's a Tekilla Sunrise over the sky  
Tea rocks in the watch be flaring but hot see  
Got these from my nigga Vatche  
How big your blanks be ain't nothin scot free  
I'm ready to cop three talk to me papi  
before the shots put out the Nazi's  
Call off your Rockies  
Yo pap they cockin back the glocksies  
Pap had to stop three, two sombreros ready to  
mop me, drop me, proceeded with the head of the click  
Bread in their fingertips  
The sly chick came out with three bricks  
from out of the V-6, yeah mami like peep this  
Yeah you got that sweetness  
This ebony G's to bust open  
One of the bastard get the heavenly freeze  
I'm runnin with these  
Yo hasta luego, amigos  
And up and away we go  
before they decide to bring the beef burritos  
While they count the Fritos  
I'm makin my way to the G-S-3-oh-oh  
Big bag of the megalitos, three whole kilos  
Spot about four vitos  
with bullet belts filled up with torpedos  
I'm leavin niggaz tore meat though when I draw heat yo  
Tryin to leave me dead in the street yo  
Mami ?? con tigo

Showdown at sunset, I'm leavin one wet  
Slowly I step, my head sweats, my hand on my Tec  
I die for my respect, let the slugs and bodies connect  
All for the wreck, gotta support my rep on the set  
Tekilla Sunrise, my two wives, decides who lives or dies  
Leavin my rivals, flat on they back facin the sky  
From out the left, took your last breath, death in  
disguise  
With open eyes you dead in the desert, Tekilla Sunrise

I'm cockin on low, ready to hurt foes on dirt roads  
Makin my hand jerk from every burst I gave the first  
blow  
Keepin alert though, givin em red glows, givin they  
shirt holes  
Three birds'll blow up in the back seat, I swear to God  
fuck  
she could've been a model, Coke bottle figure, instead  
she bent it just like a Desperado, left her hair hollow  
Two slugs to swallow -- whose next to follow?  
Some cats behind some cactuses  
Clappin hazardous, who these niggaz is with low shot  
averages  
Bustin right back at they cabbages, givin em  
flashbacks  
of baby carriages, this mexican inside this Lex is  
tryin to crash my shit, drivin reckless  
Look like he desperate  
Pulled down the tinted glass and let the Tec spit  
It's hectic, car flew in bodega with his neck hit  
Body and head was seperate, totally disconnected  
Bust back two shots  
at ones that standin with cannons up on the rooftops  
that drew glocks, but my 20/20 spot em for two blocks  
I'm wettin shit like it's rainfall they doin dew drops  
Two more shots came out saloon doors  
I'm blowin shit up like platoon wars  
Hesitations I got no room for  
Assume sure, the head honcho was bullet wounds  
bored  
Out in the dusty sand, gun was still in his hand  
Kicked the can when shit hit the fan  
Fuckin around with this G Rap the Hitman

"This is Mary White reporting live from the town of  
Seenalojo, Me-xi-co, where there are dead bodies  
LITTERING THE STREETS. Details remain sketchy at  
thr moment but -- this appears to be a drug deal gone  
bad.

Mexican authorities have just arrived on the HIDEOUS  
scene

and will be issuing a statement shortly.

This is Mary White reporting live from the town of  
Seenalojo, Me-xi-co. Back to you DICK."

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