

# Kurupt "Tequila"

Visit "[Tequila](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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  
nigger 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

Visit [Kurupt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.