

Hill Cypress

"Tequila Sunrise"

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Intro: B-Real and Sen Dog

B-R: Pa' la salud! (to your health!)

SD: Pa' la salud! (to your health!)

B-R: Primero yo... (me first...)

(gulp)

B-R: *grrrrrah!*

B-R and SD: *mexican yells*

SD: Cometelo! (eat it!)

Verse One: B Smooth

Word up, Tequila style... eat the worm

(overlapping intro's end)

Tequila spice, hot nice

Milling rice, 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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