

Hill Cypress

"Tequila Sunrise Uncensored Remix"

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featuring Fat Joe

Verse One: B Real

Sipping on tequila with Sheila no doubt I'm bringing her
on

Keeping her warm leaving her heated like Tiger Balm

In the hot sun city of Mexico it's a pity

My committee of witty niggas ain't with me to get gritty

Rhymey as fuck on the track snappin your head back

Get the medic cause a victim from my nigga Joey Crack

Stomping the wax niggas spittin on wax

Giving the facts, beginners lack the methods of kicking
wicked records

A second of time switch, as styles piles up

Mountains of various flows to rile up

Now what you wanna do, nigga? Tequila sunrise,
nigga!

I'm coming to town with my bigger boogie down figga

It's the live shit, do you think you can survive it?

When you decide it, leave it to me and Joe can provide
it

Cracking open the golden, holdin the bomb load

While records are selling singles, my albums are
getting sold

Kicking the universal, never commercial techniques

Bang in the clubs, bang in the jeeps, bang in the streets

Chorus:

Tequila Sunrise, bloodshot eyes

Realize we're all born to die

So get the money, nigga!

(repeat 4x)

Verse Two: Fat Joe

Now I'm back for the new year, yeah, I volunteer

Sources pioneer, millionaire status here

I never had no fear sellin records

I resurrected on my third, that's my word, it's a high selection

And everybody know standing near me,

I'm dangerous like Shannon Greary

Making the whole planet hear me

You feel me? I'm on my road to the riches

With hoes and bitches fulfilling my goals and my wishes

My flows is vicious, but showin' niggas since the early 90's

Where Onyx at? Niggas rockin' both easy 'round a grammy

Don't mind me, I just call 'em how I see 'em

Most these rappers is actors living off per diem

Me? I'm on my own shit, nothing but gold hits

Claimin the throne with my thuggish ruggish Bone clique

On the phone-flip, talking to B

He scooped me up in the six, we 'bout to hit overseas,
what!

Chorus

Outro

(each overlapping the other)

B-Real:

That's right, we hitting you with the L.A./Bronx
connection

Soul Assassins, Terror Squad family

All up in your dome... ha!

That's right, Soul Assassins style, Cypress Hill IV

Knocking on your door for the ninety-eight

That's right, eat the worm, motherfucker

Fat Joe:

Yeah... Terror Squad, Soul Assassins

B-Real, Joey Crack... wha-wha-wha-what!

Ugh! Puttin' it down, nigga!

East coast, West coast

And it's all the same, hahahaha... yeah, yeah

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