Cypress Hill, Tequilla Sunrise

[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 est?...
[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]