

Kool G Rap, Tekilla Sunrise

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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