

# Cypress Hill, Tequila 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]