Cypress Hill, Tequila Sunrise (Remix Radio Edit)

(scratching samples)

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 *edited* with me to get gritty
Rhyme *edited* on the track, snappin' your head back
Get the medic, cause a victim from *edited* Joey Crack
Stomping the wax *edited* spittin' on wax
Giving the facts, beginners lack the methods of kicking wicked records
A second of time switch, as styles piles up
edited of various flows to rile up
So what you wanna do? Tequila sunrise *edited*
Coming to town with my bigger boogie down figga
It's the lies, *edited* 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
Banging the clubs, banging the jeeps
Banging the streets

Chorus

Tequila Sunrise, bloodshot eyes
Realize we're all born to die
So get the money, money...
(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
Where hoes and *edited* fulfilling my goals and my wishes
My flows is vicious, but showin' *edited* since the early 90's
Where Onyx at? *edited* rockin' both easy *edited* '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 *edited*, nothing but gold hits
Claimin' the with throne with my 'thuggish, ruggish Bone' click
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...

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