

# Cypress Hill, Tequila Sunrise (Uncensored Remix)

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  
Rhyme as f\*\*k 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, motherf\*\*ker

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