

# Tequila (feat. Daz Dillinger, Niva & T-Mo Goodie)

## Kurupt

Hook: 2xRock the beat  
Rock the beat  
This is for my killas  
That shoot tequilla  
con cigarillos while they ride out to the club  
To get their freak on(Rock the beat)  
To get their creep on(Rock the beat)  
To get their drink on(Rock the beat)  
To get their smoke on(Rock the beat)Verse 1: Kurupt  
Blaze up  
Blaze up  
All the homies bang  
Round up all the little locs, high as the sky  
Smash and mash your body, just another day  
Real high until your pistols reach the sky  
Quarter pound of bomb, quarter pound of bud  
'Cause where I'm from thangs ain't never gonna change  
So fuck where you from  
Semi-automatic shotgun blast a herb, when I trip then unload the clip  
Not giving a fuck is the motto  
Bitches gobble and swallow, we bust hallows(nigga)  
And I'm first to launch off the hallow heads nigga  
Hit the liquor store for sure  
Right after I unload the forty-four(four, four)Hook: 2xVerse 2: T-Moe  
Whether mathematical, actual dollar figures  
Make a nigga feel bigger  
Cap pealer for the soldiers  
Make a nigga feel older  
And another gift from a sweet lick, to a cheap trick  
That's all a nigga get, 'cause it get rich  
Overnight flight to the top, first class  
Miss lady got a nice ass(ew shit)  
Fast as you want to be  
Lady just follow me  
I'm a southwest G  
Team with Kurupt  
Straight giving a fuck  
I will make a tick know what's up, blowin up  
Finish up when I bust a nut  
I'm in your girl's guts screaming, keepin her feining

Had to put her on my team and fuck dreaming  
Mack-a-jack with the checkered flag  
Acting all bad, make me mad  
So be the first to blast  
Miss Niva(Niva, Niva)Hook: 2xVerse 3: KuruptWe, organized the killings, don't be playin the  
plots  
Come around here and you will get shot  
Me and my motherfucking homeboys run the block  
Pop, pop one of they homies drop  
I told y'all niggas never to come around here  
Cause y'all motherfuckers don't pump no fear  
Ain't nobody hard whether it's day or dark  
Like the fourth of July when the candles spark  
Always knew what I wanted to see  
That's having big paper have many g's  
Ain't nothing but killers hanging with me  
Blast any nigga who step to meVerse 4: DazWe will take your shit  
Whoop your ass  
Fuck your bitch  
Never thought it would happen but it did, you trick  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with thisHook: 2x

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>