

Tequila

Tay Money

Southern twang with a twist
Like a jalapeño margarita
That silver label gon' hit
I won't miss you and I don't need ya
Tell that cowboy go on get
I be whipping in my two-seater
And if you see me down at Aldeans
Please don't come and talk to me neither

'Cause I'm on tequila
Call me Miss Casamigas
I be rocking these boots, cut up Daisy Dukes
My rocks all be blinging
Bank roll Señorita
It's me and my freakas
We hitting the town, we burning it down
So boy I don't need ya

'Cause I'm on tequila
I'm gone on tequila
They keep pouring tequila
Yeah we on tequila

End up at the karaoke bar, I be going hard
Singing me some Gretchen Wilson, ay
Salt on the rim, we be going in
Putting in the repetitions
One drink, two drink, three
Four is one more than I need
Bartender keep flirting with me
He told me the bottles are free

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