

Cypress Hill, Make A Move

Ezekial 25:17

"The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the inequities of

the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he, who in the name of

of charity and good will, shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness,

for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children.

And

I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger, those

who attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. AND YOU WILL KNOW MY NAME IS

THE LORD, WHEN I LAY MY VENGEANCE UPON THEE!";

[Shots fired]

Smokin' MC's like a bowl of Buddha

Burnin' in my bong NOW

You don't want to step to the rhythm of the funk degrees

You'll be a prisoner in the temple of thieves

Move it out, just move it on out, no doubt

We the number one crew

Kickin' more gas niggas out the house

Puttin' up an argument, just don't bother

`Cause I'll whoop that ass just like I'm your father

Take heed to the master's call yes y'all

(Bring your cell-phone cause I fade them all)

Bullets fly

But they don't give a fuck about who dies

When you're in the middle of the fuckin'

No question, confrontation

Nowhere to run from the assassination

Let the rain come down

Whoops there goes another body on the ground

Watch out for G hound

It's the undisputed Cypress family

Kickin' up dust can you handle us fragilly

Growin' inside your mind like a tumour

Spreading in your head like a rumor

Venomous!

I'm from the underground, I take care of business

What the fuck is this?

Move `em out! Move `em on out! Move `em out!

Move `em out! Move `em on out! Move `em out!

Move `em out! Move `em on out! Move `em out!

Move `em out! Move `em on out! Move `em out!

Suckas come in all shapes sizes and colors

Let me get the rope

And hang `em `till their fuckin' necks broke

Wind passage cut off, now you can't breathe

Let me give you what you need

A fat dose of the good weed

Like a puppet on a string

I'm the one controlling your ass

With the rough shit here to bring

My army grows like the buddha I sold ya

Every seed planted is another fuckin' soldier

Like the `coup d'etate'

Now ya are in the middle of the ambush

Stuck in your car

They can't find ya

At the bottom of the lake

Let me remind ya

You better be lookin' behind ya

It's too late, ain't no one standin' here

