Make A Move

Cypress Hill

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
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!"

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?

[Chorus]

Move 'em out! move 'em on out! move 'em out! [Repeats]

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
Hallucination, bees hummin' in your ear
Paranoia, dwelling to your dome piece
Increase, the level of the terror that move ceased

[Chorus]

Make a move, make a move, every posse make a move
Make a move, make a move, every posse make a move
Make a move, make a move, every posse make a move
Make a move, make a move, every posse make a move

Come on
Open up the doors for the high funk buddha
With the light point the dick can die
Rolling with the six shooter
Thirty-eight
Still shootin' real straight
Lookin' for the buster that I must eliminate
No surprise
As the inches demise
Let the four flow
As I look him right in the eyes
And rip these niggas in half
With the (fabergraph)

They can't find a path
I like the aftermath
Still I reign the sect we remain
The big bad cypress hill, fuckin' niggas up again
When I aim I'm scopin' for your brain
Brother stay low, cross-hairs break you up the frame

[Chorus]

"ahh, now that the mind is open so one can clearly see what they clearly
Don't want you to see. but it's obvious, isn't it my brother? get the
Smoke from in the front of your eyes, got to realize, anybody don't like
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