

# Make a Move

## Cypress Hill

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' mark ass 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!  
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  
Move `em out! Move `em on out! Move `em out!  
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 paragraph  
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  
Move `em out! Move `em on out! Move `em out!

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