

Cypress Hill "Muevete"

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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

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 fragileyly
Growin' inside your mind like a tumor
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
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
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

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
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
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
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

Ah, 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, move 'em on that

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