

## Hill Cypress "Make a Move"

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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!"

[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

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 (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

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!

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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!

"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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