

Band of Gypsies

Cypress Hill

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You're lookin' at the last of a dyin' breed
Weeded up, please, speed it up
Sittin' in the Cali sun heated up
Inked arm needled up
Rocket style, Don Cheadle'd up
I put the fear of God in people, what
People lookin' at me sideways like I'm on the verge
Like them on the purp that's blazed, I don't say a word
You don't wanna follow me, son
You ain't got the nerve
You just wanna swerve with a little herb, absurd
Got you paranoid in the paragraph when I paraphrase
Got a pair of Jordan's dancin' on your fuckin' face
Paralyzed, see the paranormal paratroops
Summoned by the Grandmaster as he prepares to loose
Temple doors open up, smoke billows out
Now you hoping what, for mercy? Get your soul brittled out
From another hood, you ain't really fuckin' with our brotherhood
Even if another could, I wish a motherfucker would
Clip it up or sip it up
Listen, I prefer to trip it up
Chem skippy ya'll bitter fucks
I can take a bigger chunk
And if I'm callin' dark figures up
Don't make a move, they light triggers up
Muggs, cut 'em up, chka-chka, what, huh
(This is for the-)

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Ever heard of me?
Wicked as you ever seen
Heavy on the throttle
Smoke when we hit the scene, rollin' unseen
Under the cover of the night
Spirit flying free, niggas higher than a kite
You got nothing on me De la clan goes way back to the Cro-Mags
Run together, unbreakable bloodline
Too much to fuck with when all the brothers combine
Everything you ever heard of is not a myth

Crazy dogs you don't ever wanna deal with
Which smell? It's the hash that we left around
Smoke a whole pound when I feel myself comin' down
Live how I wanna live and answer to no one
Send my love through the ways of the shogun
Think again before you try to come and get me
Or you'll be shot up by a gang of gypsies (shot)

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