Smokin' MC's like a bowl of Buddha

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!"

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

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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!
Move `em out! Move `em on out! Move `em out!
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"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 it: move `em on out."