

# 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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